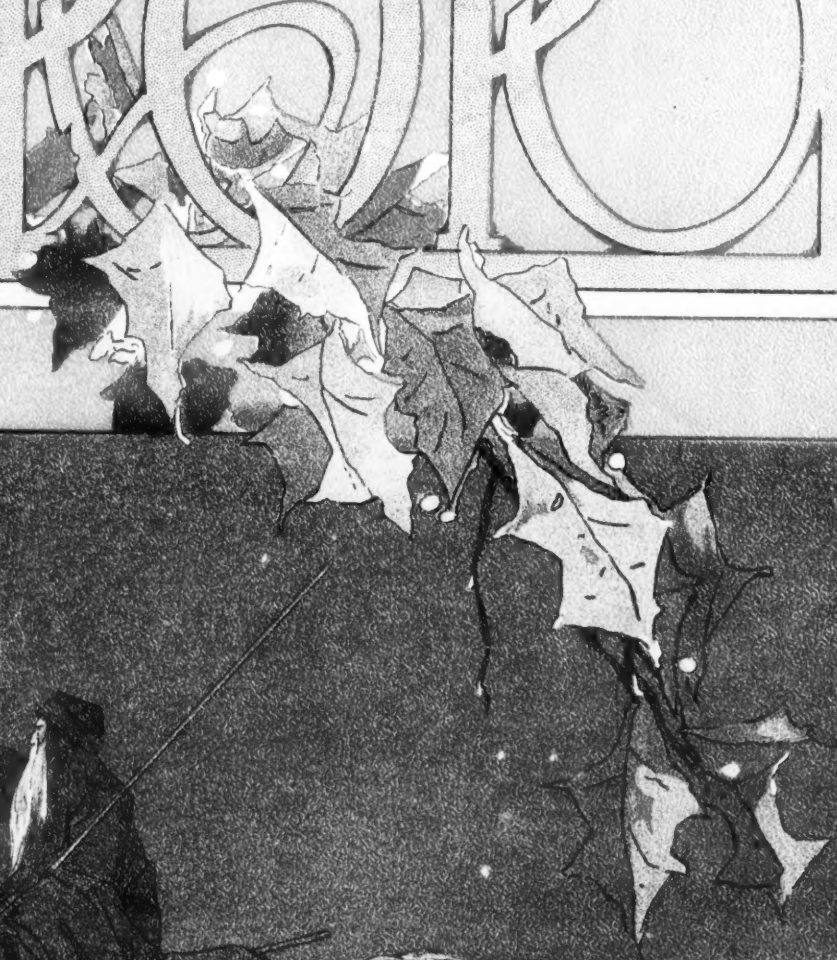


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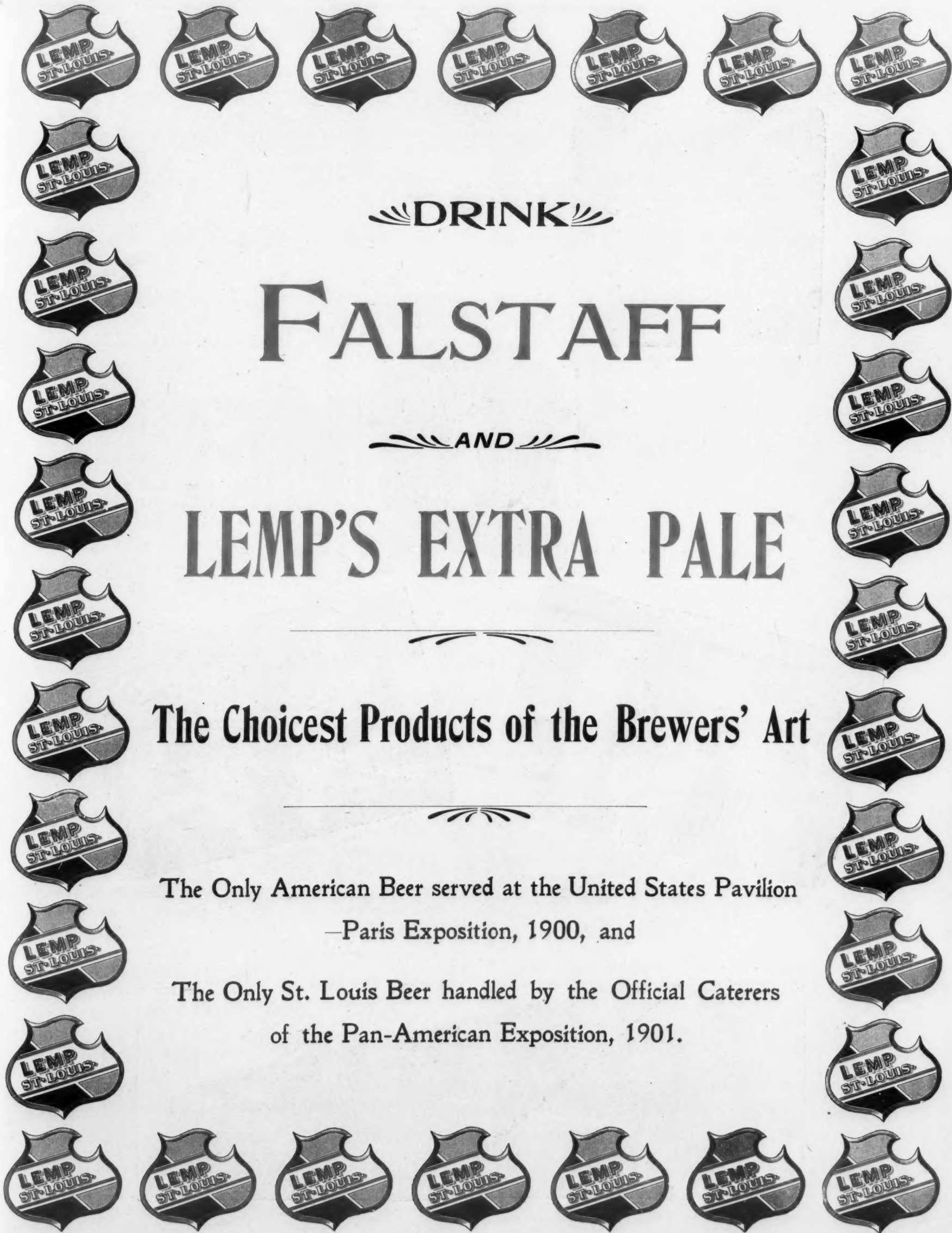
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NEW BOOKS

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are the publishers of "Boston Days," by Lilian Whiting. As the title indicates, this is a book of reminiscences of Boston's golden age of genius. In her preface, the authoress says that "the aim in this volume is simply to present some transcripts of the remarkable life in Boston during the nineteenth century—the latter years of which came within the personal observation and experience of the writer, and nearly all of which is, or has been until recently, within the memory of people yet living." The pages teem with interesting references to Emerson, Thoreau, Julia Ward Howe, Phillips Brooks, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edwin P. Whipple. On page 233, we read the following in relation to Emerson's method of working: "Emerson had a habit of writing on half sheets of paper, letting them fall on the floor until they covered it like snow-flakes. It was in this manner that the 'Voluntaries' was written one morning before breakfast, when he was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fields, and on his asking them to come to his room and hear it, the poem was found on these scattered sheets all over the carpet. . . . The absence of all literary mechanism impresses one with the peculiar spirituality of Emerson's message. Direct from heaven it seemed to fall on the white paper. No material medium interposed. He kept himself unincumbered by detail and free to receive spiritual impressions. The quality of his life permitted him to transmit and transcribe them." Considerable space is devoted to biographical allusions to Oliver Wendell Holmes, and rightly so, for the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" must be regarded as one of the most intensely interesting literary personalities of America. We read, on page 238, that "the keynote to the character of Dr. Holmes, as revealed to his more intimate personal circle and never fairly translated into biographical record, is found in his intense interest in the mysterious problem of the relation between the soul and the body; of the transubstantiation of physical supplies into spiritual force. . . . Dr. Holmes' familiarity with the works of the great philosophers, Leibnitz, Spinoza, Hegel, Hume and others, led him to higher results in physics than the scientist usually attains. One problem that deeply interested him he expressed in these words: 'Are there any mental processes of which we are unconscious at the time, but which we recognize as having taken place by finding certain result in our minds?'" The volume under review deserves to be recommended to lovers of good literature and admirers of America's greatest writers. It is carefully and thoughtfully written, profusely illustrated, and neatly bound.

Bishop Potter, of New York, must, undoubtedly, be regarded as a close student of prevailing economic and sociologic conditions and tendencies. He takes a deep interest in the capital-and-labor problem, and fully recognizes that the time is fast arriving when something must be done in order to prevent a serious conflict. He is neither a conservative, nor a radical. He calls a spade a

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spade, does not try to hide sore spots where he finds them, and always advises both sides to the great economic controversy to be charitable and to make concessions whenever necessary or just. Some time ago, he delivered a series of lectures to the students at Yale on the present industrial situation in its various prominent phases. These lectures have lately been published in book form, under the title, "The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation," and form good, instructive reading. The author discusses his subjects in a liberal-minded manner, although he makes the mistake at times of leaning towards optimism in an unwarrantably superlative degree. Thus he says, for example, that during the last quarter of a century the earnings of the working man have increased from 60 to 70 per cent, while the income of the capitalist has simultaneously been reduced from 20 to 30 per cent. Yet the majority of careful, impartial thinkers are fully agreed by this time that wealth has been concentrating alarmingly since 1879, that capital is growing faster in this country than anywhere else; that what the capitalist has lost in income from fixed investments, he has more than made up in other directions, through the multiplication of opportunities to employ his money remuneratively, and that the poor have not had their due share of the profits of the industrial age. Bishop Potter is true to facts, however, when he discusses child-labor. "One of the most tragic pages in the history of modern industrialism," he declares, "is that which is concerned with the exploiting of child-labor—of boys in mines, and of girls in factories, etc." The evil of child-labor is one that is calling for immediate and radical action, especially in the Southern States, where children's bodies and souls are destroyed in unsanitary and vice-breeding cotton factories. This collection of essays should be read by everybody who takes interest in the vital social and economic questions of the day. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers.

"The Quest of Polly Locke," by Zoe Anderson Norris, is a cleverly-written and interestingly-developed love-story, abounding in sprightly, original remarks and in incidents that hold our attention to the end. The authoress has a style all her own. It is delightfully facile and breezy. The heroine in this story is a charming, witty, impetuous girl of sufficient nonchalant impertinence to fascinate every lord of creation with the right sort of a lump beating in his chest. The book is published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York.

"The Millionaire," by Julian Ralph, is a readable love-story of the not exactly conventional kind. It is quite cleverly developed, and contains some satirical comments on modern beliefs, society and institutions which are not devoid of interest or value. On page 218, we read the following: "Why put it all on the men?" Lily broke in. "Whatever they do in those ways requires the help of the women. It is all cant and rot to say that a woman has to be sacrificed every time

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OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

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a man cuts up. I have noticed that the women who make such a deuce of a row when they are caught are often open to a suspicion of having an ulterior purpose. What I mean is that when the man and woman are on an equal footing, the woman makes no fuss, and no one cries out in her behalf. . . . It is only when the man is well off and the girl is poor that the girl makes a scene and the man gets called bad names. Deuce take it. I say that what men are women are." As a cynical study of Gotham life and society, "The Millionaire" may be recommended to fiction readers who like that sort of diet. The heroine of the story is a charming, wealthy girl, or healthy moral character, who has to fight her way alone and unaided through the many dangers which beset her in high society. The book is published by the Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

John Lane, New York, is the publisher of the "Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels," by Thomas Ingoldsby. This is reading matter of a most fantastical, yet, withal, highly amusing kind. All the legends are fascinatingly bizarre, full of humor, parodies, satire and whims. The author admonishes us to take it all in a "Pickwickian sense." The volume is well bound and fittingly illustrated.

"Tangled in Stars" is the title of a little volume of poetic effusions by Ethelwyn Wetherald. The author is, it seems, possessed of marked technical skill, but his fancy fails to wing its way to proper altitudes. The thoughts expressed, or hinted at, do not go beyond the ordinary. Published by Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston.

Louis Alexander Robertson is the author of "Cloistral Strains," a collection of sacred verse of striking beauty and truly poetic conception. Some of the poems were originally published in "The Dead Calypso" and "Beyond the Requiems." Mr. Robertson's poetic productions have attracted general attention and evoked considerable and deserved praise. The verses under review are marked by nobility of thought and delicacy of expression. We select the following lines from "The Wanderer":

"The bells are hushed—the mighty organ rolls
Majestic music through the gloomy fane;
A happy chorus of triumphant souls
With hallelujahs swell the sacred strain;
A light celestial fills my streaming eyes,
A Jacob's ladder reaching to the skies."

The binding and typography of the little volume are exceptionally good. A. M. Robertson, 126 Post Street, San Francisco, is the publisher.

Ralph Harold Bretherton is the author of "The Child Mind," a clever study of the thoughts, feelings, habits and physical, intellectual and moral development of the child. It is a book that is of interest to intelligent juvenile as well as adult readers. It is of considerable psychological and pedagogical value. The author has adopted the fancifully narrative style, and thus contrives to hold the

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attention of readers, where otherwise it might flag or disappear altogether. The book is nicely bound. John Lane, New York, is the publisher.

Richard G. Badger, Boston, announces the publication of "The Dancers," by Edith M. Thomas, and of "A Reed by the River," by Virginia Woodward Cloud. Some of the verses contained in these two little volumes are decidedly meritorious, in conception as well as in technique.

T. S. Denison is the author and publisher of "The Old Schoolhouse," and other poems and conceits in verse. A cursory reading of several of the poems conveys the impression that the author has talent of no mean ability. His imagery is ambitious, and his meters are well handled. Published at 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

R. H. Russell, New York, is the publisher of a finely illustrated and artistically-bound volume, entitled "Where the Wind Blows". There are ten well-conceived and well-written fairy-tales in this book, each one of which is taken from a different nation, and re-told by Katherine Pyle. The illustrations and embellishments are by Bertha Corson Day. The book is right in line for the holidays.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

ONE WOMAN'S STRUGGLE

BY H. W. B.

Some experiences of life, though so truly awful, are so awfully true that they can bear repetition, and human nature is so prone to forget that the retelling of them is necessary if the sufferers are to be relieved. We have all heard much about the injustice done to the poor sewing-woman, and the sweat-shop that keeps her wages low has been openly condemned, but even now, few consider how much suffering, temptation, and ill-requited toil go to make the garments purchased at bargain prices. If we did consider, we should consider it a crime to encourage such a system of extortion, and gladly pay the prices which would insure a living wage to the poor women who make them.

I give the experience of one woman in her own words. She had seen better days, but in reduced circumstances, untrained as she was to enter the ranks of breadwinners, she did what she could find to do. She says: "Being filled with the spirit of Yankee independence inherited from New England ancestry, I could not rest content to be entirely-dependent. So, taking up one of the New York dailies, I turned to the column headed 'Help Wanted—Females.' Seeing an advertisement for workers on children's dresses I started for the manufacturer's address. I walked on and on (to save car-fares) until at last, footsore and weary, I reached my destination. Entering a doorway where women were issu-

(Continued on page vi)

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Any place where money can be legitimately earned is a legitimate field for investment. Money can be earned and lost more quickly on the turf than in any other business. But what makes racing a most fascinating form of investment is this: that if you are successful, the earning power of your dollar is 100 per cent. Real estate pays, say 6 per cent. a year. A good business pays say 15 per cent a year. Values are fixed, profits are slow. But in racing there is a direct earning capacity of 100 per cent. on every dollar you invest. Why? Because the speculation is immediate, and the total value is realized instantly, whereas in the case of real estate it takes hundreds of years perhaps to mature.

Success on the turf is not a matter of chance, but a matter of business. The same methods of combination of capital, reduction of operating expenses, employment of the most skillful managers and competent business men that yield Standard Oil or Steel Trust profits, have the same result when applied to the turf, only, from the nature of the field, the profits are much larger, the returns realized instantly.

The man who bets on the races as a pastime, or as an adjunct to some other business has no more chance of success than a man with \$100 would have to corner the grain market. The public loses the money. Some bookmakers lose money. Some owners lose money. The big bookmakers and owners make money. They make money all the time. They have capital to go on. Their investment yields them steady returns greater than those afforded by any other business in the world. They are taking no chances. Their natural percentage works for them day in and day out.

Now the proposition that it is the business of this article to explain is simply this: By combining capital, by reducing expenses of operation, by using the capital thus acquired with the conservatism and skill that results from years of suc-

cessful experience on the turf, the co-operative turf company of E. J. Arnold & Co. is enabled to earn profits wholly beyond the conception of people not conversant with turf conditions, or people shackled to the antiquated idea that the only legitimate profit is a small profit. First of all must be taken into consideration that it is the easiest thing in the world to verify every statement made herein. Arnold & Co. are a St. Louis firm, with offices in the Benoist building. They have been operating here for four years. Their standing can be ascertained from banks and from the list of their investors. For four years they have been steadily paying dividends. The officers are responsible men. The files of the daily papers, not only in St. Louis, but all over the country show how and where and when they have earned dividends. The company has a long established reputation not only for success, but for reliability, integrity, financial strength, and conservatism. It is in a class by itself. Many mushroom imitators have sprung up. Wildcat schemes may shake the public confidence in all turf investments, but the best proof of the soundness of the Arnold & Co. proposition is that for years it has been operating the money of their clients with a view not of unearnable profits, but of safety and conservatism. What they have paid has been actually earned, and the records are open to inspection. A recent official investigation has been made of this company. Not only was every claim made verified, but it was shown that the firm has available assets greatly in excess of all liabilities and that it could wind up business to-morrow, paying off every investor in full, and leaving something like \$200,000 in excess of all claims.

Arnold & Co. do not pretend to pay the rate of interest offered by certain alleged turf investment concerns, because these profits cannot actually be earned. They pay all that can be made in this line of business, and operate only along safe lines, taking no wild chances, but earning a steady, natural, legitimate per cent. of profit, which is weekly shared with investors. Every obligation they contract can be fulfilled to the letter. You can prove this for yourself. Don't go into any scheme blindfolded. Investigate just as you would a real estate proposition or a chance to buy stock in any reputable business venture. The investigation that other companies cannot stand, and do not want, Arnold & Co. rely on as their best advertisement. Hence their actual, bona fide success and the implicit and well founded confidence of their clients.

The business of Arnold & Co. is based

on these two ideas: co-operation of capital and investment of that capital on the turf where, by shrewd management and careful handling, the biggest and quickest returns are realized. In the first place, Arnold & Co. could not earn big dividends unless they had a great sum of money to do business on. You have to have money to make money, and the more money you have, the easier it is to make it yield a big return. Isn't this so on any business? In the next place, it ought to be pretty obvious that big money can be made on the turf. Bookmakers with a bank roll or capital of ten thousand dollars, if they are competent men, make anywhere from \$6,000 to \$14,000 a year. Bookmakers who do not know their business, don't make anything like this. But good makers make it steadily. Men like Fred Cook, Marcus Cartwright, Barney Schreiber, George Rose, O'Leary, Ullman have made fortunes, and make fortunes every year. The Weller book, at Sheepshead bay, which was backed by the millions of John Drake and John Gates, cleared over \$200,000 during that brief meeting alone. These are facts that can be verified by any sporting man, or turf journal. Now then, with a bigger capital to go on than any bookmaker or combination in the world, isn't it reasonable to suppose that Arnold & Co. can make just as much money? The business of Arnold & Co. is divided into four departments: First, there is the book-making department. Three books are made on the various tracks which are running. For instance, there are three books at New Orleans at present, and three at San Francisco. These books are managed by the most experienced and capable men in that line. They not only book to the race, but under Mr. Arnold's supervision, whenever the opportunity comes up, bet several thousand dollars to a race. Their record in the past four years speaks for itself. They won steadily. Secondly, there is the racing stable. The Arnold stable is the strongest in the West. It won most of the big events this season at the local tracks, swept the boards when it was shipped to Chicago, and is continuing its winning at the winter tracks. The stable includes such truly great horses as Bessie McCarthy, Ethylene, Peaceful, Mary McCafferty, Stranger, Searcher, FitzBrillar, Fort Wayne, Maximus, Graden and a score more. The stable is handled by Tom Kiley, esteemed the best trainer in the West, and known to turfmen all over the country. The value of this stable alone is immense. The crack jockey, Battiste, who led all the jockeys this season at Delmar and the Fair Grounds, is under contract to the stable. It is in fact the strongest combination on the turf. As to its actual success, you have simply to read the daily reports of racing in the newspapers. Thirdly, there is the poolroom at Hot Springs. This poolroom, operated with unlimited capital, is simply a gold mine. Poolrooms are the best money making propositions in the world, almost. At the Hot Springs room, which is under the direct supervision of Mr. E. J. Arnold, the newspapers report that the play is unprecedented, and that Arnold & Co. have won more money this season than any other room at the

Springs, the mecca of big gamblers, like Steve L'Hommedieu, who, by the way, lost \$7,000 in one day to Arnold & Co. With their stables at New Orleans and San Francisco, and the best of racing information, the poolroom conducted by Arnold & Co. has advantages which are readily apparent, and which can not be overestimated. Finally, there is the breeding farm at Greenville, Ill., one of the finest in the West, and headed by the great racer Gold Heels, the champion of the 1902, and which bids fair to become one of the greatest sires in the country. The farm is stocked with only the highest class of horses, and in a few years, will be one of the most valuable assets of the firm.

These are the resources of Arnold & Co. and the means by which they are enabled to earn truly remarkable dividends. The plan of operation is simple enough. Arnold & Co. accept deposits in sums of \$50 and upwards. These deposits are merged into the capital of the firm. The profits are divided equally each week, *pro rata*. Every dollar invested shares equally in the earnings, and at least two per cent is paid weekly to each depositor. Thus \$500 earns \$10 a week, all the year around. And at any time the investment in whole or in part can be withdrawn. A reserve fund is kept to meet these calls, as frequently people need their money for a month, or so, and then invest it back again. But the money can always be drawn out and there is no red tape or difficulty about it. Ask any subscriber as to this. Sometimes the earnings fall short of two per cent, but if this ever occurs, the sum is made up next week, so that the monthly reports balance to a sum of 8 per cent a month interest on your investment, or 104 per cent annually. That Arnold & Co. fulfill these obligations to the letter is evidenced by the success shown by four years of unexampled prosperity and by the fact that they have weathered every storm, overcome whatever prejudice antiquated business methods raised against them, and now are in a better financial position than ever. Their books are open, and tell the tale. The firm actually earns at least two per cent a week and pays this dividend week in and week out, has been paying it for years and will continue to pay it so long as there is racing in this country. The home offices of Arnold & Co. occupy the sixth floor of the Benoist Building, St. Louis, and are always open to subscribers, visitors, or prospective investors.

Reference has been made in this article to Fitz Brillar, one of the horses owned by E. J. Arnold & Co. The supplement to this week's Mirror is a half-tone reproduction of this horse. Fitz Brillar is a two-year-old, out of Fitz James, and is considered one of the best juveniles in the country. He beat the best of the two-year-old division at the local tracks last season, including the crack Geheimness. Fitz Brillar is a magnificent looking colt and will make one of the best three-year-olds in training next season. The colt at present is at Ingleside, where he has been running to his best form. The colt is worth, at a conservative estimate, \$7,000.

JUDGE &

Grand New Store and it's

515

Dainty Things Like These Are Always Appreciated.

Perfumes in original packages, all makers represented,

Foreign Makers—

Houbigand,	Sold
Roger & Gallet,	at
Piver,	Judge & Dolph's
Violets (Vie-o-lay),	Famous
Lubin,	Cut
Muhlen,	Prices.
"4711."	

Domestic—

Solon.	All
Palmer.	at
Hudnut,	Cut
Colgate,	Prices.
Lundborg,	
Mellier,	
Imperial Crown.	

IN STERLING SILVER—Dressing Combs, Hair Brushes, Military Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Ring Mirrors, Hand Mirrors, Puff Boxes, Salve Boxes, Manicure Pieces, Shoe Buttoners, Shoe Horns.

All of these goods are novel in design. They were bought especially to compete with similar articles shown in exclusive jewelry houses. The prices will be found astonishingly low.

Sterling Silver Toilet Sets, Sterling Silver Comb and Brush Sets, Sterling Silver Match and Cigarette Cases, Sterling Silver Nail Files, and Manicure Scissors, specially designed Hand Mirrors incased in solid silver.

Although these articles are made in the highest degree of *finesse*, It is part of our plan to sell them at their actual worth, which brings these articles to as low as \$2.50, the highest not exceeding \$25.00.

LEATHER GOODS—In the most advanced novel designs. These have not, until recently, been carried in stock by us, and we are therefore not hampered by the thought of "old stocks" in the selection of this magnificent line of Herman & Co.'s goods.

We intend to make this Leather Goods Department a permanent one, and in the accomplishment of this you will find the very finest of articles, priced much lower than elsewhere.

Ladies' Wrist Bags from \$1.25 up to \$8.50.

Ladies' Pocketbooks from \$1.00 up to \$10.00.

Ladies' Card Cases, 50c up to \$5.00.

Letter Cases, silver ornamentation, \$2.00.

Cigarette Cases, silver ornamentation, \$1.00 to \$5.50.

Cigar Cases, silver ornamentation, \$2.00 to \$6.00.
Plain Card Cases \$3.50.

ONE WOMAN'S STRUGGLES

[Continued from page iv]

ing forth with parcels, I passed through a room filled with men who stared impudently at the women as they passed. In the workroom upstairs I was met by a young woman with the blandest of smiles, who showed me different styles of children's dresses. Out of this lot I selected one, for which she said they paid three dollars a dozen. It seemed a very small price, but I thought it would do for a beginning. I was given paper and string with which to wrap the dozen which I agreed to take home. As it was a physical impossibility for me to walk home, I took a car. I began my work with great zeal. I so organized my light housekeeping as to make it as light as possible, and gave most of my time to my dressmaking, working early and late, often till midnight. At the end of the week I triumphantly carried my parcel, much increased in bulk, to the manufacturer's. The agreeable young woman who had given me the work was nowhere to be seen, but in her place was a grim female of most unprepossessing appearance. After making me wait her pleasure for a long time, she came to me and curtly informed me that it was not pay-day. When pay-day arrived, I was on the spot bright and early. Edging my way through a room crowded with women, most of whom were poorly clad and half starved-looking creatures, I waited my turn for an interview with the 'overlookers.' At last it came, and I was in-

formed that the price paid for making such dresses was forty cents instead of three dollars a dozen! Too shocked and dazed to reply, I received my forty cents, and, feeling for my purse, found it had been stolen. Out of my forty cents, I paid five cents for a ride home, where I sat down in dumb amazement and dismay to 'think on these things.' How could the good God permit such criminal injustice to be organized and carried on in this enlightened age and community?

"Next day, with faith in my fellow-beings reviving in my breast, I again looked over the advertisements. This time I found that a manufacturer of infants' dresses wanted feather-stitching done. That was one of my accomplishments, and I applied for the work. I was told that it was not given out, but that I must come every day and work from eight in the morning until half past five in the evening. I was somewhat appalled at the prospect of stemming the tide of humanity that surged over the Brooklyn Bridge at those hours, but determined to try, since it was the only thing that offered. I started at seven o'clock the next morning for my long walk, taking my luncheon with me. With cheerful alacrity I took the seat assigned me among the group of feather-stitchers in one of the little stalls set apart for them. A sharp-featured, sharp-voiced Jewess, with diamonds on her fingers and in her ears, gave me my work. The 'power' was turned on, the hum of voices ceased, and the buzz of machinery

began. After a trying morning, with endless faultfinding by the Jewess, twelve o'clock came and we were allowed half an hour for luncheon. Then began a scramble for places at a long table covered with white oilcloth. A ruder, coarser set of girls than those I never met. Still, I have no cause to complain of their treatment of me. Being civil to them, I received civility in return, except from the Jewess, who seemed to make it a point to treat me with marked discourtesy. She made me feel that she did not want me there. But I took no apparent notice of her insulting manner, and did not resent any of her endless but undeserved criticisms of my work. After two weeks of work there I received five and one-half dollars and my dismissal, on the plea that the work had given out.

"As I passed out with the crowd into the elevator I observed that the prettiest and most refined looking of the girls had been detained by the proprietor to help him at his desk. One of her comrades, a plain but kind-hearted girl, was looking at her with a face full of anxiety, but the poor child dared not notice her. What it meant to her to be thus honored by this brutal man her more experienced comrade knew too well, I suppose.

"Again I tried the advertisements for workers. This time it was a shoe-factory. Slipper vamps and bows for shoes were given out out to be embroidered and made up. It seemed a light, pretty sort of work to do. So I once more joined a throng of half-starved, wretched

looking women who stood eagerly looking for work and awaiting an opportunity to interview the forewoman, a sharp, hard, dark-eyed little woman, gaunt and round-shouldered from a life of hard work. At last my turn came. Without looking me in the face, she showed me, with a perfunctory, indifferent air, the different variety of bows. Selecting a style for me to try, she informed me that they paid sixty cents for twelve dozen of this style. I was duly instructed by another woman how to do the work satisfactorily. She then gave me the materials to carry home, and I was liberated. I worked early and late, always till midnight, sometimes later, a friend often assisting me by running the ribbon through the buckles ready for use. It was impossible for me to finish twelve dozen in much less than a week. Consequently, after deducting my car-fares, I had left fifty cents for a week of hard work.

"A little later I was told of a place in New York where I could obtain steady employment in making infants' dresses, and that my work would be sent to me and called for. Once more I applied for work. I engaged to make a dozen little dresses, for which they said they paid sixty cents. The materials were sent to me, and my sewing machine buzzed early and late. At the expiration of the week the dresses were called for. When I went for my money, the inspector told me that I took too much pains and basted too much. After deducting the price of the cotton which I was expect-

[Continued on page viii]

DOLPH'S

Great Christmas Offerings.

OLIVE.

Gifts That Never Come Amis.

SUNDRIES—We are showing this year a very fine assortment of Atomizers, ranging in price from \$20.00 to 40 cents.

Genuine Tortoise Shell Dressing Combs for ladies and gentlemen, none shown in St. Louis like these—prices ranging from \$6.00 to \$1.50.

Sayman's Soap, 10c cake cut to 5c.

William's Shaving Sticks, per half dozen, 35c.

Woodbury's Face Powder, regular 25c box cut to 15c.

Tetlow's Swansdown Powder, regular 25c box cut to 7c.

Madame Yale's Face Powder, regular 50c box cut to 39c.

Murray & Lanmaan's Toilet Water, regular 75c bottle, cut to 47c.

Amorilas Water, 25c size cut to 17c.

We have made special efforts to show goods which cannot be duplicated in design, quality or lowness of price by any other house in St. Louis.

Nothing is ever more appropriate as a gift, and the recipient never has too many of these dainty things:

Our Cut Glass Novelties are selected from the best manufacturers of these wares in America, viz: The Libby Co. and from Dorflinger. From the Libby factory comes a Celery Dish of unique design, Fruit Bowls that fairly dazzle in their brilliant cuttings, Liquor Decanters in handsome workmanship. From the Dorflinger people comes the smaller daintier articles—Cold Cream Jars, Puff Boxes, Bon-bon Receptacles, Fruit Dishes and Perfume Bottles.

If you are perplexed as to what to buy, remember that Perfumes, fine Soaps and Toilet Waters are ever used and will surely be appreciated by anyone.

Fine Toilet Powder and Fine Soap.

Societe Hygenic Soap, regular price 50c per cake; cut to 25c.

Roger & Gallet's Fine Soap, box of 3 cakes, regular price 70c, cut to 51c.

Juvenile Soap, box of 3 cakes, regular price 50c; cut to 29c.

Craddock Blue Soap, regular price 10c cake, cut to 5c.

William Waltke's Fine Soap, box of 3 cakes, regular 35c; cut to 17c.

Celebrated Glen Echo Soap, special price, box of 3 cakes, 22c.

Ladies Can Buy Cigars.

Nothing is so certain to give pleasure to the men as a box of cigars. Don't be afraid that you won't get him the right kind; let us do the worrying for you. Our expert cigar salesmen have studied this problem for many Christmases past. We have just what he likes and it will cost you less than he now pays, unless he is already buying from us. Below is a list of fine cigars at cut prices: If the brands you want are not mentioned, ask for them, as we have them. Note—Cigars made from similar tobacco are classified together.

Chancellors, 10c size, box of 25.....\$1.90	Habaneras, 3 for 25c size, box of 25.....\$1.20	CIGARS AT LESS WHOLESALE PRICE.
Gen. Arthurs, 10c size, box of 25.....\$1.90	Solace Cigars, 2 for 25c size, box of 25... \$2.30	Geo. W. Childs, box of 50.....\$1.50
Chancellors, 3 for 25c size, box of 25.....\$1.55	La Flor de Jeffersons, 2 for 25c size, box of 25.....\$2.35	El Moritos, box of 25..... 95c
Gen. Arthurs, 3 for 25c size, box of 25.....\$1.55	Americans, 2 for 25c size, box of 25.....\$2.35	Lillian Russells, box of 50.....\$1.35
Martelles, 3 for 25c size, box of 50.....\$2.40	Eldeseos, 2 for 25c size, box of 25 (extraordinary value).....\$2.00	Famous Jackson Squares, box of 50.....\$1.60
Nipen Clubs, regular price box of 50, \$3.00, cut to.....\$2.40	Eldeseos, 3 for 25c size, box of 50.....\$3.00	Cremos, box of 50.....\$1.65
Stag Horns, 3 for 25c size, box of 25.....\$1.20	El Belmonts, 3 for 25c size, box of 50.....\$3.00	Spana Cubas, box of 25..... 95c
The celebrated Wilkie Collins Cigars, 2 for 25c size, box of 25.....\$2.25	Barristers, 10c size, box of 23.....\$1.55	La Coyas high grade 5c cigar, special price, box of 25..... 75c
Franz Hals, 2 for 25c size, box of 25c.....\$2.20	La Preferencias, 2 for 25c size (less than wholesale price).....\$2.00	J. and D. specials, 3 for 25, 12 in box..... 50c
La Cresadinas, 10c size, box of 25.....\$1.75	La Preferencias, 10c size, box of 50.....\$3.30	El Toros, box of 50.....\$1.75
El Delatosas, down-town club price 2 for 25, box of 25.....\$2.50		Stickney's Coronos, box of 25..... 95c
box of 50.....\$4.75		

You need not take the first thing that is offered you. Our salesmen take pleasure in the endeavor to furnish you with the right cigars.

Ladies buying cigars in this department avoid all annoyances incidental to those met with in stores devoted solely to the sale of cigars.

Dozens of other brands at the same cut prices.

All cigars, and in any quantity, are exchangeable at any time. Avoid the rush of the last few days. Purchase your cigars now, we will deliver them at the proper time. The Great Drug Store of St. Louis is most convenient to shoppers.

515 OLIVE STREET

Is midway between Barr's corner and Scruggs' Olive street entrance.



CRYSTAL WATER

For the healthy it is the greatest of luxuries.

For the sick no blessing is sweeter.

For the young it keeps all the machinery of the body in a state of perfect development, and wards off all diseases to which young life is most susceptible.

And for old age it readily dissolves and carries off all the deadly secretions which weakening organs are unable to wholly eliminate.

In Crystal Water there are no disease germs, no organic matter, no sewage.

Crystal Water Beverages are the finest drinks ever put on the market.]

Ginger Ale, Ironkola, Birch Beer, Orange Phosphate, Cherry, Champagne Cider, Lemon Soda, Lemon Sour, Strawberry, Sarsaparilla, Seltzer, Vichy, Crystalaris, Lithia, Etc.

CRYSTAL WATER CO., 2020 to 2026 Walnut Street.

ONE WOMAN'S STRUGGLES

[Continued from page vi]

ed to furnish, and my fares to engage the work and to receive my pay, I had just thirty-five cents left for my week's work—about three cents each for the dresses.

"Again I tried a factory, this time for the making of underwear for women and children. They offered the munificent sum of two cents a garment, twenty-cents a dozen, for the making. They had no work at present, but would take my name and address and let me know when they had some. I declined to trouble them to do so, and went to my home in disgust and despair."

This pathetic story, which is only one of a multitude, makes its own special appeal to the women who rush after the cheapest ready-made garments. It appeals also to all women and all men, in all grades of social life; for all may do something to make these conditions impossible.—*The Outlook*.



A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two-letter monogram, except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.



Winter tourist rates via Iron Mountain route, on sale October 15th to April 30th, 1903.

WON WIVES BY PERSISTENCE

An amusing and characteristic story is told of Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was wooing Mrs. Lewis, to whom, in later years of married life, he was so touchingly devoted.

One day Mrs. Lewis, who was then living in retirement at her seat in Glamorganshire, saw a gentleman walking leisurely up the drive. "Jane," she exclaimed to an old servant, "I really believe that horrid man, Disraeli, is coming up the drive. Do, please run to the door and say I'm not at home."

Jane opened the door to the undesired caller and gravely announced her message. "I know," Disraeli coolly answered, "but take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait until Mrs. Lewis is ready to come downstairs," which of course Mrs. Lewis felt compelled to do a few minutes later.

"Oh, dear, what can I do with such an obstinate man?" the widow asked desperately, later in the day, when Disraeli showed no sign of raising the siege. "Marry him, I suppose, ma'am," was Jane's philosophic answer; and, as the world knows, the persistent wooer had his way in the end in this as in most other things in life.

"Any man can marry any woman," Voltaire once cynically declared, "if he only pursues her long enough." This at any rate, was the experience of Jacob Halliday, a well-known character in the north of England, a couple of generations ago.

.. ESTABLISHED 1834 ..

J. B. Sickles Saddlery Company

Washington Ave. and 21st Sts.

We are head-quarters on Fine Coach, Brougham, Surrey, Runabout, Tandem and Buggy Harness; Riding Saddles, Coupes, Leggings, Gauntlets, Fowne's Driving Gloves, Carriage Robes, Horse Blankets and the most complete line of Horse Goods.

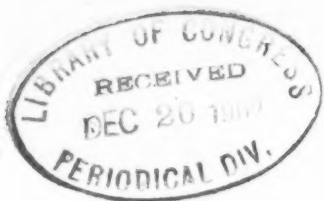
The present high standard which our goods have attained, due solely to their quality and correctness in design, has placed us among the foremost saddlery houses in the country.

Never did a lover win a wife under such discouraging conditions as Jacob; for after his first proposal he was soundly horsewhipped by the young lady's father and ducked in a convenient pond. "I'll ask her again next year," Jacob spluttered as he emerged from his bath, the fire of his passion not a whit quenched by his cold douche.

"Regularly once a year, on the anniversary of his first proposal and immersion," Nicholson says in his biography of Mr. Halliday, "Jacob attired himself in his

finest raiment and presented his petition, always with the same negative result. When he presented himself, now a middle-aged man, for the twenty-fourth time, the lady greeted his appearance with a peal of laughter. 'It's no good, Jacob, I see,' she exclaimed. 'I may as well give in now as later, but what a faint-hearted creature the importunate widow was compared with you.'

Sheridan took an equally bold course when he sought to win the fairest of the beautiful daughters of Linley, the com-





FITZBRILLAR.

OLYMPIC

This Week—Matinee Saturday.

ANNA HELD

IN

"THE LITTLE DUCHESS"

And Sahart the Queen of Dancers.

Next Sunday Night and All Christmas Week.

EZRA KENDALL

—AS—

"JOE MILLER,"

The Vinegar Buyer.

By Herbert Hall Winslow.

Management Liebler & Co.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK.

Mr. Tim Murphy

—IN—

"OLD INNOCENCE."

A great cast, including Dorothy Sherwood.
Regular Mat. Saturday.

Next Sunday Night.

CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Henry B. Harris Presents

Robert Edeson

—IN—

"Soldiers of Fortune,"

By Richard Harding Davis.
Dramatized by Augustus Thomas.
Matinees Christmas Day and Saturday.

poser, of Bath, who was strongly opposed to the suit of the brilliant young poet and dramatist. His lady love, too, was beset by an army of suitors, many of them far more eligible parties than the penniless law student.

The circumstances called for bold and decisive action. After threatening to destroy himself if the lady refused his advances, and fighting a couple of duels with one of his most formidable rivals, Sheridan took the bold step of running away with Miss Linley and conducting her to a French nunnery, where she remained in confinement until, succumbing to her lover's daring and persistence, she consented to marry him.

One of our judges, not long deceased, used to tell a diverting story of his wooing. In those days he was a struggling and obscure barrister without even the prospect of an income, and the lady upon whom he had set his affections was the daughter of a purse-proud tradesman with a high-sounding name, who was strongly opposed to giving his daughter to a "penniless lawyer."

"Do you know, sir," the father thundered, when he was asked for his daughter's hand, "do you know, sir, that my daughter's ancestors have all been noblemen, and that one of them was a favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth?"

"Oh, yes, I know all that," the young barrister placidly answered; "and do you know that Queen Elizabeth once slapped your ancestor's face; and unless you are more civil I will do the same for you?"

It is scarcely surprising that so bold and daring a lover had his way in the end, even in the face of such a barrier of ghostly noble ancestors.

The late Prince Bismarck, it is said, won his wife by a similar *coup de main*. Although he had not known the lady of his love more than a few days, and her parents were not even aware of his existence, he presented himself one day before them and boldly asked permission to marry their daughter. In vain the father fumed and blustered and threatened to have the young man forcibly ejected from the house for his impertinence.

"I am sorry to annoy you, sir," the young soldier said, "but I must respectfully decline to leave the house until I have your consent." Nor did he, although the consent was given in these ungracious words: "Well, I suppose you must have your way; but I cannot compliment my daughter on her choice of a mule for a husband."—*San Francisco Star*.

C. L. Bates, who, for many years was with Mermod-Jaccard & Co., now has charge of the Diamond Department of F. W. Drosten, 7th and Pine, where he would be pleased to meet and serve his many friends and patrons.

Teacher: "Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him."
Johnnie: "Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it fer me."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Imported Curios, Heller's, 4011 Olive St.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Sunastras

DYEING & CLEANING CO.
HAVE THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT OF ITS KIND IN THE COUNTRY.



ALL BUILDINGS FIRE PROOF.
We would call special attention at present to our facilities in cleaning elaborately made up Ball Costumes, Opera Wraps, etc. The work can be returned on short notice.

STORES.
77 LOCUST ST.
1044 N. VANDEVENTER AVE.
726 N. TAYLOR AVE.

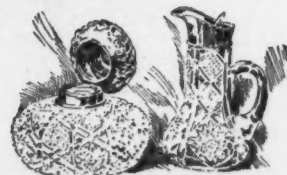
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C. Dorflinger & Sons

ARTISTIC PIECES AND
ENCASED SETS OF HOLIDAY

GLASSWARE

3 and 5 WEST NINETEENTH STREET,
CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



**An Insurance
Against Dissatisfaction.**

ENGAGE

BROMLEY'S ORCHESTRA

Office: 1729 Olive St.

Phones:

A212, D1653, Tyler 322.

**THE ICE PALACE
IS NOW OPEN**

COOK AND CHANNING AVES.

Mr. Jno. F. Davidson, the fancy trick skater, is in charge this season.
Special attention to Ladies and Children.



SANTA CLAUS

WILL BE

ASTONISHED



When he visits our store to see the superb array of Opera Glasses. All makes, with and without handles.

We are 25 per cent. cheaper for the same kind than anyone in the city. Glasses all kinds for presents.

Train on tracks and Automobiles. Lorgnettes and Chains, Thermometers and Barometers in endless varieties. Bring your oculist's prescription here to be filled the right way.

OLIVER ABLE, OPTICIAN AND
EXPERT FRAME FITTER,
622 LOCUST, Cor. SEVENTH ST.

AN ACCEPTABLE AND
USEFUL GIFT—

**SILK
UMBRELLA**

OR

CANE.

[All Grades.]



Our Holiday Line
is Worth Seeing.
WE MADE THEM.

519

LOCUST,
Near Sixth St.

Samenдорfs
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT

The purchase of the Newport race track, and the formation of a complete racing circuit that will equal the supremacy of the Western jockey club circuit, the most powerful and original coup ever devised by a racing concern, calls attention to the St. Louis establishment that is in back of the whole movement, and whose profits turfmen recognize will be something enormous from the enterprise.

The John J. Ryan Co-operative Turf Investment Co. now stands before the

It is a matter of congratulation to the small investor, the man who wants to lay aside a few thousands for a rainy day, that the Ryan Co. is not a close corporation, but that all may become stockholders, and share in the earnings of the business. The \$50 invested by the working man earns just as much proportionately as the \$10,000 invested by the millionaire. The John J. Ryan Co. is by far the best known concern in the West, and its standing has never been questioned.

their money with the concern. To the investor, however, is given the right to withdraw his principal, interest and account at any time.

Very few persons realize what five per cent weekly on an investment means. A \$100 bill, deposited with a bank at three per cent per annum—a very fair rate from such institutions—means that at the end of the year the investor will have \$103 at his command. In case the money is withdrawn before the expiration of the year the owner does not receive a cent, notwithstanding the fact that the bank has enjoyed the use of

that the company does not care to burden itself with smaller accounts. There are very few persons in the United States who can not obtain \$10, therefore this rule of the company will not materially hurt anybody. When a subscription is received, a certificate of deposit is issued, in which it is stipulated that the company will share with the investor the profits resulting from its business at the rate of five per cent on the principal as the money is earned. This certificate can be returned at any time, when the owner will be paid all or any part of his investment, as he may design-



View of Superintendent's Residence on the Breeding Farm of John J. Ryan & Co., St. Louis, Mo., situated at Elkton, Cecil Co., Md.

whole country as the strongest company of the kind, not only from its long record of success, the earnings the company has paid out, but also from the fact that, now owning, as it does, not only the Newport race track, and a controlling interest in a magnificent circuit of race tracks, but also the biggest foreign book in

Profits are paid weekly to clients of the John J. Ryan Co-operative Turf Company. This is a rule that has never been departed from and depositors know just what to expect. Of course the profits vary as to amounts, but in every case they are vastly more than would be received were the principal

his money. Should the investor place his money with the Ryan Company, and the winnings of the concern continue, the \$100 bill, at the end of the twelve months, would net the owner \$360. The owner would also have the right to withdraw his money at any time, while what is earned would be shared with him

nate, together with what profits are due him. In the event of a panic, when all might rush in with a demand for their money, the company, for the good of all, reserves the right to demand a 30 days' notice. This clause is given prominence in the certificates and is one of the reasons which make the Ryan Company so



View of Steel Constructed Hippodrome on the Breeding Farm of John J. Ryan & Co., St. Louis, Mo., situated at Elkton, Cecil Co., Md.

the country which is the greatest money maker known on the turf, its resources are absolutely unlimited, its capacity for paying dividends enormously increased, and its financial stability as firmly established as the Chemical Bank of New York, which pays 130 per cent on its investment.

invested in any bank, trust company or other business concern.

Experience has satisfied the Ryan Company that it can pay five per cent weekly in profits to investors and a guarantee is made that such substantial weekly profits will be paid to persons for such time as they desire to leave

weekly by the company. On smaller amounts the profits would be correspondingly less, but there are few instances in which a man can invest a \$10 note and at the end of a year realize on it \$36.

Investments of less than \$10 are not accepted by the company, for the reason

popular with investors. For references as to its financial standing, the company directs inquirers to the strongest banking institutions in St. Louis. Investors all over the country testify to the good past record of the concern in meeting all its obligations.

The John J. Ryan Co-operative Turf

Investment Company does not maintain a racing stable. Its money is made at the tracks it controls by running books. Its expert handicappers have at their fingers' end all the past performances of horses of class, and can pretty nearly tell what they will be able to do on their next outs. When a horse looks and figures to be particularly good, the Ryan Company wagers upon it all the money the other books will take. In this the company has met with remarkable success.

One of the reasons why the company has no racing stable of its own is because those in control consider it ill-advised to back horses in which they have a financial interest. Horse owners are bound to become prejudiced in favor of their own racers and therefore are not in a position to figure out races with the same impartiality of those not directly interested. Bookmakers frequently figure out that certain horses have little chance to win when the owners are confident that the animals can not be beaten. In a great majority of such

another. At the recent meeting at the Latonia track, Ryan won \$10,000 in three hours—\$55 a minute. The card for the day looked particularly good to him; someone had to suffer. His handicappers had informed him that Linguist, Bardolph and Ailyar were sure winners, and Ryan conducted his operations accordingly. In his own books Ryan held the three horses out and accepted bets on all the others in the race. In addition he went around the ring betting money in the other books. It took him some time to make all his collections after the races, for each of his picks landed easily, and when he had made the rounds he was laden down with money. Mr. Ryan had two books in operation at the track and both won handsomely, as they always do, so his profits on the day would be hard to estimate. His explanation of his methods on that occasion were characteristic. He said: "First get your money to bet with, then pick out two or three horses that can not lose, and when you are satisfied that you are right, go into the

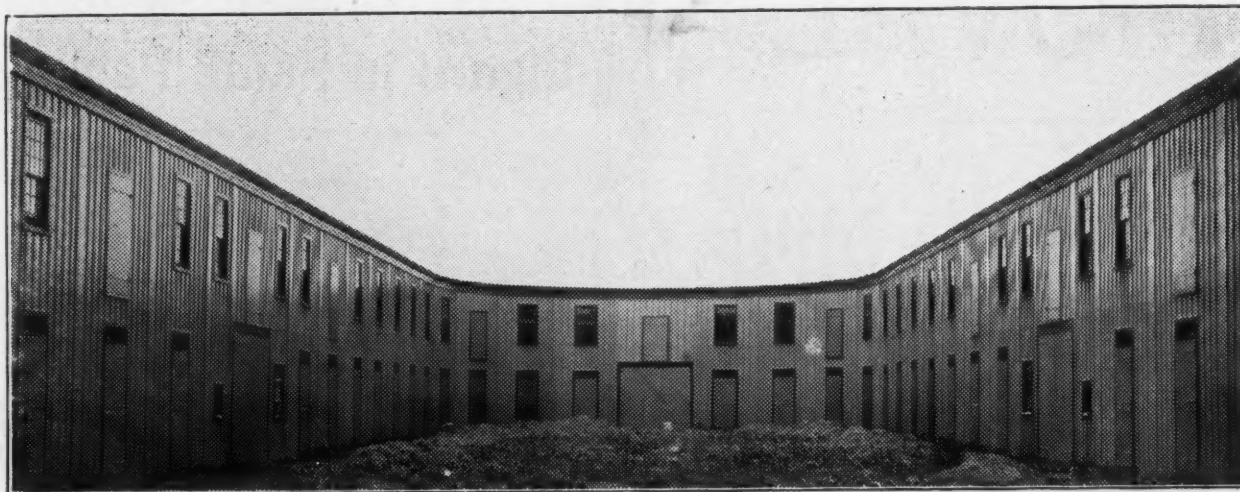
the more money the company obtains the greater are its profits for the men in it and their customers.

Recently the company purchased the celebrated stock farm of Hon. Wm. Singerly, of Philadelphia, Pa. The property is located at Elkton, Cecil County, Maryland, and considerably over \$100,000 have been put in improvements. This farm has the reputation of being one of the largest and best equipped of the kind in the country and it is the exclusive property of the John J. Ryan Co-operative Breeding Farm and Bookmaking Enterprise. Subscribers to the company are stockholders in the farm, which is now in full operation. The best high-class mares in the country are being purchased for breeding purposes. The colts are raised and sold, the company, as before stated, never racing horses of its own. The breeding of thoroughbreds is, however, one of the best paying businesses in the United States, if conducted by persons familiar with its numerous details, and Mr. Ryan and his associates are confident they

very nearly as much as the weekly dividends. It is the only concern of the kind in operation in which subscribers are made part owners in a valuable property.

The press all over the country has made complimentary references to the methods of the Ryan company. It has been praised particularly for its "squareness," and the way in which it conducts business on strictly business principles. As one puts it "The concern is not strong on extravagant promise, but it presents overwhelming evidence of the success that has attended its operations in the past, wherever it has done business with the public. Those who have profited by investing with the institution are enthusiastic in endorsement of all that the company puts forth in the way of assertion as to its ability to produce the results sought for in all investments—profit."

The Ryan Company maintains its general offices at the northeast corner of Fourth and Locust streets, St. Louis, Mo. There all letters and remittances



Interior of Hippodrome on the Breeding Farm of John J. Ryan & Co., St. Louis, Mo., situated at Elkton, Cecil Co., Md. John J. Ryan & Co., Proprietors.

cases, the results vindicate the bookmakers' judgment. If the Ryan Company owned horses of its own it would naturally back them, and thus the odds would be against the managers instead of in their favor. Then the great expense of maintaining a big racing stable is saved, which, every one familiar with horse racing knows, amounts to a princely sum during the course of a year.

That the business of the Ryan company is strictly legitimate can readily be determined. It holds licenses from both the city of St. Louis and the State of Missouri. Winter and summer, everywhere that racing is conducted, the company makes books, all of which are consistent winners. Years of experience have ripened the judgment of those in the company, and the earnings show material increases from one season to

ring and bet." In this connection it might be added that Mr. Ryan never does bet unless he is confident he is on a winner.

One of the Ryan company's methods that appeals to many is the strict confidence he maintains with regard to investments. Many persons prefer not to let others know concerning their business interests, and Mr. Ryan and his associates make it a point never to reveal the name of a client without first obtaining his consent. Then there are those who delight to let their acquaintances know about their successes, so that they, also, may get in on the good thing. Thousands of such persons are among the Ryan Company's clients and through them innumerable persons have benefitted themselves by investing their money. The system works on the endless chain principle, so to speak, and

will soon have their new acquisition yielding as high a rate of profit on the investment as their bookmaking enterprise.

The acquisition of the Newport race track by the John J. Ryan Co-operative Turf Investment Company gives it additional opportunity to secure for its clients the benefit of a wider field of operation. The property is located on the Kentucky side, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati. It is a popular track with the race-going public and can be operated all winter.

An important late announcement by the Ryan Company is to the effect that investors making annual deposits will receive their proportion of the net profits of the Elkton farm, in addition to their regular weekly profits, fifteen days after the sale of yearlings each year. These profits, it is pointed out, should average

should be addressed and they will receive prompt attention.

Mr. Ryan, the head of this concern, is personally well-known, not only in St. Louis, but all over the country and has the most convincing references as to the integrity and responsibility. He has been long and permanently identified with racing interests and has made that sort of things a subject of scientific study with a view to placing his conclusions at the service of the public in the manner he has now adopted. It is upon this scientific basis that his triumphs as an investor for people without opportunity to post themselves have been won. Mr. Ryan is popularly known to be as good a judge of men as of horses and this has been shown in the success that has attended upon this selection of associates and subordinates in the enterprise with which this article is concerned? Like all other successes, there is a good reason behind this one of Mr. Ryan's Company. That reason lies in the man and his power to choose and direct other men.

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MUSIC

MRS. PIPER'S DEBUT.

Mrs. Ruby Shotwell Piper achieved her debut as a professional concert singer, at the Odeon last week, under circumstances of more than ordinary interest. The handsome soprano had the co-operation of Mr. Bruno Steindel, violoncellist, and Mr. David Baxter, basso, in the interpretation of the solid and dignified, if somewhat lengthy, programme.

Taking into consideration one thing with another, the occasion was a triumph for Mrs. Piper. The debutante's share of the programme was formidable enough in diversity and difficulty, to intimidate a seasoned veteran, and it is, therefore, only natural that she approached with evident nervousness the task of discussing the grand aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," two Schumann songs, Robert Franz' "Im Herbst" and the familiar recitative and aria from "Der Freischutz." Mrs. Piper's qualifications, at this stage of what promises to be a distinguished career, consist of a fine, ringing, well "placed" voice, undoubted temperament, and a charming personality. Her voice is of excellent compass, dramatic in quality, but capable of being modulated to suit the most delicate *cantabile* passage. It is best in the upper register, but of sufficient power and volume throughout, and she employs, at times, a heavy chest tone, with excellent effect.

Mrs. Piper was most successful in the operatic numbers—the Schumann and Franz songs selected, require the mellowed art of a Lehmann or a Schumann-Heink, and then, too, they are robbed of poetic significance by being Englished.

Mr. David Baxter, with a bass voice of mellowness and sonority when it is used in songs whose notes are written in or below the staff, and apparently high artistic aims, was delightful in a group of quaint Scotch songs, and acceptable in a variety of Italian and German songs.

Steindel's 'cello spoke a universal language which even Mrs. Steindel's aggressive accompaniments failed to affect.



THE CHORAL SYMPHONY POPULAR.

The first popular concert given by the Choral Symphony Society last week was not a misnomer. It proved its right to the title by the number and the spirit of the people who attended. Every number was heartily applauded by the audience that packed the Odeon Hall and the compositions that made up the programme—from the Strauss waltz to the scene and prayer from "Cavalleria Rusticana" deserved the appellation bestowed on the concert.

Mr. Ernst and his men were at their happiest, the chorus sang with thrilling volume and the two soloists contributed conscientiously.



Mme. Pernet's School of Arts, a better term for "school of accomplishments," where language, music, painting, elocution, etc., are taught by competent instructors.



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THE INDIAN TERRITORY

The passage of the Cherokee Treaty on August 7th calls direct attention to one of the most fertile sections of the United States. Prosperity in the Southwest is an assured fact, and the development of the Indian Territory and the consequent expansion in trade and wealth is but a question of time. In a few years this section, so long neglected, will be as well threaded with railways as is Iowa or Minnesota. Its fitness for close settlement, comparative certainty of rainfall, and natural resources make it an attractive goal for Western lines. The marvelous fertility of the soil is shown in the fact that the Government cotton report for 1901 gives the average lint production of the Territory per acre at 214 pounds, exceeded only by that of Louisiana, 260 pounds, and far in excess of the world's average, 169 pounds. The cotton industry alone is of much importance in the Territory's future.

White settlers are pouring into the Territory, unwilling to wait for the formal opening of the farm lands. They are occupying the present town sites, and are urging the platting of more. Banks are being started, new business houses opened, more newspapers established, and every feature of the development of a virgin country is going on. The coal mines are being developed rapidly, and other mineral riches will soon be brought to the surface. The immigration is of the better class—men who have sold out in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin and are seeking for new homes which can be bought cheap and made into rich holdings.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line of the Indian Territory, and along its line is located a majority of the larger towns.

For more detailed information, write James Barker, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy of pamphlet, "Indian Territory." Low rate excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

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THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

BY THE ANTIQUARY.

A labor of love, of historic value, of patriotic civic interest, is that undertaken by Mr. J. C. Strauss, the photographer, of Grand and Franklin avenues, and shown at his artistic studio in a large volume on a beautiful stand. This large volume is made up of Strauss' photographs of the leading men of this city, who, being dead, yet live in the work they did for this community, and in the memory of its citizens for those excellent qualities of character that made them leading citizens. This "book of the dead" has a lively, if melancholy, interest for all persons who may be familiar with the history of the city during the past half century or even more. It is a goodly company one meets in turning these pages, and one feels like thanking Mr. Strauss for the work he has undertaken in bringing together, and to the minds of the living, the portraits of so many who were instrumental, in various ways, in the making of the St. Louis of to-day. It was a pious work, too—in the classic sense of the word "pious"—to honor the dead especially deserving of honor, by including them in a volume and showing them "in their habit as they lived" to the eye of the younger generation. The book is an invaluable "human document," and it should be preserved by the city itself as a gallery of its great men in many lines of endeavor during many years.

In scanning the splendid photographs, the "speaking likenesses" of so many St. Louisans, who have passed away, there is a certain pleasurable sensation in the memories evoked of the originals. One does not think of them as dead, but as living and still doing the things that gave them title to inclusion in this photographic pantheon.

Cursorily turning the pages, one finds the face of Henry Hiemenz, the great contractor, whose business is still conducted by his sons. Then you see the gravely kind face of Father Calmers, S. J., the theologian and orator. Next you see the handsome presence of Lester Crawford, once United States Circuit Clerk, wit, litterateur, singer, exquisite, golfer, good fellow. Near his photograph, is that of Daniel M. Holmes, the great merchant capitalist, who died in Mexico; then you come upon the presentment of the late great surgeon, Dr. Mudd, and near him, the darkly pleasant features of C. C. Maffitt, politician, racing man, capitalist, aristocrat, gentleman. Robert P. Tansey, the founder of the St. Louis Transfer Company, looks at you with that merry twinkle in his eye that you remember having seen there when he made a speech or told a story at a banquet or in a club, the cheerful, supremely intelligent face of the business man, who was also a scholar, a wit, an orator and the adviser of statesmen. Peter A. O'Neill, the millionaire, who made his fortune at the old Union Depot restaurant, gazes forth with his shrewd eyes, and the old smile that used to hide at the corners of the mouth. Here you find Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, just as he looked in his great frieze coat and that massively impossible buggy in which he made his

calls about the city for more than fifty years. Wayman McCreery is here as he was, an Admirable Crichton, handsome, debonnaire, the good singer, the fine billiardist, the patron of art, the gallant in society, while facing him, is William Nichols, the gruff old humorist-cynic, who, as President of the Commercial Bank, terrorized the applicant for "accommodation," no matter what his collateral might have been. Grave old Judge Gabriel Woerner, who was Probate Judge for so many years that he took on the air somewhat of a benevolent Radamanthus, is a distinguished figure in this volume of the dead. Close to him, is J. H. Trorlicht, the celebrated carpet merchant, and, with a face oddly strong and humorously rough but gentle, the portrait of Isaac Schwab, the Jewish merchant, who helped so many of the poor of his race to make men of themselves in this city. George W. Simpkins is here in the flesh as we knew him, with W. M. Kohn, the broker, and J. E. Kaime, the real estate agent. In characteristic pose we see Charles Humphreys, the handsome singer, who committed suicide, it is said, for love. How naturally frank and buoyant D. B. Gould looks out upon you! He is the man whose literary work is more consulted than that of any other bookman of this city. He was the founder of the City Directory. Grim Abe Gould, the brother of Jay Gould, a man whose acts were as beautiful as his features were not, is in the group, true to life. General D. M. Frost, a former ex-Confederate and the founder of at least three families of Frosts in this city, a veteran who lived to be one of the city's patriarchs, is an interesting study in physiognomy. A thousand stories of him spring to mind at sight of his face. Emile Glogau, the man who controlled the old Union Trust and the Commercial Buildings, the art connoisseur and gourmet, is here in all the elegance of suggestion that he bore about him when living. Here is "Bulky" Busch, the son of Adolphus Busch, the boy who had the prettiest smile in town, and the merriest, kindest heart, and in close juxtaposition Sir Charles Gibson, with his decorations and the thin, keen, inquiring face that marked the old-time lawyer and the later millionaire. J. B. Case smiles at one, here, quizzically, as was his wont when he was President of the Lincoln Trust Company, and Frank Aglar reminds you once again of his resemblance to James O'Neill as *Monte Cristo*. Charles W. Barney is another romantic figure in the group, and his face recalls, to the casual searcher of the pages, many a pleasant hour of story and repartee at the clubs and cafes. J. N. Booth, the commission merchant, with his rather reserved air, is but a few pages away from Chris Sharp, once President of the Merchants' Exchange. Capitalist Geo. A. Baker is as commanding a figure in the book as he was in life. F. B. Brownell is as dapper as he ever appeared and as confident of himself as he always was in life. Benevolently smile forth the soft eyes of Miles Sells, the cotton merchant, who was so deaf that he couldn't hear anything, but never missed a quotation, even if made in a whisper. W. M. Senter, another old-time cotton mer-

chant, is not far away in the leaves, and close to him is rollicking, jovial D. P. Slattery, plunger, politician, *bon vivant*, who came to his end so sadly by drowning in King's Lake. Here is James E. Yeatman, the man to whom "Richard Carvel," is dedicated, and who figures in "The Crisis" as *Colonel Brinsmade*. His smile is as it ever was, a benediction. Ed Walsh looks out with his old look of distinction. D. B. Robinson, the ex-President of the Frisco Railroad, is dapperly smiling as of old, and L. M. Rumsey, the silver man, clubman, capitalist, is here as cocksure of everything, including himself, as ever he was in the flesh, but kindly and considerate withal. Thomas Richeson, for many years President of the School Board, one of the founders of the Collier White Lead Works, a man of the ancient manner, is near to Adam Roth, who was much of a Jewish philanthropist, but looked not a little as if he might have made an excellent comedian. Charles H. Peck is here as he was in life, the embodiment of shrewdness. Marshall F. McDonald, the detective lawyer, who was the Joseph Folk of his day, and lived to be the dread of the entire bar, because of his daring of offense and defense, the man who dared indict striking railroad men, the man who put a detective in jail on a bogus indictment to obtain a confession from Maxwell, the Southern Hotel murderer, is here tall, thin, grimly smiling in that way he had when he was most dangerous. Venerable W. H. Markham's is one of the most dignified portraits in the volume, while William McMillan, the millionaire car-maker, is a personality that captures the most casually roving eye. The cold intelligence of George A. Madill's face arrests attention and reminds one that he was the genius of the great financial triumvirate composed of himself and John Scullin and James Campbell, that practically ruled the city for years. He was the lawyer of the group, and when he gave them the law, they never made a miss in anything they went after. And they still profit by his wise monitions of the past. Henry Hitchcock, the dilettante lawyer, who hid a fine and rare disposition under a severe and frosty exterior, here reveals what, for so long and to so many who did not know him, was unknown. Rufus J. Delano, lawyer and former athlete, the man who was a terror to visiting theatrical companies because he got out attachments and held their baggage and scenery for debts, smiles in this book as he smiled when you met him upon the street. Alfred Bevis, the globe-trotter of his later years, the glass of fashion and the mould of form of all his years, is here as spick-and-span as he was of a Sunday morning in his walk down Lindell avenue.

There are others and others and others. The gallery is added to daily. There is no nationality omitted. The men who in their day did things really worth while are all gradually being enrolled in the index of the gallery. No one who has had local fame of a cleanly sort is going to be omitted. Every man whose life was a story of something done for this community, will have his face enshrined in Strauss' "In Memoriam" volume. No one will be put

in this local substitute for a Temple of Fame for any consideration except worth, for any other cause than that he did something, or was something of a figure in the city of the days that knew him in his prime. The selection of the portraits is made with great care. Mr. Strauss will use for this purpose only the portraits best liked by the nearest relatives of the deceased celebrities. Each photograph bears the autograph of the original thereof. The collection grows slowly as it reaches farther back into the years, but no pains are spared to make this book and possible other companion volumes, truly representative of the men who have made the city and have passed away. In no little time the families that are represented in this book will stand to the St. Louisan generally in the relation that the descendants of those who "came over in the *Mayflower*" stand to the rest of this country or the descendants of those who came over with William the Conqueror stand to the people of England. The collection of pictures will be to St. Louis what the pictures of the great men of England in the national galleries and various palaces are to the people of England.

Mr. Strauss has photographed every man of prominence who has been known in this city in the last quarter of a century. He has the negatives of every sitting he ever gave, and thus he is excellently equipped to extend the collection so as to include men whose careers of activity reached a long way back in the city's history. He intends that, in time, every photograph in this collection shall be accompanied by a brief authoritative biography of the subject, setting forth in simple fashion the things that entitled the original to a place in the galaxy. The book will then be an illustrated dictionary of local biography, that will be simply invaluable to the historian of the future. Mr. Strauss intends, when the time comes, to turn the collection of portraits over to the city, or, perhaps, to the Historical Society for preservation, and surely, it will be a gift well worth preserving. Mr. Strauss is ready to receive suggestions as to names of deceased men of prominence, whose portraits should be included in the collection. He wants the collection to be as completely representative as it is possible to make it. He wishes not to overlook the work or the portrait of any man, whose work in life was such as to call for the sort of recognition involved in inclusion in this unique and intensely interesting picture-gallery of St. Louis worthies.

* * *

C. L. Bates, who for many years was with Mermod-Jaccard & Co., now has charge of the Diamond Department of F. W. Drost, 7th and Pine, where he would be pleased to meet and serve his many friend and patrons.

* * *

Vienna Enamels, Heller's, 4011 Olive St.

* * *

A startling array of the popular Kaiser Zinn suitable for wedding gifts at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street had no reason to complain of lack of excitement in the past week. Owing to the serious monetary outlook, the calling in of loans and the Venezuelan imbroglio, liquidation made its appearance in every direction, and gave bears full scope and opportunity to cover their extensive short lines. The way stocks dropped proved quite interesting and instructive. It threw some lurid flashlights on the many weak spots in the speculative structure, and gave confiding holders a more reasonable idea of the value of their stuff and the eternal fitness of things in financial markets.

The action of United States Steel shares caused considerable comment. It filled the hearts of those who had all along praised their merits and rhapsodized over their glorious future with dismay and disappointment. While the shares did not drop in a manner that could be called sensational, they developed a most suspicious weakness and sank with that persistency which always suggests the existence of an unwieldy long interest and selling by those who are on the "inside track" of affairs. Considering the fact that the common pays 4 per cent, it is certainly highly significant that it should act like a "lame duck" at 30 and fail to attract purchasers. Everybody but a "greenhorn" should know by this time that United States Steel shares are on the down grade, and will be for an indefinite length of time. Those who bought the preferred and common at 100 and 52, respectively, may as well prepare themselves for a long siege, or severe losses. The future of all iron and steel shares is extremely dubious. There were developments of late in the affairs of a certain prominent corporation, and in the market for its shares, in Philadelphia, that caused quite a commotion and gave the confidence of investors in this kind of shares a severe shake-up.

The suit filed by a well-known "tipster," who runs an information bureau for his own exclusive benefit, while giving his victims a lot of "hot air" every day, by wire or mail, is undoubtedly one of many of a similar nature which will succeed it. The end of a stock-boom is generally characterized by a falling out among gamblers and the filing of suits for an accounting. Some years ago, Francis D. Carley used to institute such legal proceedings every other day. He had the time of his life when he thought the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests were trying to get the

best of him in deals in Pittsburg, Cincinnati, C. & St. Louis (Panhandle) shares.

The average stock market "tipster," with his "sure things," "straight tips" and "inside information," is a peculiar creature. He imagines, or represents himself, to be unusually, startlingly wise. He goes by diagrams, charts and what not; he indulges in calculations and conjectures that would puzzle a professional metaphysician; he forms and manages pools and generally acts as if he were the Sir Oracle of Wall street, but, in the end, he turns out to be as much of an unadulterated fool as are his numerous victims. There is only one essential difference between him and his customers, and that is, that he loses in the end only, while they lose most of the time. The "tipster" victimizes his customers, while he himself is being victimized by powerful syndicates and prominent individual operators, who hold all the trumps in the game.

There are still some fellows who advise the purchases of stocks for a "long pull." No matter what happens, they cannot get rid of the idea that all the hammering and slashing in the last two months was nothing else but a darned manipulative movement, engineered by people who are anxious to buy cheap stocks. There are papers in New York which constantly bewail the absurdity of the downward movement and yell into the ears of frightened holders that stocks are as good as ever and that they will break all previous records within a few months. However, these optimists have little following at this time. They cry in the wilderness, and it is likely that they, too, will soon be stampeded by the big herds of wild-eyed, scared bulls, racing up and down Wall and Broad streets these days. The present is a poor time to "load up" with stocks, although it may be a good one for the experienced, nimble trader, who is satisfied with turns of two or three points.

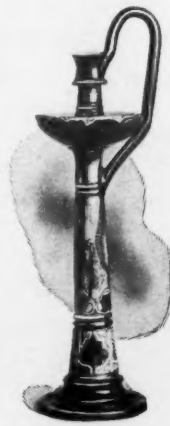


LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is decided weakness in the local bond and stock market. While selling pressure is not pronounced, it can be noticed that there is a steady outpouring of small holdings, which are disposed of in as unostentatious a manner as possible. For many weeks past, values have been dropping in a gradual manner. They are, to-day, considerably below the level of last spring. Of course, liquidation by worn-out, disgusted holders and stiff money-rates, rather than distrust on the part of holders in the

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value of local securities, have been mainly responsible for the reaction. At this writing, and in view of the disturbance in money markets and in Wall street, there is little probability of a resumption of buying on a sustaining scale for at least two months to come.

St. Louis Transit has been fluctuating within a narrow range in the past week. It is now selling at 26¾. United preferred is steady at 80¾, and the 4-per-cent bonds are in quiet demand at 84¾.

Germania Trust is 225 bid; Colonial Trust is selling at 201¾; American Central at 166½; Lincoln Trust at 241¾, and Bank of Commerce at 385. Mercantile Trust is quoted at 402 bid, 408¾ asked; Missouri Trust is lower and selling at 123, while Third National is 334½ bid, 339 asked.

Missouri-Edison Electric 5s are weak and selling at 86¾; there is quiet liquidation in them as well as in the preferred and common shares. Granite-Bimetallic is 82½ bid. St. Louis Brewing 6s are offered at 95.

Drafts on New York are higher and quoted at 25 cents premium. Sterling is steady at 4.87¼.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

B. F. T.—Would not advise buying Pacific Coast shares. They are too much under the control of pools. Don't consider Denver & R. G. preferred an attractive sale. You seem to be in a nice sort of a "fix" in Atchison common. All you can do is to close out your two contracts and try to recover your losses in a different manner. After a while you will understand that there is no profit in being long and short at the same time.

"Frank," Fort Scott, Kans.—Don't think well of Union Pacific common as a purchase, at least not for the present. Believe you will do well in holding on to your Southern Pacific. No use to sell at the bottom.

F. D. O'S., Decatur, Ill.—Chicago & Alton preferred is a 4 per cent stock, and fairly safe. Would not buy it, however, at present prices. The common is no speculative favorite.

"Jackson,"—Missouri-Edison 5s have had a good decline. They used to sell at 98 or 100 a few years ago. Think they should be low enough for the present. You may have a chance to sell to better advantage a few months hence.

F. D. O'N.—Consider Car & F. preferred high enough at present prices. Not much room for further improvement. The common is a "lobster," but firmly held and quite popular with local investors.

"Straddle,"—Don't see any inducement to buy a call on Southern common at present.

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very closely, and then, turning to Conkling, very gravely remarked: "Well, Conkling, taking into consideration the enormous amount of energy and time you have devoted to this case, the charges are reasonable; but see here, Conkling, don't you think the man could have been hanged for less money than that?"

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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A SONG

BY W. M. R.

THE year is at its ending, Sweet,
But my love is in its Spring
And through the wintry requiems beat
Its songs of burgeoning.

Years end and death comes surely on,
And all things fade and pass,
But love persists when time is gone,
Defies the scythe and glass.

Ah yes, 'tis thus my heart I'd cheer
But for the hint of rue
In the sweetness kin to heartache, Dear,
That marks each thought of you.



CHRISTMAS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THE world is just now sorely afflicted with Christmas sermonizing, and yet one cannot refrain from a few words that seem to be fit the season. "A few words," I said.

Christmas is the feast of childhood. Would you enter properly into the spirit of the feast? The way is clear. Let your heart be as a little child's. That is to say, let your heart have full play in love for, and trust in, your fellows. And if you love and trust, your heart must be pure, for hate and distrust are the essential impurities of living. The child-heart makes no discrimination between saint and sinner. It loves all the world.

It profits us not to be wise at Christmas, or at any other time. It profits us little to be great or powerful. A little love outlasts wisdom and wealth and power and fame. There is no theory of life that makes life bearable that has not love for its basis. Why should we not all love our fellow victims of life? We are blown of the dust that is many and shall sleep in the dust that is one. In the last, deep sleep we are all on a level, and it is no use now to feel other than affection for those who shall lie at peace by and with us for so long.

A little love only makes life tolerable, and it is the only thing that casts a gleam of light into the gloom of the tomb. This is a thought that should give us pause at Christmas time, since Christmas is the feast of the beginning of that cultus which, through Divine Love, hopes for and believes in the new birth that comes at death. The feast of the Child is the feast of Love's fruition, and the tenderness of the spiritual symbolism of Bethlehem is intensified by the foreshadowing of the last sacrifice of Love on Golgotha. The Child that takes upon Himself life for us is the Man who shall go down to Death for us. It is by the humanity of Christ, rather than by His divinity, I opine, that we are to be saved at the last, if we do not deny Him. If we do not deny Him—there is but one way to deny Him and that is by a hardening of the heart. And who of us may harden his heart without sinning, for who of us has not need of the mercy and the pity it is our duty to show to others?

I have spoken of the democracy to which we are finally brought by death. The living democracy, the ideal democracy is attainable only through love. In this age of cynical revolt from all idealism, it is well for us to revert to the simplicities of life that are emphasized in the feast of the Babe in the Manger. Before the Child the world is one. All men become children as they approach the Child, as Emerson says, They cast scorn out of their hearts. They feel that, to approach the Child at all, they must get upon the plane of love where all are equal, where there are no superiors. And so this feast of the Child, of the Divine Childhood, if we would celebrate it aright, demands that we also cast aside pride of all sorts. And as what is good ethics for one day is, and must be, good ethics for all days, it follows that the Christmas spirit should be the spirit animating us through all the years. We must feel that sentiment towards all our fellows, serving their sentence of life as best they may, which we find so well put in Browning's introduction to "Pippa Passes:"

*All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.*

And so let us love as much as we can, and, in a land where work is not yet out of fashion, let us work, as best we can, to give, in multitudinous ways, in the results of work, love's best expression. Christ loved and worked and suffered and died. That is the story of humanity, even more than it is the story of a God. Christ never wholly lost the child-heart through all His days, and never spoke in scorn of others, and never was wrathful save against those who defiled the temple with barter, and never spoke as one better than another. His was the simple spirit of brotherliness, which, if we feel this Christmas time at all, we feel towards the whole world about us, celebrating the birth at Bethlehem. His life, in its own severe simplicity, is full of the pathos that is in all life. Only as we try to put ourselves *en rapport* with that simplicity of the child-heart, which, almost against our will, bears in upon us at this season, can we approach to any realization of the true wisdom of living, which is loving. A little of this spirit of the Christmas time spread through all our years would surely make of each of us a better man, a better citizen, a better American democrat, in the root sense of the word democrat. If we were, all of us, a little better Christians all the year round and a little less churchians upon off days here and there, it would be much better for religion, for citizenship, for humanity, and earth would be more like Heaven, luminous in the sad, wan, sweet smile of the Christ who loves us because He suffered not only for us, but with us.

Wherefore, say I, once more, let our hearts be as a little child's and let us have a little Christmas in our hearts on every day there may be left us to live in a world that is so full of people and things so well deserving our love.

Yes; it's a beautiful world, most beautiful, I think, for the sorrows that often soften us, for "how else than through a broken heart may Lord Christ enter in?" Even in the very worst there is a best of life,

and it is, perhaps, best sung by Mr. Thackeray, thus:
*Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let old and young accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart,
 Who misses or who wins the prize,
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.*

There you have all the Christmas philosophy—the essence of the child-heart—the true, possible imitation of Christ—a gentle man.



REFLECTIONS

Pity Women

THE news of Mrs. Julia Dent Grant's death occupied but a small space in the papers, and yet if anything about the greatness, the moral greatness of Ulyses S. Grant is certain, it is that that greatness was developed largely by his wife. She was his helper when he seemed sunk in stupor and stagnation. She was his support in the days when he seemed drifting to sloth and failure. She was his inspiration and consolation when enemies attacked him in the rear. She alone stood as his monitor, when, as President, he was surrounded by false friends, playing him for their profit, and her courage heightened his own in the days when ruin followed his speculative enterprises. She was not much in evidence in the sensational way in which the wives of prominent men are in evidence these days, but those who loved Grant best always looked confidently to her to help them and him to develop his best. Much of what Grant was in life and is to-day in history was the expression in action of his wife's influence. It takes usually a great deal of woman's influence to make a great man, and Grant was no exception. It is no small part of this tragedy, this pathos, this eclipsed glory of a woman that her value to the man she loves is lost in the estimate of the world upon his character and his achievements. The wives of great men are no small part of that greatness, yet, for the most part, their share in the work that great men do is ignored. It is a pity, but 'tis true. It is the ultimate sublimity of that continual sacrifice we call woman's life, the unspoken agony of that selfish selflessness of woman called love, that the chief fruits of her devotion and self-denial come in living honor and deathless fame to the man who, at his best, only tried to live up to what the one woman desired him to be.



A Tottering Theory

THE British parliamentary committee has reported adversely on the proposition to pay subsidies to steamship companies, and declared that foreign competition did not justify a departure from time-honored and well-tried principles of economic policy. This was to be foreseen. The British are under no delusion as to the proper means of building up and maintaining a large trans-oceanic trade. It is often alleged that the British have fallen behind in competition with Germany in foreign trade, but this is only relatively so, for, as a matter of fact, the foreign trade of England is now larger than it ever was and steadily increasing. So far as Germany is concerned, it would be silly to assert that subsidy payments are responsible for the phenomenal growth of her merchant-marine and foreign trade. The annual bounties paid to a few lines are utterly insignificant. They "cut very little ice" in the annual statements of earnings of the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd Companies. The German Companies pursued their own individual policies, without reference to or expectations of assistance by the Government. They relied on su-

perior engineering skill and up-to-date commercial principles to give them a large share of the world's trade. And there is no reason to doubt that they will continue to go their own way, and make no effort to secure legislation favorable to themselves. American advocates of subsidy payments have hardly a leg left to stand on since the committee of the British House of Commons sat down upon all subsidy propositions, and did not express any fear whatever of the rivalry of Morgan's steamship combine. They might as well give up their propaganda. The people are not in favor of paying subsidies to shipping combinations. Senator Hanna and his friends may continue to talk of the necessity of paternal legislation, but Congress is evidently not in the mood of listening to them with a view to giving them what they so anxiously desire. The American merchant marine will and should grow and prosper without any artificial aid, or drain upon the Nation's pocket-book.



Hallucinants

ONCE again Mr. Marcus A. Hanna announces that he is not a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. His insistence upon this point is becoming as convincing as *Mrs. Micawber's* declaration that she never would desert *Wilkins Micawber*. It begins to sound like an effort to proclaim that the Senator from Ohio is still a living force. We do not hear any one saying that Mr. Hanna is a candidate for the nomination in question, and, therefore, we begin to suspect that he is a victim of aural hallucinations. As a political hallucinant, Mr. Hanna is an interesting spectacle indeed. He is surpassed in that peculiar quality of interest attaching to hallucinants by but one other person on this continent, or, for that matter, on this planet, and that person is Mr. William Jennings Bryan, of Lincoln, who continues to thunder in the index upon every conceivable subject, and imagines that his utterances really have an effect upon the destinies of the universe. Both Mr. Hanna and Mr. Bryan are "dead ones" politically. They appear not to know it, but that only makes their plight more piteous. The world has gone by them and to it they are as if they never were.



Dangers of Consecration

THE local boodle trials drag their weary length along. The papers devote less and less space to them and the people generally have lost interest in the matter. Mr. Folk's prosecution is as "strenuous" as ever, but there is no disputing the proposition that his distinction has been dimmed and diminished by the use of his name in connection with the senatorial and gubernatorial candidacies and by his interviews, full of promise, but failing in fruition, setting forth a purpose to reform not only St. Louis, but the State, the Nation, and eke the world at large. Mr. Folk's newspaper interviews have been detrimental to him in nearly every instance, and a sophisticated generation suspects, perhaps without cause, a penchant upon his part for personal capital at least as strong as his desire to bring boodlers to justice. Mr. Folk has done much good and he may do more, but he is not infallible, neither is he impeccable, and, in at least one instance, it has been shown that he induced the Grand Jury to indict a man upon evidence which, when presented in court, was so flimsy, that a courageous judge threw the case out of his tribunal. It was in this case, that of Mr. Nicolaus, that Mr. Folk did an injustice even to his leading witnesses, Messrs. Charles H. Turner and Philip Stock. By indicting Mr. Nicolaus, Mr. Folk made it appear that Messrs. Turner and Stock had deliberately betrayed into the toils of the criminal law, an intimate friend

and business associate, the head and front of whose offending had no more extent than accommodating them by the attachment of his name to a piece of commercial paper. It now appears that neither Mr. Turner nor Mr. Stock sacrificed his friend. Both men testified positively to Mr. Nicolaus' innocence and his ignorance of the purposes for which the money was borrowed on the note he perfunctorily endorsed. This action on the part of Messrs. Turner and Stock must materially help to reinstate them in popular esteem, for there is some defense for their conduct in refusing to give up money to boodlers, especially when the goods contracted for were not delivered. There was no excuse for them if they had deliberately involved their friend in a criminal charge when he had only done them a conventional, financial favor. The acquittal of Mr. Nicolaus, under the judge's instruction, upon the testimony of Messrs. Turner and Stock, was an acquittal of those gentlemen of the crimes of ingratitude and treason to friendship. The issue of the matter is that Mr. Turner and Mr. Stock are, to a great extent, justified before their fellow citizens. Their course in the open trial of Mr. Nicolaus absolves them of the charge that they wantonly involved a friend in disgrace. They were forced into the attitude of becoming State's witnesses by circumstances that left them no other alternative and, at least, their evidence helped purify the atmosphere of legislation. They were held up between legislators and rival interests. They were forced to put up money to the legislators and the rival interests won over the courts to prevent the legislators delivering what had been paid for. They were then threatened with indictment for crime on top of financial and legislative defeat. They saved themselves and they "blew up" the crooked combine. They are not, therefore, to be condemned so utterly as some of us have condemned them, when they have made it plain that they did not intend, directly or indirectly, to crucify the man, or the men, upon whose endorsement they raised the fund to buy the Suburban's franchise extension. Messrs. Turner and Stock stand better before their fellow citizens than they did, but by so much as their status has been improved, by just so much has Mr. Circuit Attorney Folk's attitude been discredited in the demonstration that he indicted a man upon evidence that a fair judge deemed insufficient to justify even an accusation. When the Circuit Attorney attempts to send a man to the penitentiary upon evidence that specifically and emphatically exculpates that man when made public, it is only to be said that there is grave danger to all innocent persons in such a fanatical sense of consecration as inspires such a prosecution. Mr. Folk's rage for righteousness is in need of restraint when its evil tendency is made manifest in such a course as that adopted towards Mr. Nicolaus. Mr. Folk should keep careful watch upon himself, lest his zeal should undo him and his good work. He is not called upon to "get" everybody upon his own assumption of their guilt. He is not expected to accuse people when there is no evidence against them, or when the evidence clearly exonerates them of guilt. He should not use the Grand Jury to bring men to trial upon evidence that is no evidence. He will injure his own fame as a reformer and purifier, if, in his passion for sensational results, he succeeds only in blackening the characters of reputable citizens by lodging against them charges impossible of substantiation. Let him proceed with his purification as rigorously and vigorously as he will, but the Nicolaus case should stand to him as a warning that "'tis excellent to have a giant's strength, but 'tis tyrannous to use it like a giant," that is to say, without a reasoned sense of that element of justice which persists and asserts it-

self eternally in human affairs, despite the temporary predominance of the passions, including even the passion of the crusading reformer.



No Elevated Roads

THERE are four ordinances providing for the construction of elevated railways in St. Louis before the Municipal Assembly. None of them should pass. There is no need for an elevated railway in St. Louis. The population is not sufficiently congested to demand an elevated railroad. The city is too much spread out now, with too much idle or poorly remunerative property near the center. Anything that will push the city further west will only make a wider area of unprofitable property in the center, will build up the suburbs at the expense of the city proper. Steps should be taken to make the heart of the city populous, to make it worth while for citizens to improve many dilapidated, ramshackle sections, slowly or rapidly sinking to the degradation of slums. The country should not be built up at the expense of the city, and elevated railroad propositions tend to depreciate city values along the lines of roads. Elevated railroads will damage property now valuable, but will not save a single section of the many that have begun to settle into decay. Before an elevated road can be built the projectors and proprietors should be made to put up enough money to pay for the damage they will do to property, and this sum would run well up into the millions. Unless this compensation shall be provided, the building of an elevated road will spell ruin to thousands of small property owners. This is the experience of both New York and Chicago in this matter. Furthermore, the elevated railroad is an effete transportation device. The modern idea of rapid transit, as shown in London, Paris and Boston, and as will shortly be shown in New York, is underground rapid transit. Our streets are unsightly enough, without elevated tracks, and such tracks in a growing city tend rather to promote than remedy the congestion they are supposed to be designed to relieve. Elevated railroads could only thrive in cities thickly populated, but here in St. Louis, the regions to be penetrated by such roads are so sparsely settled as to render such roads useless. Surface roads can reach and serve the people of such territory much more satisfactorily, because surface roads can be extended so much more cheaply. The surface roads can go to the people more successfully than the people can be made to go to the elevated stations far from their homes. The elevated road scheme demands more and more densely packed people than are to be found in St. Louis, and no elevated road could give faster service than St. Louis is now getting in its newer and less populous territory, north, west and south. There is no sense in the idea advanced that we should have an elevated road in St. Louis, because there are such roads in New York and Chicago. This city is not like either New York or Chicago. Its population is more widely distributed, and it is not to be handled in a transit sense by any one line, because no line can come near enough to enough people forced to take its cars to make the earnings pay the fixed charges upon the enterprise. Most of the proposed elevated roads are not to be elevated roads, in fact. They will be elevated here, depressed there, surface roads in other places, and where they will be surface roads, will be in neighborhoods wherein surface tracks will be most objectionable. There is no popular demand for elevated roads running in any direction in St. Louis. The street car system we now have is one so ramified that no one has to walk very far to or from his home when catching or leaving a car, and the people would be far from content with their lot if they had to get

on and off at a station five or six or a dozen blocks from their homes. Long-haul patrons of the present system are not numerically strong enough to support trains to the outlying settlements of the city, and it is doubtful if even on elevated trains the long-haul passengers would be transported more quickly than they are by the present surface system. When St. Louis needs more rapid transit than it now has—and some people think it is too rapid at present—the people will demand it, but they will not demand it as elevated transit, but as underground transportation. There is no valid argument in support of elevated railroads in St. Louis. There are hundreds against this city's taking up a system which New York has never found satisfactory, which Chicago has never found profitable, and which both cities are now preparing to abandon, as far as possible.



Mr. Wells' Theories

MR. H. G. WELLS is a brilliant writer, with fascinating ideas. At the present time he is contributing articles to the *Cosmopolitan*, which touch upon the Malthusian theory, infantile mortality and degeneration of the human race. In regard to infant mortality, he makes the assertion that too many children are born needlessly, and that "a portion of infant and child mortality represents, no doubt, the lingering and wasteful removal from this world of beings with inherent defects, beings who, for the most part, ought never to have been born, and need not have been born under conditions of greater foresight." Mr. Wells believes that a too rapid increase in population ends in physical and intellectual decay. This belief is not sound or reasonable, however. The annals of history tell us that racial and national decadence always synchronize with a falling birth-rate; that the most prolific community is also the most vigorous and the most successful. Mr. Wells is revamping the theories of Malthus, theories, which are ingenious, but not in accord with the results of sociological studies and research. The Malthusians make the mistake of relying upon the supposition that humanity is swayed more by reason than by passion. And this is a mistake which many other reformers of ancient and modern times have been or are making. It will not do to overlook the human heart, its emotions and passions. The heart rules the world, all assertions to the contrary, notwithstanding. Every time we fondly imagine that we have acted in accordance with the dictates of reason, we are the dupes of a pleasing vanity, for it is not reason, but the heart which decided the course of our actions. It is, therefore, utterly futile to expect that reason will ever be the determining factor in increases and decreases in population. The psychological element in the problem of propagation of the human species is one of those numerous imponderabilities, which are playing the devil with the plans of reformers and tables of statisticians. As long as man and woman mate, in response to nature's laws, questions of dollars and cents, Malthusianism and other things of that kind may be set down as negligible quantities, so far as the birth-rate is concerned.



Misleading Reports

Our Government's agricultural reports have long been known to be doctored and unreliable. Complaints have at last become so persistent and emphatic that Congress has thought it advisable to conduct an investigation into the methods pursued in collecting figures and data. The results of this investigation prove quite interesting. Mr. Hyde, chief of the bureau of statistics of the Agricultural Department, has

already admitted on the witness stand that the reports are prepared, not for the purpose of disclosing actual conditions, but for the purpose of protecting cotton planters against cotton speculators and promoting gains in values. "The division of statistics of the department of agriculture," he said, "whatever it may be in the statute books and appropriation bills, whatever it may be nominally, is really, practically, a great aggregation or organization of farmers for their mutual protection, to do for them that which they cannot do for themselves by an association, State granges, National granges, or any other organization; that is, to protect them against the speculator." It is intimated that this organization is composed of the two hundred and forty thousand correspondents scattered all over the country, and that eighty-five per cent of these correspondents are farmers. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the Government's agricultural reports are always of a bullish character, that is, framed in such a way as to engender the impression that crops are comparatively deficient and higher prices to be looked for. The farmer correspondents cannot be expected to send reports favoring lower prices. They want all they can get for their products, and they do not shrink back from stating an untruth occasionally, or whenever there is a probability that it will lead to a boost in quotations. Mr. Hyde appears in a peculiar light in this matter. He does not seem to consider it at all improper to accept and to publish misleading agricultural reports. Congress will undoubtedly take steps to bring about needed reforms and to make it clear to officials of the Department of Agriculture that reports must adhere as closely as possible to existing conditions, and not favor producers at the expense of consumers.



Quay's Fight

SENATOR QUAY, of Pennsylvania, is a politician of most malodorous reputation. But he has a fine way of sticking to his plans and of gaining his points. At the present time, he is the leading champion of Statehood for New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma. He and his Pennsylvania friends are said to have invested fifteen million dollars in New Mexico, and it is for this reason that he is so inflexible in his determination that Oklahoma shall not be admitted alone. The three territories must be admitted together, or there shall be no legislation at all. This is Quay's attitude. While it is a merely personal, pecuniary motive that actuates him in the matter, the people of the Southwest are a unit in endorsing and applauding his vigorous fight for the three territories. Both New Mexico and Arizona are better qualified than were Nevada, Idaho and Wyoming at the time of their admission to Statehood. The Southwest is developing so rapidly that a prolongation of the territorial status has become obnoxious. Petty, sordid political reasons should no longer be permitted to deprive the people of the three territories of the benefits of Statehood and self-government.



Old Age Pensions

THE theory that a workingman, disabled by sickness, accident or old age, is entitled to a pension is steadily widening the circle of its supporters. When it first made its appearance in modern political economy, it was frowned upon by those who are ultra-zealous in their advocacy of individualism. The cry was raised that such a pension system would be a dangerously radical step toward Socialism, that it would destroy the virtue of self-reliance and deprive the young and middle-aged workingman of all incentive to exert himself adequately and to exercise ordinary thrift and foresight. The ultra-conservatives

have labored in vain, however. Their opposition has only resulted in demonstrating the merits of this pension theory more clearly. At the present day, there are many leading authorities on political economy, men who have closely studied the theoretical, as well as the practical, side of it, who are vigorously advocating the inauguration of a pension system of the kind indicated. The other day, President Eliot, of Harvard University, made the assertion that organized labor is striving, legitimately, for a recognition of "the right to a pension on disability, which gives throughout life relief from one great anxiety." The modern industrial age is so complex, has so many ramifications and involves so many uncertainties and serious risks that it becomes more and more apparent that the average workingman should not be allowed to depend on his own efforts and resources exclusively. It is all very well to harp upon the excellences of the ancient virtue of self-reliance, but we must not, at the same time, lose sight of the fact that changed economic conditions call for a change in views and legislation. Economic conditions are no longer what they were in times gone by. The age of steam and electricity is revolutionizing them in a startling manner. Economic propositions that held good fifty years ago are utterly antiquated at the present day. The pension theory has already been practically applied in Germany and New Zealand, and is said to be working in an entirely satisfactory manner. It has resulted in so many obvious advantages, that both countries contemplate enlarging its scope. In Germany, every workman who earns less than \$500 a year is under legal obligation to insure himself against old age and disability. The insurance law in force provides for the creation of a fund by contributions from employer, employe and government. At the present time, there are about five hundred thousand pensioners on the list. In this country, there are several big corporations that have inaugurated a pension system for their employes. This is a commendable form of well-directed philanthropy, but it would be futile to expect it to be adopted by the great majority of corporations. The pensioning of workingmen is not properly a private undertaking. It calls for governmental supervision. And it would involve no more difficulties, probably, than does our present military pension system. It is estimated that there are about nine hundred thousand persons in this country who are above the age of seventy years. This is a smaller number of persons than we have on our pension lists. It may, therefore, be assumed, that the establishment of pensions for disabled workingmen, or those, at least, who are no longer able to earn their livelihood, would not increase national expenditures to any material extent. To the objection that a pension system would militate against the spirit of self-reliance, it may be replied, that many, if not most workingmen, would discharge their daily task in a decidedly more efficient and willing manner if they were freed from the oppressive incubus involved in fears over the uncertainties of old age. An assurance of means of subsistence, for himself and family, no matter when accident, disease or old age might overtake him, would give us a more optimistic, more conservative, more thrifty and more patriotic wage-earner.



A Barbarous Anachronism

THE anthracite coal strike investigation discloses a state of affairs that is terribly shocking, and a sad commentary on the results of modern industrialism. The commissioners, it is said, stand aghast at the revelations made. They are horrified at the inhumanities practised by certain mine owners; at the wicked

exploitation of child labor; at the inconceivable greed of employers, and at the moral degradation of parents who have lost all feelings of love for their offspring in a constant, grinding, dehumanizing struggle for existence. The reading of these disclosures is saddening in the extreme. It tends to deprive one of all enthusiasm over the effects of the introduction of steam and electricity. There is nothing exhilarating in reading, for instance, that a girl of thirteen years has to work at night, for twelve hours, in a standing position, for the mere pittance of sixty-five cents; that another girl, of the same age, receives three cents an hour for eleven hours' work in a silk-factory; that boys eight years old have to help support the family; that men maimed in the coal mines are evicted from the miserable hovels owned by the coal operators and rented out to miners at outrageous prices; that the widows and children of men killed in the shafts have to work for years for the mine owners to pay off rent left unpaid by husband and father. And most of these owners of mines and mills are, undoubtedly, devout churchmen and able to talk unctuously about the beauties of charity and love for our fellow-beings. What a pack of hypocrites and knaves these fellows are! They degrade themselves as well as their employes. They besmirch modern civilization and ideals. Their throat is an open sepulchre and their heart full of filth. How can any one, after all these shocking revelations, have any sympathy left for the coal barons, or any faith in their avowals of goodwill? They are deliberately violating the rules of organized society, of innate morality and of fundamental Christianity. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed laws prohibiting the worst abuses of child labor, but the coal operators don't care a continental for the will of the people. They are serenely confident that they have sufficient political "pull" to stifle investigations by the State authorities, and so continue to damn themselves, their miners and the public in general. Let us hope that the present investigation, under Federal auspices, will lead to the enactment of more stringent laws and a recognition on the part of the State authorities that the time has arrived when such a shameless exploitation of child labor, and such an inhuman treatment of workingmen and their families must be regarded as an intolerable and barbarous anachronism.



Good Christmas advice: Go blow yourself.



Let's Wait

WHAT an infernal row this Venezuelan controversy about private claims is stirring up! The two allied powers are, it seems, wasting more powder than their combined claims are worth, and the measures for collection they have seen fit to adopt are not calculated to gain them any sympathy in this country. Neither the allies nor Castro will be able to find any glory in this petty, ignominious fuss. The former are brutal to a degree, while the latter is endangering the international relations of the American government by intimations that the ægis of the Monroe doctrine protects him in his dead-beat enterprises. The controversy should and, no doubt, will be submitted to arbitration. It is criminal to permit it to lead to bloodshed. Yet it would be highly improper for the Washington Administration to take any decisive steps towards making it clear to the allied powers that their actions are objectionable, as long as they disavow intentions of appropriating territory, or of interfering with the internal political affairs of Venezuela.

RECRUITS FOR SOCIALISM

BY H. CLAY NEVILLE.

THE freak in politics will, hereafter, find his mission on the Socialist platform. The old stage of Populism and its kindred theory, a fraternal government, has about been demolished. Socialism is to be the future solace of the reformer. Into this generous scheme of philanthropic statecraft the remnants of the outgrown schools of quasi-paternalism will easily drift.

Socialism now has a strong footing in the United States. The doctrine is supported by an able and earnest propaganda. It is a world movement with which all governments must finally reckon, and the necessities of civilization demand more and more every day that the old ideas of individualism make some concessions to the theory of public ownership. The unwashed agitator will find much respectable company in his new reform camp. He will have scholars and philosophers for his co-workers, such as seldom appeared in the crude field of Populism.

It is well that the weary pioneers of reform, the worn and wasted agitators, who used to demonstrate the scientific soundness of fiat money, expound the mysteries of the subtreasury scheme and stamp railroad engines with a United States brand, have some place to go. Why should not the early apostles of greenbackism and government ownership of railroads, find ample comfort in the larger paternal scheme of Socialism? Here is fraternity complete, where all work according to their ability and share according to their needs. What more perfect millennium could the idealist statesman desire than the common ownership of all the gifts of nature and all the products of human labor? The Populist was a timid reformer at his best. He explored only the border land of Utopia. He never dreamed of government bakeries, grocery stores and dining halls. The Socialist is the only consistent and courageous reconstructor of mundane affairs. He has a right to declare the new gospel of industrial brotherhood and proclaim the death of savage competition.

If it were not for human nature and all the facts of history, who would hesitate to be a Socialist? The doctrine is very seductive to the tender-hearted idealist and so thoroughly in accord with the primitive spirit of Christianity that the consistent church member can hardly find a reason for opposing it. The Socialist has a large amount of faith and that is his best side. Too much faith is far better than too little. There is a charm about this great scheme of human brotherhood that woos the heart when the intellect rejects the premises of the dreamer. It seems a stupendous reach of credulity to believe in the possibility of banishing poverty and degradation from the world and yet, the enthusiastic Socialist can grasp this whole renovating scheme so easily when the altruistic inspiration is possessing him.

The French revolutionists had glorious visions of a regenerated humanity, even when they were carting some of the best men and women in the country to the guillotine. Those infatuated liberators of the race believed in the Absolute and sought to make imperfect human nature conform to their academic ideas.

The Socialist has a good deal of the intoxication of the French school of philanthropists. He can love humanity in the abstract better than in the concrete. His philosophy is as sweet and tender as the sermon of the Master on the mountain, but in a convention with persons of the same broad faith, he sometimes shows considerable capacity for hating a brother man.

MAXIME DU CAMP

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

ONE of the most interesting literary notabilities of modern France was the late Maxime Du Camp. Comparatively little is known in this country about this philosophical, poetic dreamer, who, years ago, enjoyed the friendship of Gustave Flaubert, and whose literary writings are distinguished by an exquisite elegance of diction and thought, and by a purity of sentiment that one does not generally find in modern French literature. His most famous works are "Souvenirs littéraires," "Crepuscule-propos du Soir" and "Charité privé à Paris."

Maxime Du Camp was a lovable character. He had hosts of friends, notwithstanding the fact that he was extremely retiring of disposition. It is believed that his ancestors had Moorish blood in their veins, and that this accounts for that strange love of a nomadic life and that nostalgia of the Orient which characterized Du Camp up to the time of his death, in 1894. He was tall of stature, of fine, robust physique and gave the impression of a healthy, well-living man. His hair was black and as kinky as is that of the full-blooded African. His head was well-formed, his nose prominent, and his eyes were dark and flashing. Given such an outward appearance, it was an easy matter for him, when garbed in the traditional costume, to represent himself successfully as a North African Moor.

Du Camp had independent and strong views on all the leading questions of philosophy, science, literature, education, religion and politics. His writings furnish fine, instructive, stimulating reading. He tried at all times to keep abreast of the times and human aspirations. His mind was comprehensive and grappled with everything that came within its sphere of reason.

Although a close and devoted student of French history and sociology, Maxime Du Camp had an unconquerable dislike of politics. Politics bored and disgusted him. It seems that its frivolous, tricky and ignoble side obtruded itself too much upon his inquisitively fastidious mind. He hated and despised the moral baseness and mental mediocrity of the average politician, his chicaneries and hypocrisies. Like Guizot, he believed that politics is a venomous, reptilian evil. It is "*une affaire de chantage, de marchandage et souvant de brigandage*," and nothing else.

In one of his works, he makes the following remarks in reference to the results of various forms of government: "For seventy years I have lived under several different governments, and I am convinced, at the end of my life, that each one committed the same large number of ridiculous imbecilities that every other one did. This makes me believe that the art of governing does not involve any difficulties; it consists simply in a repetition of the mistakes of predecessors." He frequently indorsed the opinion of Heinrich Heine that "the usually so sensible, virtuous and even brilliant Frenchman becomes an intolerable bore as soon as he meddles with politics."

At the time of the Boulanger craze, when many thought that the "man on horseback" would become autocratic dictator of the republic, Du Camp resolved to sound the scheming general in regard to his aspirations. He had absolutely no use for the sensual swashbuckler, yet feared him and his influence on the adoring mob. Being informed that a distinguished lady of great beauty, whose intimate friendship he enjoyed, had been invited to a social function arranged in honor of General Boulanger, Maxime Du Camp requested her to ask the would-be dictator, at the most convenient moment, regarding his political aspirations. The lady willingly complied. When Boulanger was

considerably the worse for having partaken too liberally of excellent wine, she slyly approached him and whispered the question in his ear: "*Que ferez-vous, quand vous serez Empereur?*" (What do you intend to do after you have become emperor?) "*Eh bien,*" gaily and nonchalantly replied the half-inebriated Boulanger, "*eh bien, je ferai la noce!*" (I intend to amuse myself.) Needless to say, Maxime Du Camp lost all his suspicions and fears, when informed of the result of his little intrigue.

Maxime Du Camp loved the literary life. He had high and noble conceptions of the ideals and purpose of literature. And he never failed to point out to his literary friends the necessity of husbanding time, of avoiding useless, foolish amusements and distractions, and of preferring thought to talk. Solitude he regarded as the greatest boon for the ambitious and successful literary worker. "It is the god of literature," he often said, "who nowadays carries the torch which illuminates the path of civilized mankind."

In his philosophical utterances, Du Camp preached the doctrine of stoicism, of resignation and hope in the final outcome. In the closing years of his life, he frequently took occasion to emphasize the kind foresight which nature displayed in gradually weakening the hold of physical upon spiritual life. As death comes nearer, our faculties are steadily growing feebler and our love of life less intense. The decrease in physical strength and the increase in mental and physical infirmities tend to loosen the bonds of existence and to heighten our longing for a dreamless sleep and an endless rest. Du Camp was fond of comparing human life to a long, long highway, bordered on both sides with beautiful cypress-trees, and at the end of which is the faint glimmer of a little light—the light of memory, the glimmer of which grows stronger and stronger the more we advance in age.

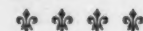
Wealth had little value in Du Camp's eyes. He considered it a curse, rather than a blessing. He condemned the modern worship of the Golden Calf, and the all-prevailing disposition to lay more stress upon the pocket-book than upon the moral nature of a man. "To be nothing else but rich," he used to say, "is to be nothing." Why should anybody be anxious to achieve wealth and nothing but wealth? Is there nothing else in this world worth striving for besides money? "We have brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can take nothing out of it." One of the noblest contemporaries and countrymen of Du Camp, P. de Ravignan was still more outspoken in his contempt for wealth. This brilliant man once addressed a gilded youth, who distinguished himself principally by vulgar display, reckless extravagance, sordidness of character and poverty of intelligence, with the words: "You, young man, whose misfortune it is to be rich!"

Death possessed no fears for Maxime Du Camp. Like the dying Tasso, he thought that but for the certainty of death, man would be the most miserable creature alive. But he shuddered at the loathsomeness of decomposition in the grave. He considered this so "*malpropre*." His innate love of the beautiful, his refined conceptions of the noble in human nature, shrank back at the thought that our bodies would at last become the helpless pray of slimy worms. "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot" was the only terror which death held out to him.

Du Camp once declared that it always irritated him to look upon physical suffering, because he considered it unnecessary and unjust. "As we are condemned to die, why was it thought necessary to add physical suffering to our many afflictions?" He thought death a sufficient punishment. To add torture to it was an "unpardonable brutality."

Yet he believed in God. His doubts never destroyed

his deep-rooted belief that life had a purpose and that its course was shaped by a power that we can only feel, but never understand. He ridiculed skepticism, and deprecated the teaching of anything that might tend to deprive mankind of its belief in God. In reference to this, he writes in one of his books that "life is so full of suffering and misfortunes that it is our bounden duty to hold sacred all those beliefs which are known to inspire courage, hope, faith and love in the human breast. It is an easy thing to laugh at the belief in the existence of a beneficent God, but it should be remembered that this world-old belief has not as yet been displaced by something better in the hearts of those who are most in need of it."



A FINANCIAL RETROSPECT

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

AS the year draws to a close, one cannot but draw the conclusion that 1903 marked the culmination of the great boom in Wall street, which had its beginning in the fall months of 1898. In the latter part of 1901, after the serious reaction which was caused by the failure of the corn-crop and the assassination of President McKinley, the stock market rallied in a surprisingly slow and hesitating manner, and did not develop any marked activity until the middle of February, 1902, when several leading issues commenced to go up rapidly and decisively, and manipulating tactics asserted themselves in an unmistakable manner. The sudden decline which followed a certain ruling of the United States Supreme Court in connection with the Northern Securities litigation quickly exhausted itself, and, in the eyes of many incompetent observers, only served to reveal the inherent strength of the speculative situation.

In the early part of summer, the whole market displayed marked, though purely artificial strength. The manipulations of the Chicago crowd of gamblers, headed by John W. Gates, which resulted in the "cornering" of Louisville & Nashville shares, a ruthless squeeze of luckless bears, and a spasm of alarm in Wall street, which required the intercession of John P. Morgan, engendered the impression among the rank and file of foolish speculators that another great era of consolidation and stock-jobbing had begun, and that every stock on the list could be bought with absolute safety for a tremendous rise. This was, of course, to the liking of syndicate managers, and facilitated manipulative tactics conducted for the purpose of "unloading" large amounts of stocks taken over by promoters and pools and carried with money borrowed from banks and trust companies.

All during the summer months, the market held comparatively firm and advanced readily whenever the pools concentrated their efforts upon certain stocks for the purpose of attracting outsiders. It could be noticed, at times, that special attention was being paid to comparatively unknown issues, antiquated chromos, which had little value, but which tempted "easy" buyers because it was thought they had not as yet had their due share of the advance in prices. The manipulative movement was undoubtedly fostered by persistent rumors of further consolidations, and these rumors found the more credence because they emanated from quarters which were supposed to be in close touch with representative railroad officials. Additional stimulus to the fictitious advance was given, when it became known that the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company was to be reorganized upon a basis that provided for an astounding inflation of capitalization and queer provisions as to voting rights. It did not take long, however, to convince the more judicious element that the Rock Island reorganization scheme

could not be regarded as being anything else but a huge and outrageous manipulation of the company's capital in the interest of an unscrupulous set of gamblers at the head of the company, who had become possessed of a large share of the old securities and were anxious to dispose of them at big profits to themselves.

Shortly after the definite announcement of the details of this remarkable reorganization scheme, the market began to show symptoms of weakness. Speculators had evidently become suspicious and more disposed to heed the numerous warnings given by leading and well-meaning Wall street financiers and bankers. As the crop-moving season drew near, prices commenced to react all along the line. This increased the state of alarm in pool quarters and among light-margined holders, and was promptly followed by general liquidation, especially in stocks which had been over-boomed in anticipation of things that existed only in the imagination of excited gamblers.

The throwing over of stocks was considerably accelerated by the calling in of loans by Wall street financial institutions, and a sudden rise in interest-rates, on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. The crop-moving season had caught manipulators napping. All summer, the confident belief prevailed that the country banks were well provided with cash, and that the fall demand upon New York would be comparatively light, and not at all sufficient to cause the least disturbance in money rates. It was, therefore, the more disappointing and discomfiting when it became clear to everybody who had eyes to see and brains to understand that the currency movement to the interior for crop-moving purposes would be larger than ever, inasmuch as the interior bank reserves were unusually low and the yields of the country's leading agricultural staples exceptionally large.

The monetary situation entered a still more perplexing and disquieting phase, when sterling exchange began to show decided strength and no inclination whatever to recede, as it usually does in the latter part of the year, from its abnormally high level. The persistent strength of foreign exchange led finally to the shipment of about \$10,000,000 gold, and would, no doubt, have occasioned further withdrawals of yellow metal from this side but for the vigorous preventive efforts made by J. P. Morgan and renewed borrowing on the part of New York syndicates from the leading banks of Europe.

But for the constant borrowing abroad, ever since the time of the Northern Pacific panic, in May, 1901, the foreign exchange market would not have shown the surprising strength it did in the last six months of 1902. At the present writing, New York's obligations abroad are still very heavy, perhaps heavier than they were last spring, and it is this which accounts for the constant danger of gold exports to European centers and the perturbed condition in monetary markets. Syndicate bankers, as above intimated, are doing their best to steer themselves and their speculative affiliations through the dangerous waters of a monetary crisis and heavy shipments of gold abroad, but they will be unable to do so successfully unless they can manage to prevent ease in the domestic money market for months to come, or until a sufficient amount of exchange bills has accumulated to enable us to pay our most pressing foreign obligations in that form, instead of gold.

The main trouble now is that imports are growing rapidly, while exports are falling off. Inane speculation has driven the values of corn and cotton to a level which does not attract foreign consumptive demand. At the present time, exports of corn are hardly worth mentioning. They are, in fact, the smallest for a num-

ber of years, while those of cotton are likewise very disappointing. The steady growth in imports must be ascribed to the artificially high level of commodities on this side, caused by a protective tariff and by a temporarily strong demand from home consumers. Imports from Europe are, it is often asserted, looked upon with indifference by domestic manufacturers, but there is good ground to doubt this, since the United States Steel Corporation has found itself compelled to reduce quotations for some of its products, in order to stop foreign competition. The statement is made by well-informed authorities that the price reductions made by this corporation will result in a loss in earnings amounting to more than \$8,000,000 per annum.

The closing weeks of the year find speculative as well as financial markets in a feverish, uncertain condition. Stocks have reacted sharply. St. Paul, Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, United States Steel, Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Manhattan, Louisville & Nashville and Metropolitan are down from eight to thirty points, and other issues show a corresponding decline. It is growing more evident every day that the great tidal wave of bull speculation is slowly receding, and that the ebb has already set in.

There are still a few pools in Wall street which continue to delude themselves with the idea that this is merely a temporary decline and that an improvement will surely be witnessed again in the early part of 1903. These belated optimists will soon be given ample cause to change their opinion, and to stop trying to stem the current of events. As matters now stand, the conclusion is forced upon us that stocks have seen top for a long while to come and that prices are slowly, but steadily, sinking. There will, of course, be occasional and, perhaps, rather sharp rallies in certain issues, but they will be of short duration and be eagerly utilized by those who bought at high prices and are now anxious to dispose of their stuff at as small a loss as possible.

It is a very significant fact that the domestic money markets show no signs of relaxation. There is a good demand for time loans, covering a period of from three to six months, at 7 per cent, and bankers are, it seems, satisfied that there will be no return to a 3 or 4 per cent basis until liquidation in security markets has been more complete.

What we are in need of is a good, prolonged downward movement, which will stop speculative orgies in stock and grain markets, which will restore the speculative enthusiasts to their constitutional common sense and compel promoters to seek other, though, probably, less lucrative, employment. Business conditions are still sound. The railroads enjoy all the traffic they care to handle; merchants and manufacturers report a strong consumptive demand at good prices; bank clearances are still large, and there is as yet no indication of real alarm, or of an intimidating contraction of credit.

All that is necessary to insure a continuance of good legitimate business is discrimination and conservatism on the part of financial institutions. A resumption of idiotic speculation on a gigantic scale would quickly lead to a disastrous crash and a disappearance of confidence. By putting brakes on speculation hereafter and by carefully husbanding financial resources and discouraging booms, the financial world will, after a while, be better able to withstand the shock which is sure to follow the inevitable downfall of over-capitalized corporations, and this downfall is, it seems, not as far off as many of us are disposed to imagine. The more we prepare ourselves now for coming unpleasant emergencies, the shorter and the less acute will be the

period of depression after it has once made its appearance.

One feature of the late speculative boom deserves special attention, and that is the conversion of stock into bonds. Various prominent corporations have been, and still are, pursuing this policy, undoubtedly because of a desire to find a readier and better market for speculative holdings. The United States Steel Corporation has been the principal offender in this respect. This conversion policy will bear bitter fruit after a while. It will lead to the appointment of receivers for concerns, which, but for the conversion folly, would probably have been able to maintain their financial equilibrium.



SHAKY MUNICIPAL REFORM

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

AMONG the most interesting phenomena of modern politics are the sporadic movements, under various names, which come to a head in municipal elections. Sometimes they are but organizations of the disappointed "faithful," who wish to rebuke the ingratitude of their political associates; frequently they are the product of a just indignation against governmental corruption. When these elements combine success is usually assured. Such movements, however much they may differ in other respects, have usually one character in common—evanescence.

One reason for the ephemeral character of such movements is to be traced to the natural law that a stream cannot rise higher than its source. Neither can a community long sustain a government superior to the average probity of its active constituents. Representative government, in the long run, reflects the average standard of vital citizenship, and will ultimately represent that class in the community most thoroughly whose interests are threatened by legislation. This should be the most obvious of truths.

Now, nearly all reform movements find the cause of their disintegration in the erroneous assumption that all the evils from which municipalities suffer are due to defective administration, and that they can be cured by the elevation of honest men to office. Repeated disillusionments only seem to make them hug this delusion closer. A little consideration would show that the more conscientious the men are who are set to give effect to a bad legislative system, the more intolerable the system will become; and that the mass of citizens, being unable to discern or powerless to correct the real instruments of their oppression, will bring back to power the authorities who were willing, for a consideration, to wink at evasions of oppressive laws. The old saying that "The best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it," is true only when the aggrieved community has the largest measure of home rule. Few municipalities to-day have this power over their internal affairs; few of them have the power of determining their own methods of local taxation, their license system, their franchises, and but little authority over the salaries of the largest number of their public servants.

The remedy is to give to the cities full power—to make them really free cities. Municipal corporations exist for themselves. Let each be free to apply its own theory of government to its own affairs; do what may seem wise to it with its street railroads; apply the kind and degree of municipal control of gas and water works that may seem the most economical; raise, by whatever means seem the most efficacious, its needed revenues; or decide, by leasing its privileges, whether it may not dispense with all taxation whatever and place no limit even upon its powers of debt creation.

Of course, we are familiar with such demands in the pleas for home rule. But home rule is usually

held to mean home rule in one or two things only—not in all things that are peculiarly the business of a city. We seldom think of cities to the extent of regarding them as self-governing units. And yet this is really what they ought to be—recognizing, of course, that there are broad general matters, not the concern of cities, which are properly subject to State regulation—if we are to make progress in Democracy.

Here, it seems to me, is the crucial point in any enduring municipal reform. There must be a sense of responsibility arising, if you will, even from the imminence of danger to individual property interests. To throw upon citizens of a city such responsibility, is to awaken a new vigilance against which the forces of corruption can not long prevail. There will be no longer any reliance upon the conserving or protecting powers of the State—of representatives from alien counties, who have, more often than not, proved broken reeds at such times when the plundered citizens have turned to them with the Macedonian cry.

This may seem a stern medicine in these days of political apathy, but one should stop to reflect how much of such apathy is to be traced to our form of irresponsible government, how much to that false sense of security with which the citizen, distrusting his local governors, leans upon the State Legislature.

Reformers should agitate for the extension to the component parts of the State, its counties and municipalities, the full measure of self-government in all matters of administration, taxation and police regulation within their boundaries, always with the provision that such regulation shall not infringe upon the equal rights and liberties of other counties and municipalities. Thus a system of mutual burdens and responsibilities would be instituted, which would make the public opinion of each community in the State its true governor, which would place in the hands of the smallest units their true power and thus realize the ideal of Democracy—the residence of all ultimate power in the hands of the people.

Such a condition would place the center of gravity so low in the social structure that an overturn would be impossible. To learn what the people really want, checked only by the charter of individual rights embodied in the Constitution, would then become the pursuit of the politician, and obnoxious laws would become exceedingly difficult of enactment.

Doubtless, this will seem mere theorizing to the practical politician, but to the reformer who has ever been proud of the charge of "hitching his wagon to a star" it represents the only hope of enduring success.

Perhaps it may be argued that such a programme does not take into account the general demoralization of the body politic. On the contrary, it is because of its real reformatory influence on the masses that it is urged.

The most demoralizing influence in our whole political life, to-day, is government such as we have it. There is hardly a point at which the average citizen touches it, that he does not feel his gorge rise at its shortcomings, and his knowledge that it is almost hopeless for him to try to correct it fills him with despair.

The process of centralization of power, which it was hoped would save the people from the consequences of their own errors, stands a self-confessed failure. Let another be initiated; let a democracy in fact, rather than in name, be tried.

Self-governing communities, in their various operations, would, in the end, produce a model system of government. Experiment would follow experiment, but out of a thousand imperfect or abortive attempts to approximate to what is best, the model city would arise at last for the admiration and imitation of all its rival cities.

It is along the lines above indicated that the new Constitutional amendments in the State and the new Charter amendments in this city have been framed; that is, with a view to perfecting representative government and giving the community the largest measure of home rule.



THE LOST POET

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

TO almost every man blessed or cursed with the instinct of self-expression—blessed in so far as the instinct is gratified, cursed in so far as it is balked and frustrated—there comes a time, the heyday of youth being past, when the emptiness of his hope presses upon him with a cruel insistence. Even the successful artist is not exempt from this trial—we know how it embittered the last days of Robert Louis Stevenson, in spite of every testimony of esteem, every suffrage of recognition that an applauding world could shower upon him. How grievous, then, must it be in the case of a man who has but merely demonstrated the artistic temperament by such slight works as are commonly accepted only as an earnest of riper and better performance! It is then that such a man, having neither secured nor deserved from the world that sustaining grace of public approval which is called success, begins to see with fatal clearness the *via dolorosa* of the artistic spirit stretching away before his lamentable vision, and ever dropping lower unto the sad twilight of age. Oh, the bitterness of that first foretaste of inevitable defeat! No sentence of the world, however severe, could affect his courage like this, for, alas! this comes from within—the man is judged by that inner self from whose decrees there is no appeal. Not so had he promised himself in his first sanguine elation at hearing the poet's voice within his breast; nor can he endure to look forward to an old age lacking, what must be for him, its chief honor and garland:

*Latet, donec, et—precor—integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere nec cithara carentem!*

Alas! what hope is there for him of an old age rejoiced with the lyre, since now, ere youth be yet entirely past, he is tasting that death of the spirit which foretokens decay and eternal silence? This, in truth, is the supreme agony of such a mind—worse, far worse, than a hundred deaths of the body: yea, worse than the "second death" of Christian reprobation. To pass away in the course of nature were nothing: a thousand generations preach the trite moral of flesh that is reaped like grass—any fool's grinning skull will make a jest of this brief-lived humanity. But to feel *now*, when it is too late, that he *had* a voice and did not speak; that he forfeited the most precious of all birthrights; that he *was* a poet—yes, by God!—and yet failed to make good his divine title, and must now forever remain silent, losing his place in the immortal company of those who cannot die from out the grateful memory of men—oh, what a thought is this for a man to bear with him to his grave!

But the world, incredulous of such a soul, is ready to cry out upon the recreant: Why, if he had a true voice, did he not speak—nay, how could he help speaking? Who was there to bid him be silent? Of marvelous worth, truly, was this poem of his, always seeking form and melody in his brain, which could never get itself written—this message always rising to his lips, which could never get itself spoken!

Let all the accidents of time and fate plead for him! Think you that none was deemed worthy in the Olympic strife save him who barely snatched the victor's wreath?

What of the many agonists, nameless now forever, who lost the prize, yet made the victor earn his triumph dear? Only less than his was their skill, their strength, their endurance—nay, it may well be that in all things they stood equal to him, but the strumpet Fortune turned the scale. Even as he, had they prepared for the stern trial, with labor and sweat and vigil; and victors they stood in their own high hope until the last decisive moment. Hail to the vanquished!

Deeper, less remediable grief than was theirs who lost the olive crown, is the portion of the disfranchised poet. And, though most ills of body and soul now freely render themselves to the scalpel of the surgeon or the probe of the psychologist, not easily shall you approach this wounded spirit, stricken of the gods themselves for the sin of recreancy to their high gift.



Yet have I known such a poet, by a strange privilege, and without the least treason, I am permitted to write his fateful story here. In doing so I betray no living confidence, for the man, though he still breathes the vital air, is as no longer of this earth, having lost that which was the true sweetness and motive of his being. Reluctantly enough I venture to look into the soul of this unfortunate.

The god in his bosom is dead. The burning hopes of his ardent youth, when the night was all too short for its dreams of glory, have fallen back upon his heart in cold and bitter ashes. Alas, how the years have cheated him! Always he was putting off the clamant voice within his breast until he should have gathered more knowledge of his art—should have become wiser, stronger, purer. Life detained him from his appointed task with its manifold surprises. "Wait!" it said; "thou dost not yet know me well enough to write of me. Abide still a little longer, and no poet will have learned so much." Then was he taken in the sweet coil of young passion, and his nights were turned to ecstasy, his days to waking dreams; so that the beauty of a woman's white body seemed to him the only poem betwixt the heaven and the earth. And this happened in the first City of Desire.

Long was he held by this strong toil, but at last, shamed by the accusation of his pure, early dream, he broke the guilty fetter and was again free. But not yet to write; not yet. For he said, "Alas! I have done hurt to my soul and until her peace shall be restored I am unworthy the sacred name of poet."

Then, after a long season of self-torment, resisting bravely the phantoms of his late evil experience in the first City of Desire, yet knowing himself the weaker for every victory, he at last set himself to write. But not yet was it to be, for a better Love came and took the pen from his hand, saying: "Thou hast learned all too dearly what is evil in love. Now shalt thou learn what is good; and then indeed mayst thou prove thyself a poet."

So he married this better Love, even in the way of men, though not, if he had wiser known, in the way of poets. And much joy, for a season, was his, and the ghosts of bad delights fell away and ceased to reproach or entice him. But, ere long, when he sought to take up the pen, he found that this better Love was implacably jealous of the poet in his breast. "Look at me!" she cried. "Am I not more desirable than any fiction of thy brain? Is it for this I am beautiful,—nay, is it for this I gave myself to thee, that thou shouldst leave me for thy thoughts, or that even when present, thou shouldst not see me for the working of thy fancy?"

And then would she weep till the poor, distracted poet would take her to his heart, learning how much easier it is to comfort a loving woman than to write an immortal poem.

Thus, again, the pen was laid aside, and the poor

poet was, perforce, content to read the poems of other poets to his wife—which she graciously permitted—instead of writing any of his own. And the neighbors called him a model husband, for a literary man, all the time wondering when he would produce his great work.

So the years passed, each in its flight vainly challenging him; and children came, adding to his burden of care and forcing him to double-lock the door of that secret chamber of his soul, where he still kept his white dream of poesy. At long intervals, however, he went in there stealthily, drawing the bolts with fearful precaution, lest the wife of his bosom should hear him; and often he came from thence weeping.

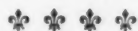
But at length the ardor of his wife's love for him was appeased, or it was divided between him and their children; so that one day she cried to him in shrill reproach: "Did I not marry a poet long ago, and why hast thou made nothing of thy gifts? Cannot a man be a poet and yet love his wife? Cannot he get works of his mind as well as lawful children of his body?"

To which the poor poet whom she had so well trained, made no answer, only looking at her with lamentable eyes.

Then she bustled about and found the pen so long laid aside, and put it in his hand, saying: "Come, thou art not so young as thou wast when I married and reclaimed thee from evil, but there is yet time. Write!"

The poor poet was stricken with wonder and even doubted if he heard aright, so that a moment he stood gazing on her in pitiful uncertainty. Then he saw that this woman to whom he had yielded up the glory of his youth and the hope of his genius was in earnest. And he said:

"What shall I write, if it please thee?—Mine own epitaph?"



A KIDNAPING IN CARIBBEA

BY HENRY RIGHTOR.

THIS is the tale that came galloping out of Marrero's brain. I grant you that it is unethical, as morals go, if that means anything, and I stand ready to confess that it has been curtailed, amplified, jointed, disjointed, colored, or what you will. For the verity of it, I will not, by any means, vouch. Marrero is, and has always been, a creature of his Latin ancestry. Anyhow, I hold that where there is such an element of circumstantiality, somewhere in the background lies an experience. The devil would never be so wise, but for what he knows.

It was a tropical village, no matter where, according to Marrero's inscenation, and the woman had eyes like lanterns. A whitewashed cottage at the toe of a mountain and the blue seas stretching before.

Kinby, a ne'er-do-well, handsome, blue-blooded, temeritous, degenerate, very showy with the pistol, very waggy with the tongue, very morbidly sentimental, as men grow from too much liquor—Kinby was the negative pole, so to speak, of the galvanic battery that played such pranks down there in the Southern seas. Marrero was the positive pole, just the reckless, laughing, big-chested, lady-loving Touranian, you know. For the rest, Jack was the girl and you may fill out the figure as you will. She was all eyes and slender swelling lines, and, withal, game as a pointed pine in the side of a fort.

It may as well be confessed from the start, that Jack was no saint. She was a silken *cosmopolitaine*, flown, for some adventure, from the Riviera, and come, for her health, on the advice of New York at-

torneys, down among the palms and pineapples, where she was safely hid in the balmy bustle of the tropics. The natives used to wonder at her jewels and more. Kinby had potted three of them for their cupidity in the roseapple bushes, and Jack had squared the native commissary with continental sagacity.

And there she was, in her white-washed cottage, at the toe of the mountain and the garter of the sea.

When Marrero's schooner, *Oleander*, set in for mahogany and fibers (which she never got, as you will see), naturally enough, after he had come off in the yawl and went striding up the beach, Jack recognized him as humanly civil, and tossed him a pretty dip of the chin out of her vines on the verandah. Marrero, you may well believe, saluted like a willow.

"It is pardonable, I am sure," said Jack, with that charming ghost of foreign accent she had. "I perceive you to be human. Is it not so?"

"But partially, madam," replied Marrero, "having been upon the high seas since that moon was born; yet, if you will allow it, I also have a perception."

"Impossible," rejoined Jack, "seeing the glare of that horrid beach. Yet what is it?"

"That you are divine, madam," replied Marrero very promptly, showing his white teeth as he does only at ladies and fights.

"I surrender," Jack said, after a studied hesitation, nymph that she was, and presently was dipping him a divine arrack punch into tinkling crystal.

That was the start of it. Marrero stayed to dinner, fixed his papers on the verandah with the custom-house folk, and so remained for supper, sitting on till the moon was high. At nine o'clock an approaching searchlight proved to be Kinby behind a titanic cigar. He greeted Marrero civilly, slid into gossip of acquaintances in the States and West Indies and then lapsed into the comfortable grunting tolerance of the familiar admirer of conscious strength. From this mood, Marrero's obvious charm of the lady woke him to an effort at sprightliness and, being beaten hands down at that and animal spirits, he developed an ill-concealed jealousy and sat watching and analyzing the intruder like a camera. At midnight, Marrero left, not untenderly, perhaps, and slept, like the fresh air brute that he is, under a palm on the shore till the dawn-tide came lapping at his feet.

From this on, the tale gallops, and I must ask you to use your imagination. Kinby's jealousy was rancorous, but repressed, arming itself with every form or inuendo—that Marrero was *de trop*, that he overstayed his welcome, that the price of mahogany was at the lowest in the tropics and the highest in the States, indeed every conceivable manner of delicately-put ulterior suggestion. Had he not perceived in his rival, with a sagacity which did him credit, combativeness and intrepidity, it is likely he would have taken the bull by the horns and claimed proprietorship and the rights of pre-emption. As it was, he played the Florentine and juggled. His first tack was comparative prowess, and he tried shooting down cocoanuts, but abandoned the expedient when Marrero stood on a reef before breakfast and shot the tails from flying fishes. Swimming was his next effort, and he put three Caribs in the lee of a reef to dive at Marrero's feet, when he should be swimming for the hulk at the edge of the channel. Marrero saw the niggers, dived under the columns of the reef, ducked the triple enemy by the backs of their heads from the other side and beat his man to the derelict by a yacht's length. The unfortunate part of this latter adventure was that Jack saw, though Marrero appeared not to be conscious of it, and Kinby naturally failed to mention it.

Few men have the serpentlike positiveness of charm possessed by Marrero, which accounts for the thing coming to a head in the dead of the moon. Without going into particulars, Marrero, with that genius for detail of which he is past master, arranged with the municipal authorities for the sequestration and protection of the lady's effects and, with the negative consent, time out of mind conceded by ladies who desire to be conquered, bore her away through the black night to where a dark lantern in the lee of a palm marked the waiting yawl. All of this while Kinby was fuddling for cigars under the red lamp in the sitting room twenty feet away, and presently the *Oleander* was flying wing-a-wing through the scud for New Orleans.

I'll warrant you the *Oleander's* cruise to the Passes was a gay one, though little did those conjugators of the verb, "to love," on the high seas, dream that the devil had crept into the man left under the red lamp, and he was bearing down on them like a fate in a soggy launch bartered for at Ceiba. Which shows what a sordid, tell-tale lot these prying, purchasable Caribbeans are. Dodging the big mud lump off the Balize, they saw his craft on the skyline, and through the long glass recognized it for what it was and, through the long glass, made out the rest easily enough. So out of mere love of the chase and adventure and the eagerness of pursuit and the triumph of baffling, Marrero left the *Oleander* dozing by the quarantine wharf, and went scudding up the river, luggage and lady, on a tug.

It was a slow, powerful old craft, with a rheumatic propeller and a prow that was always lifting the water against itself, and they went up the river like the funeral of an admiral. And presently, around a bend, came the *Conchita*, with Kinby, a furious flag-staff at the fore. Likely he had been standing there through the two seas.

"Crack on your steam, Robbins," said Marrero to the engineer. "Don't you see this is a race?" and the engineer, whose blood had been red in the old days, set his stokers to dancing and threw everything wide open. For all that, the *Conchita* perceptibly gained, and, by the luggers at New Orleans, where there was dock room, the pursuer was within rifle shot. Kinby, maddened equally with liquor and jealousy, had murder in his eyes and plainly from the motion of his lips, was swearing furiously.

With her nose into the wharf, swinging round with the current, the deck of the tug was level with the wharf, the river being high, and Marrero and Jack were leaping out while the *Conchita* manoeuvred for a landing place. It was night and the lamps were twinkling round about in the city. The luggermen were asleep. Over in the market, hollow footfalls occasionally echoed. There were no cabs in sight, but the wagons of early marketmen were already drawing up at the curb. With luggage in one hand and lady half-laughing, half-crying, swinging to his arm, Marrero made for one of these wagons and was presently throwing out carrots and spinaches by the bundle.

"Hey, hey, hey!" yelled the marketman, running up, swinging his arms. "Hush up, you fool," cried out Marrero, very merrily. "Here! take these," throwing the marketman some bills, "I will use this valuable horse and wagon for a while and then send it back. In with you, Lady Jack! There! This is Marrero and your team is as safe as a crayfish in holy water," and with that he was beating at the horse's rump with the stubby whip and galloping over the cobbles.

In the shadows to one side and ahead, Kinby's form showed on the wharf.

"He will be shooting in here," said Marrero. "Stay

there, Lady Jack, while I surrender," and he threw her the reins and ran out towards the river side of the wharf, that the bullets might fly that way.

"Ha, so I've caught you," called out Kinby very melodramatically, and Marrero came to a halt. They were fifty feet apart and threw their words back and forth defiantly.

"So it appears" replied Marrero.

"By what right have you carried off the lady?" yelled Kinby, very harsh with passion.

"Prisoner of war," replied Marrero.

"But by what infernal right?" insisted Kinby, still louder and more menacingly.

"Conquest," very promptly rejoined Marrero.

"You are a fool and a thief and an adventurer and have taken the lady against her will," insisted Kinby, even louder, and pitched into a volley of unconnected abuse.

"Enough!" Marrero interrupted, sternly, but with a smile towards the carrot-wagon where the cause of trouble sat brooding and trembling over the vegetables. "Enough! Begin firing!"

This I take to have been the comical part of it, for Marrero, who could easily have winged the man with the lights behind him, partly out of consideration for the lady who was only proximately in the line of fire, but chiefly out of that spirit of daredeviltry which was salt to the man, did not even draw his pistol, but instead, when Kinby began firing, executed a very grotesque kind of dance, consisting of an infinitude of skippings here and there, bendings of the body and many strange and antic contortions. Kinby, of course, missed every shot and when Marrero had counted six, he polkaed suddenly and rapidly towards him, jerked his pistol away and threw it in the river.

"Now you have had a very fine chance," he said, "and have proved a very bad marksman at swinging targets and have alarmed the lady very much. The police will be along presently over your stupid noise, so I recommend you to come with me where we can adjust this," and he took the bewildered man by the arm and presently had hoisted him into the carrot-wagon on top of the greens and was driving rapidly away down a side street, at the same time reassuring the lady, and giving her to sip out of his brandy flask.

Jack and Marrero could hear Kinby gritting his teeth among the vegetables, and, keeping an eye open for the foul play which he had little reason, as things were, to anticipate, Marrero drove along, chatting very pleasantly. Behind them they could hear the police knocking their clubs on the stones, blowing their whistles and making a great uproar, as is the way of this kind.

At the old city park, where The Oaks are, Marrero stopped his strange turnout, and, helping the lady down, invited Kinby to join them. Marrero tells me that it was to Kinby's credit that, at this point, he exhibited a sufficient sense of humor to laugh.

"Very appropriately done," commented Marrero. "It is better than otherwise to be merry over these things."

"But I have not finished," said Kinby, who, it must be owned, had a certain tenacity of purpose.

"This has gone far enough," put in Jack, who, though herself as consistent a convivialist as the rest, felt there should be an end somewhere, even at the expense of the adventurous enjoyment the affair was giving her; "Kinby, I really think you are fairly beaten."

By no means," said Kinby; "there is; there must be, some final test. Fortune has been against me. I insist upon your granting it or I will compel it."

"Very well, then," said Marrero, very thoughtfully, "let us consider. I have beaten you at shooting flying

fishes, cocoanuts, pesetas stuck in bark chinks, and, if I may say so, even without a gun. You will pardon the allusion. I have beaten you with thrusting and slashing weapons and I am so presuming as to take the position that it would be unfair to play you at that game. I have beaten you likewise at wrestling, as you will remember, before we became unfriendly, and I have beaten you at swimming. To sum up, I have beaten you on land and in the water, and it only remains to try the air."

Jack laughed outright, her tinkling, careless laugh, and sat down on the wet grass in her merriment, spreading out her gown.

"I suppose I must grant all of that," Kinby replied, with the tone of an unwilling witness, "and I will accept your challenge to the air; only I do not know how it is to be done."

"Very simply," said Marrero, who was never at a loss, "very simply, my good friend, the enemy. Here are some very excellent sturdy trees. We will climb them and fight, kick or scratch in mid-air. It is dark, you are an athlete, a climber; the odds are even. Let it be go-as-you-please. I invite you to ascend; and, if the Lady Jack will so far pardon us, I should suggest taking off our shoes and stripping to trousers and shirt-sleeves."

"Since you will play at birds," laughed Jack, who was mightily amused and gratified at all of this to-do on her account, "you may wear what plumage you will."

And in the half-light under the moss-hung trees, these two roysterers began preparations for that strange duel, while the girl sat there among the acorns, scratching a match on the tip of her little shoe to light the tiny lamp of a cigarette which kept brightening and dwindling between her teeth.

"There is a low-hanging limb on your side and one on mine," said Marrero, when all was ready. "You shall take either you please. We will then squirrel it up the trunk, and, after that, the fight may begin as high or as low as you please."

"Agreed," said Kinby, who seemed somewhat stupefied at what he was going into. "It is immaterial. I take this side."

"Reach up and hold your bough," said Marrero, "and I shall do likewise over here. Lady Jack, you will do us the favor to say 'Go' at the fair moment."

"Go," cried Jack, very promptly and suddenly, and the two combatants were tumbling up into the leaves. In the invisible purple of the leafy shadows they were lost to each other. Only the rustling of branches told where they were. Marrero was first at the trunk and presently had run like a lizard far to the top and was swaying, ready to leap, at the end of a sinewy bough. Kinby proceeded cautiously. Had he known his man he would have proceeded even more cautiously, for, presently, when he was crouching on a limb immediately below Marrero, that adventurous gallant took aim like a hawk, balanced himself for a moment and then came hurtling through the air fairly upon Kinby's unprepared shoulders. Bruised and bouncing, they came to the earth, Kinby beneath, Marrero on top, the latter unhurt and so proclaiming to Jack, Kinby with both legs hopelessly gone at the knee.

"I'm sorry," Marrero said, "genuinely sorry. I hope you're not hurt to talk of."

"Hurt!" echoed Kinby with a groan, "there isn't a whole bone in me. That's a hell of a way to fight," and he went off, very happily, into a faint.

They had a doctor and a cab, through the offices of the inn-keeper at *La Renaissance des Chênes Verts*, and two very large bottles of wine for the survivors, and presently Kinby was bundled in, and the cab went rolling off with the bald head of the little doctor bobbing very gravely at the rear window.

Kinby had both legs amputated, eventually, at the knee, which was in reality a benefit to him, as it rendered him incapable of standing before a bar, which, after all, was the real cause of his downfall.

Marrero and Jack—well, what was to be said of such a mad pair as that?



LOVE'S MURDERER

This sonnet is taken from a volume called "Hand in Hand, Verses by a Mother and Daughter," recently published in London. The London Academy says that the matter is "so open a secret as to demand no reticence that the joint authors are Mr. Kipling's mother and sister."

SINCE Love is dead, stretched here between us,
dead,

Let us be sorry for the quiet clay:
Hope and offense alike have passed away.
The glory long had left his vanquished head,
Poor shadowed glory of a distant day!
But can you give no pity in its stead?
I see your hard eyes have no tears to shed,
But has your heart no kindly word to say?

Were you his murderer, or was it I?

I do not care to ask, there is no need.

Since gone is gone, and dead is dead indeed,

What use to wrangle of the how and why?

I take all blame, I take it. Draw not nigh!

Ah, do not touch him, lest Love's corpse should bleed!



BLUEBEARD'S KEY

BY HOBART BOSWORTH.

ALICE, Lady Castleton, sat with her feet upon the low fender, a hand pressed against either temple, and her eyes fixed intently upon the fire; she was thinking. When a woman thinks in this way, she usually thinks to some purpose. Lady Castleton had a very decided purpose—though, apparently, the contemplation of it did not afford her much pleasure—for her face was drawn and haggard, and her eyes bore the impress of a sleepless night. The Dresden clock upon the mantel struck five. Lady Castleton started; she pressed her hand through the soft, sandy waves of her hair and rose with a weary sigh. It is sometimes the merest trifle that effects the greatest change in our thoughts or feelings. The striking of the clock seemed to mark the limit of Lady Castleton's endurance.

"It is of no use," she said, "I cannot keep silent any longer. I must tell Ralph all that I know, and he must think of some way out of it before my husband's return. He must help me; he must!" she insisted, shutting her teeth upon the last word; "the suspense and anxiety are killing me."

She sat down at her *écritoire* and wrote hastily upon a sheet of paper: "Come at once. I must see you. Do not delay an instant. Alice."

She placed the note in an envelope, addressed it to her cousin, the Hon. Ralph Carnforth, at his club, and rang the bell for her maid.

"See that this is delivered immediately; and when Mr. Carnforth arrives show him in here at once." The woman took the note and withdrew, and Lady Castleton threw herself down in the corner of the sofa.

"If he is in, he should reach here in fifteen minutes," she said, glancing at the clock and beating nervously with her fingers upon the arm of the sofa. "What will he think of me, I wonder. Well, it doesn't matter what he thinks if only he can help me." The shadow of a smile flitted across her lips and she shook her head sadly: "He will see now that I am subject to the same vanities as other women; though I

hope they are not obliged to pay the same price for their indulgence."

The clock had scarcely told the quarter hour when the maid ushered Mr. Carnforth into the boudoir. He came forward quickly, anxiety and surprise plainly written upon his countenance. Lady Castleton met him with eager, outstretched hands. His very presence was a relief and gave her courage.

"What is it, Alice?" he asked, anxiously. "Is it an accident to your husband? I feared you were ill—until I realized that the writing was your own. Have you had news from Lord Castleton?"

Lady Castleton shook her head; she even smiled a very little. "No, I have heard nothing from him. But I am in a terrible dilemma, Ralph, and you must help me out of it."

"Of course," he answered, hastily; "if I am able—that goes without saying. But what has happened? Let me hear."

"Sit down and I will tell you all about it; now that you are here the prospect seems brighter. I hardly know how to begin—your confidence in me as a superior woman will vanish from this hour."

He held up his hand with a gesture of deprecation.

"Wait until you have heard," she said, soberly. "You remember, of course, the wonderful diamond key that has been in the Castleton family for generations?"

"The '*Clef d'Honneur*,' you mean, from which they take their crest and motto?"

"Yes, the same. It was bestowed upon the first earl by Queen Elizabeth, and is the precious heirloom of the family. Aside from its value as an historical relic, it contains fourteen superb diamonds. It is usually kept in a strong box in the bank, and is worn by the earl or countess only upon state occasions. A week ago my husband's youngest sister was married to the Duke of Pentland. As a matter of course, we attended the wedding, and the diamond key was taken out of the vault to be worn by my husband as the representative of the family and the holder of the title. Five days later the Countess of Surrey gave a ball, the largest and most brilliant affair of the season. I had never had an opportunity to wear the key, and I begged Theodore to allow me to wear it upon this occasion. At first he refused peremptorily. You know what Theodore is," she continued, with a sigh; "usually I am afraid to coerce him, but now some imp of evil urged me, and to my persistent entreaties he finally gave a reluctant consent. The diamond key was not returned to the vault; it was placed with my jewels in the safe in the small room next my boudoir."

"The day after the wedding my husband was obliged to leave London to attend to some affairs in connection with his estate in Scotland. His last words to me were reiterations of his caution in regard to the safe-keeping of the key and assurances that if it were lost, he would never forgive either himself or me."

"But you cannot have lost it!" cried Carnforth, interrupting her and springing from his seat in his excitement.

"Yes, I have lost it," said the Countess.

He made a gesture of incredulous surprise. "Impossible!"

"Wait, wait until you have heard the whole story," she cried, holding up her hand to stay the torrent of eager questions with which she saw he meant to besiege her. "You will then realize in what a dilemma I am placed. The evening before the ball I remained at home and retired about eleven o'clock. It was two in the morning when I was awakened by a slight noise in the adjoining room. I arose stealthily, slipped on a dressing-robe, and stole to the outer door of my boudoir. All was quiet within; yet, to make sure, I

struck a match and lit the gas. The long French window, which opens upon a balcony, was ajar, and the wind stirring the curtains and the leaves of the plants in a basket which stood nearby, had made the sound which awakened me. Supposing that it had been left open through the carelessness of Parker, my maid, I closed the window and retired to my room. I thought nothing more of the occurrence until it was time for me to dress for Lady Surrey's ball in the evening; then, upon going to the safe to select my jewels, I found that the diamond key was missing."

"But your own jewels, were not they also in the safe? Had nothing else been taken?"

"Nothing except two rings of small value."

"That is very odd," said Carnforth; "probably the thief heard you arise and was frightened away before he had time to secure the rest."

"So I thought until succeeding events proved me wrong," said Lady Castleton. "At first I was quite overcome by the knowledge of my loss and the thought of my husband's anger. Then I realized that something must be done at once, and also that the affair must be kept as quiet as possible. I sent at once for a detective and to him I confided the case. He assured me that so unique an article as the diamond key could not possibly be disposed of in its present form; and also that if the thief had not already left London he could not do so now without being detected, as every avenue would be watched. Together, we examined the rooms. By means of the vines and leaders an agile climber could easily have reached the balcony from the garden, which is separated from the street only by an iron fence. It seemed evident that the thief had gone by this way, for one of my small rings was found in the grass beneath the window; but we could not understand why he had left no trace of his footsteps in the grass, nor why the vines and creepers had not been disarranged, which must certainly have occurred had he used them as a means of ascent. We next discovered that the door leading from Lord Castleton's apartments to the room in which the safe stood was locked, and that the key had been left on Theodore's side. Guarded questions were put to all of the servants, but none of them could give any information. Parker, my maid, when she came down in the morning, had remarked that the door, which usually stood open, was now fastened; but supposing that it had been locked by my orders, for additional security during my husband's absence, thought nothing of it. Then, for the first time, a suspicion of the truth flashed across my mind; yet I dared not breathe a word of it to anyone—least of all to the detective. I sent him away with the promise to report any further discoveries; and although it was late, for the sake of appearances, I dressed and went to Lady Surrey's ball. It was there, by the strangest freak of fate, that I discovered the thief."

"Then you know——!" cried Carnforth, in amazement.

"Yes, I know who has the key," said Lady Castleton.

"Then by all—, but why have you not had him arrested? Why have you delayed so long in sending for me?"

"Patience, my friend, and you will see why," said Lady Castleton, smiling sadly. "The ball rooms were beautifully decorated with evergreens and scarfs that completely covered the walls and hung in festoons from the ceiling. As you have read in the papers, a candle in one of the sconces, fanned by a draught, set fire to one of the scarfs in the large dancing hall and in an instant the room was in a blaze. Of course, there was a panic among the guests. I happened to be standing near one of the doors engaged in conversation with my husband's brother, Donald Rawdon. As the peo-

ple surged towards the door in their efforts to escape from the burning scarfs, I was flung against Donald. I put out my hands to save myself and they rested for a few seconds upon his breast. Under my left hand, which thus came in contact with the right pocket of his vest, I felt something hard; and even in that moment of peril and excitement I recognized the object—it was the diamond key."

"In Donald Rawdon's pocket?" asked Carnforth.

"In Donald Rawdon's vest pocket," repeated Lady Castleton. "It all happened so quickly that between my fright and surprise at the discovery, I had not presence of mind to think or act. All I could do was to keep him from suspecting that I knew."

"But this is impossible!" cried Carnforth. "Worry and anxiety, preying upon your mind, have made you fancy the object in his pocket to be the key because you had been so intently thinking of it at the time."

"I am willing to swear that it was the key," said Lady Castleton, decidedly.

"But you surely do not mean to imply that your husband's brother is a thief!"

"That is precisely what I do mean to imply," Lady Castleton's face became suddenly very stern and hard. "Oh, we have our skeleton as well as other people—but we keep it in the closet as much as possible. That is why I am taking you into my confidence at present. I wish you to help me keep the secret. There is no greater scoundrel in this city of London than my husband's brother, Donald Rawdon. In the first place, he has always been intensely jealous of Theodore; he considers it an injustice that one of twins should be heir to the title and the other a nobody. He was also at one time a claimant for my hand; my refusal of his suit and my subsequent marriage to Theodore is another cause of his enmity. He has always been wild and dissipated, and it is only by inducing him to spend a large portion of his time here with us that we are able to keep the scandal of his life from becoming public. He knew that the key had not been returned to the vault in the bank, for he heard my discussion with Theodore in regard to it; he could easily have obtained access to my room where the safe stands, through my husband's apartments. He doubtless hit upon the theft of the key as a means of revenging himself at the same time upon Theodore and upon me. He feels himself, of course, quite safe from suspicion—as he would have been but for the accident at Lady Surrey's; yet I presume that he does not trust the key off of his person for fear of its discovery. He doubtless intends to go abroad and dispose of the diamonds separately as soon as he can do so without danger of being implicated in the robbery. That is the whole story. You now know the predicament in which I am placed. You must help me either to recover the key or to fasten the theft upon Donald Rawdon."

"Why is not your best plan to go direct to your husband, tell him of your suspicions and let him confront his brother with the charge?"

"You do not know my husband, especially where the honor of his family is concerned," said Lady Castleton; "he would not believe a Castleton capable of such a thing. Besides, how can he charge his brother with a crime which no one saw him commit, a crime of which I have the only evidence and that of such a nature that it cannot be used against him. Suppose that the key should not be found upon him; he would then have a hold upon my husband that nothing could loosen; and he is far too clever ever to betray himself."

"It is certainly a most difficult position," said Carnforth, musingly.

"Have you nothing to suggest?"

Before answering, Ralph Carnforth rose and, with his eyes fixed upon the floor and his hands clasped be-

hind his back, walked the length of the room and back, twice. Then he nodded his head with the decision of a man who is sure of himself; "Yes, it can be done," he said, confidently.

"You mean that you can convict him?" asked Lady Castleton, eagerly.

"If he still retains the key upon his person I can prove it beyond dispute."

"Without charging him with the theft?"

"Yes, without charging him with the theft."

"How?" asked Lady Castleton incredulously.

"No matter how for the present. Tell me, when does Rawdon come again to the house?"

"He dines with us to-morrow evening, to meet my husband upon his return."

"Let me see the dining-room," said Carnforth.

Lady Castleton, curious and half incredulous, led the way. Carnforth examined the room and its contents critically; a tall old cabinet ornamented with silver bosses which stood opposite the fire place particularly attracted his attention. "That will do admirably," he said, nodding his head. "You will seat Rawdon here," indicating a seat facing the cabinet, "with his back to the fireplace, in which you must be sure to have a large wood fire."

"But I don't understand; what do you mean to do?" asked Lady Castleton, knitting her brows in perplexity.

"Don't worry, cousin," said Carnforth, putting his hands upon her shoulders and looking down kindly into her eyes; "this is my affair now. Trust it all to me; you need not have the least anxiety."

Lady Castleton sighed and resigned herself to his control, comforted somewhat by his assurances. They parted to meet the next day at dinner.

Carnforth arrived a few moments before the hour set, and slipped into the dining-room, where he spent some time in arranging the contents of a mysterious package which he had brought tucked under the cape of his coat. When dinner was served, Rawdon was seated as Carnforth had stipulated, with his back to the fire and facing the cabinet, whose silver bosses winked dimly in the flickering light, which they caught from the candles upon the table. Everyone seemed in good humor. The nervousness which Lady Castleton felt gave her a more than usual vivacity and the conversation was bright and merry. By an adroit turn Carnforth brought up the subject of photography and spoke of the marvelous strides which it had recently made through the agency of electricity.

"But that is nothing to what will yet be done," he said. "It has been already proven that light is not a requisite to the taking of a photograph. The problem now is simply the finding of substances which will serve as media for the refraction of those rays that have short wave-length. Given the proper medium as a lens, and there is no reason why a photograph cannot be taken by means of heat rays as well as by those of light or electricity."

"Science has certainly made wonderful advances of late," said Rawdon, "but her successes have made her arrogant. I think she is willing to claim ability to perform many things that lie far beyond her power."

"But I assure you I am not claiming for her more than she is able to perform," said Carnforth, earnestly.

"You think that *heatographs* are among the possibilities of the future?" asked Rawdon, with a politely incredulous smile.

"I am confident of it," said Carnforth pointedly. "You know that I am myself something of an amateur scientist; my own experiments have shown me conclusively that my theory is the correct one. The same tendency to doubt each new discovery until it has been entirely proven exists to-day that existed in the time of Galileo. Science advances, but human nature

does not; but, as I said before, this is only a question of finding the proper medium for a lens."

"And when you have perfected your invention I presume that you will be able to photograph the thoughts of a man simply by the heat of your own arguments," said Lord Castleton, with a laugh.

"Well, possibly not his thoughts—I have not explored quite so deep as that—but the fruit of his thoughts, his actions, himself, his bones, and every article of his apparel, yes, certainly. For instance, I might set up a camera here, in this room, so arranged that by a system of clock-work an exposure should be made every three minutes. In that way I should, in the course of a half-hour, catch the sitter in almost every possible position. I should be able to give you a correct inventory of every article upon his person; for any that might have been hidden at one exposure would be sure to be revealed at another."

"You can do all that and yet you don't know a Derby winner from a dray!" said Rawdon, with mock humor. In the laugh that followed Rawdon's sally, the subject of photography drifted into other talk; but Lady Castleton shot a swift, startled glance at her cousin, to which he replied with a slight inclination of the head.

During the serving of the salad, as had been previously arranged, a telegram was handed to Carnforth. He excused himself from the table and in passing the cabinet, under the cover of a stumble, slipped under his arm a small article with a round metal boss, which had been standing unnoticed upon it and hurried up the stairs to a small room where his developing chemicals had been placed in readiness. He pulled the roll from the holder, spread it in the long tray, poured the developing agent upon it, and in a fever of impatience, awaited the result. His hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the tray; this was the first experiment that he had made outside of his laboratory and everything depended upon the success of his photograph. What if, after all, it should prove a failure?

Gradually a dimness overspread the black surface of the roll. Then, little by little, through the mistiness, the faint outlines of the figure became apparent. Then a moment or two passed with no further change except that the edges turned to a deeper velvety black; the development had entirely ceased. Carnforth grew pale; the light danced in sparkles before his eyes and his breath came in quick, hard gasps. He seized a bottle of acid. "It's kill or cure," he muttered, through his set teeth. He poured in a few drops of the acid and waited. As if by magic the pictures sprang out upon the roll; some foggy and indistinct, but a few clearly defined in every detail. The texture of the cloth was given; the case of the watch and an indication of its hands, the coins, the letters, the pencil in the pocket. Carnforth scanned the negatives eagerly—he scarcely breathed—then he gave a low cry of delight. In the upper right-hand pocket of the vest, partially obscured by what was evidently a folded letter, appeared the handle of the key; he could even distinguish the outline of the diamonds. He pulled the roll quickly from the tray, detached the portion that he wished and hurried back to the dining-room.

He was just in time, for, with diabolical effrontery, Rawdon had managed to bring round the conversation to the subject of the diamond key and was enjoying to the full Lady Castleton's efforts to parry questions.

As Carnforth entered she looked at him as the prisoner sentenced to death looks for his reprieve. The expression of his face showed her at once that he had been successful; and as he took his seat he laid his hand upon his right breast to indicate to her that the key was still where she had felt it the night before. The sudden relief from the tense suffering which she

had endured was almost too much for her and for a moment she thought that she must faint.

"And the key; then you sent it back to the vault?" Lord Castleton was saying.

"No," she answered, smiling archly; "I knew that you would trust no one but a Castleton born with so priceless a relic. I therefore confined it to the care of your brother; at this moment he has it in the upper right-hand pocket of his vest."

Without a word, Carnforth passed the negative across to Rawdon.



"NOVUS ORDO SAECLORUM"

BY CARLYLE SPENCER.

WHAT is generally referred to as "the original American element" in the United States is now going through a period of hesitation and uncertainty, perhaps more distressing intellectually than the result of any intellectual disturbance which resulted in, or from, the Civil War.

The question which now sticks in the mind of this original American element and festers there slowly and painfully, breeding, as it is does so, the corruption of the body politic, is of whether the whole American experiment is not demonstrated now by existing conditions as a blunder from the start.

The hesitation in formulating this question openly is as natural as it is painful, yet it is being already overcome by some. In Mr. Sydney George Fisher's "True History of the American Revolution," it is courageously defined, as it has been, with greater or less directness, in many recent books. It is the question of a majority of the "American" novels of the last few years. As a rule, whether they deal with politics or not, the question they ask and answer in the sequel, is of whether it is safe, reasonable or tolerable to trust our inferiors with rights equal to our own. The answer of contemporaneous American literature tends, as it seems at present, irresistibly to the negative. The answer of American political methods, and of American religious impulses expressing themselves politically, have the same tendency.

The three immediate causes for this are unmistakably apparent. They are (1) the climax of the industrial movement of the Northeastern States; (2) the presence of the negroes in the Southern States; (3) the impossibility of adjusting the existing relations of the country and of the people as thinking units to the methods inaugurated in Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico and "the dependencies" generally, without repudiating the fundamental principle of American Constitutional law that equality of rights is inherent and natural, not forfeitable because of intellectual, social or race inferiority or in any other manner whatever except for crime committed and lawfully proven.

This was one of the principles at stake in the Civil War. It moved the American element at the North to fierce attack. The non-slaveholding element at the South was moved to fierce resistance by another principle, equally American, and as American, equally fundamental in the system of Constitutional law, but in itself, as a principle, secondary. It was that called by its adherents "local self-government," the right of small and under-populated localities to be free from the physical domination of other localities having strength of numbers or of wealth sufficient to control them.

The question now, of course, is not between the equities of these as they conflicted in the Civil War period, but wholly of whether either of them has longer a moral influence capable of controlling in the

affairs of the country, either for administration or opposition.

In the event of a negative answer, the alternative of the denial that equality of legal and constitutional rights belongs by nature to those intellectually or otherwise inferior—that is, to those who can not forcibly maintain it—we can only hope, at best, for an ideal aristocracy, a government of the really superior, expressing itself through what has recently been called a "benevolent feudalism." This, under existing conditions, would assert itself as joint control by incorporated wealth and the ownership of real estate, with the feudalism of the industrial States tending strongly to that of the centralized corporation and that of the other States modifying this with the older form of control through land tenure.

On this inchoate issue, as it presents itself to the subconsciousness of both the great political parties as they exist at present, the Republican party, for the sake of the industrial movement in its strongholds, is compelled to shift ground as far as possible away from the Civil War amendments to the Constitution, in which it attempted to define at once its reason for permanent existence as a party and to justify to all future time the policies which controlled it from 1856 to 1866. It no longer asks, in deciding any issue of its policies, any single one of the questions by reason of which it defined its own right to existence. Its present policies are purely industrial and commercial.

As a party of Administration, the Republican party had, from 1860 to 1880, the determined opposition of such Democrats as Daniel W. Voorhees in the West and Samuel J. Randall in the East, asserting "the Democratic principle of local self-government." This ground of opposition held the Democratic party together in the face of apparent impossibilities for an entire generation. That it has been abandoned as a ground of opposition is unmistakably apparent when such ex-Confederates as Hon. Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri, are found in line with the policies of a Republican administration where the point involved is this of "local self-government" as against permanent policies of controlling "dependencies" on the theory that intellectual inferiors are not to be trusted with equal political rights.

This being the attitude of organized politics, there is observable coincidentally with it and correlating with it, a marked tendency of organized religious bodies to conclude that if inferiors intellectually are not allowed, or are actually and violently denied, equal political rights, it will be easier to convert them or to elevate them.

This has asserted itself in so many ways that it is within bounds to speak of it as having been a dominating idea during the last three or four years, controlling in spite of protest and finally overwhelming it. The Anglican influence, in politics and in religion has fostered it to a marked degree and the disappearance of "original American" objections to Anglican influences has left it without check.

So strong has the Anglican influence become by this and other means, that "Irish-Americanism" has practically disappeared as a factor in American politics with the disappearance of the controlling ideas of "local self-government" and the natural right of one man to equal political rights with another, regardless of the asserted superiority of the other. Supported in American politics only by the "Home Rule" idea, as it was asserted by the "original American," the Irish American home rule sentiment, which was appealed to on the one hand by James G. Blaine and on the other by Daniel W. Voorhees, no longer exists as a political factor in the United States.

Nor is there any longer a tendency to the assertion of "personal liberty" in appeal to the German-American. The German-American as representative of "personal liberty" has no more standing in the politics of the present than the Irish-American Home-Ruler or the "original American" Constitutionalist.

The single respect in which the American system has differed in principle from other governments, is in the attempt it made to concede the equal political rights of the intellectually or physically inferior, leaving social inferiority wholly out of the question and referring all questions of alleged moral inferiority to the constituted courts to be determined in the case of each individual by the evidence in that case alone.

It is not so much a question now, or at any other time, of the existence of the natural right it is attempted to concede to inferiority as a matter of justice, but of the success of the attempt to concede it.

The attempt itself ran counter to the strongest governing impulse of sub-conscious human nature—the natural selfishness of superiority, which moves it to use its forces for its own advantage at the expense of those whose forces are less. It was an attempt to raise an entire nation of people to reasoned consciousness as a permanent political system, in spite of sub-conscious human selfishness. Recognizing the magnitude of the attempt, those who inaugurated it caused to be engraved on the great seal of the United States the magnificent boast of a "new order of the ages"—a boast justified to their minds by the entire novelty of the attempt. It was, in fact, nothing more nor less than the attempt to apply in practice the theoretical self-denial of "Christian civilization"—a civilization in which as far as it exists at all, the superior uses his superiority not only to concede the equal natural and political right of his intellectual or physical inferior, but is also ready to stand by him and protect him in it as if it were his own.

If this were from the beginning impossible, then the American system, as it attempted to differentiate itself from all others, was, from the beginning, impossible and the "new order of the ages" exists only as an idle hope and a fruitless vaunt.

It is by the doubt on this question that the original American mind in all sections of this country is being disturbed, in spite of peace, in spite of prosperity, in spite of all which can be offered for its complete and final surrender as a hope.

That it will be surrendered as a hope is not to be believed, but the processes of readjustment through which we must pass before it can once more become a hope controlling the destinies of the Nation, may well engage the attention and concern of every thoughtful mind.



THE END OF THE VOYAGE

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

MASTER, what cargo bring I from the years
Of voyaging on the wind-tossed Sea of Life
Shunning the ports whose merchandise cost
strife:

A wanton sailor, prey to Pleasure's leers?

Therefore, palms empty, heart all tense with fears,

Ears dulled to brisk *reveille* of Joy's fife,

Thin Melancholy clasping me as wife,

My soul, squat at the helm, to Judgment steers.

And this, grim digest of the bitter rune!—

With winds as perfumed and a craft as frail,

Were once again the Voyage to be essayed,

Still should I, helmsman, be but piccaroon,

Did not Thy Breath, dear God, swell out my sail

And spell me to Thy Port, fair journey made.

REBELS OF THE MOON

BY JAMES HUNEKER.

"And every moon makes some or other mad."

Marlowe.

THE moon, a spiritual wafer, fainted in the red wind of a summer morning as the two men leaped a ditch soft with mud. The wall had not been high, the escape an easy one. Crouching; their clothes the color of clay, they trod cautiously the trench, until opposite a wood whose trees blackened the slow dawn. Then, without a word, they ran across the road, and, in a few minutes, were lost in the thick underbrush of the little forest. It was past four o'clock and the dawn began to trill over the rim of night; the east burst into stinging sun rays, while the moving air awoke the birds and sent scurrying over the smooth, green park a cloud of golden powdery dust. . . .

Arved and Quell stood in a secret glade and looked at each other solemnly—but only for a moment. Laughter, unrestrained laughter, frightened the squirrels and finally warned them that they were still in danger.

"Well, we've escaped this time," said the poet.

"Yes; but for how long?" was the sardonic rejoinder of the painter.

"See here, Quell, you're a pessimist. You are never satisfied, which, I take it, is a neat definition of pessimism."

"I don't propose to chop logic so early in the morning," was the surly reply. "I'm cold and nervous. Say, did you lift anything before we got away?" Arved smiled the significant smile of a drinking man.

"Yes I did. I waited until Doc McCracken left his office, and then I sneaked *this*." The severe lines in Quell's face began to swim together. He reached out his hand, took the flask and then threw back his head. Arved watched him with patient resignation.

"Hold on there! Leave a dozen drops for a poor maker of rhymes," he chuckled, and soon was himself gurgling the liquor.

They arose, and after despairing glances at their bespattered garments, trudged on. In an hour, the pair had reached the edge of the forest, and, as the sun sat high and warm, a rest was agreed upon. But this time they did not easily find a hiding place. Fearing to venture nearer the turnpike, hearing human sounds, they finally retired from the clearing and behind a moss-etched rock discovered a cool resting place on the leafy floor.

At full length, hands under heads, brains mellowed by brandy, the men summed up the situation. Arved was the first to speak. He was tall, blond, heavy of figure and his beard hung down upon his chest. His dissatisfied eyes were cynical when he rallied his companion. A man of brains this, but careless as the grass.

"Quell, let us think this thing out carefully. It is nearly six o'clock. At six o'clock the cells will be unlocked, and then—well, McCracken will damn our bones, for he gets a fat board fee from my people, and the table is not so cursed good at the Hermitage that he misses a margin of profit! What will he do? Set the dogs after us? No, he daren't; we're not convicts—we're only mad folk." He smiled good humoredly, though his white brow was dinted as if by harsh thoughts.

Quell's little, bloodshot eyes stared up into a narrow channel of foliage, at the end of which was a splash of blue sky. He was mean-appearing, with a horse-like head, and his savage moustache twisted into a savage curl. His forehead was abnormal in breadth and the irritable flashes of fire in his eyes told the story of a restless soul. The nostrils expanded as he spoke:

"We're only mad folk, as you say; nevertheless, the

Lord High Keeper will send his police patrol wagon after us in a jiffy. He went to bed dead-full last night, so his humor won't be any too sweet when he hears that several of his boarders have vanished. He'll miss you more than me; I'm not at the first table like you swells."

Quell ended his speech with so disagreeable an inflection that Arved was astonished. He looked around and spat at a beetle.

"What's wrong with you, my hearty? I believe you miss your soft iron couch. Or did you leave it this morning left foot foremost? Anyhow, Quell, don't get on your ear. We'll push to town as soon as it's twilight, and I know a little crib near the river where we can have all we want to eat and drink. Do you hear—drink!" Quell made no answer. The other continued:

"Besides, I don't see why you've turned sulky simply because your family sent you up to the Hermitage. It's no disgrace. In fact, it steadies the nerves and you can get plenty of booze."

"If you have the price," snapped his friend.

"Money or no money, McKracken's asylum—no, it's bad taste to call it that—his retreat, ah, there's the word!—is not so awful. I've a theory that our keepers are crazy as loons; though you can't blame them, watching us, as they must, from six o'clock in the morning until midnight. Say, why were you put away?"

"Crazy, like yourself, I suppose," Quell grinned.

"And now we're cured. We cured ourselves by flight. How can they call us crazy when we planned the job so neatly?"

Arved began to be interested in the sound of his own voice. He searched his pockets and after some vain fumbling found a half package of cigarettes.

"Take some and be happy, my boy. They are boonsticks indeed." Quell suddenly arose.

"Arved, what were you sent up for, may I ask?"

The poet stretched his big legs, rolled over on his back again, and scratching his tangled beard, smoked the cigarette he had just lighted. In the hot hum of the woods there was heard the occasional dropping of pine cones as the wind fanned lazy music from the leaves. They could not see the sun—its power was felt. Perspiration beaded their shiny faces and presently they removed collars and coats, sitting at ease in shirt-sleeves. . . . Arved's tongue began to speed:

"Though I've only known you twenty-four hours, my son, I feel impelled to tell you the history of my happy life—for happiness has its histories, no matter what the poets say. But the day is hot, our time limited. Wait until we are recaptured, then I'll spin you a yarn."

"You expect to get caught for sure?"

"I do. So do you. No need to argue—your face tells me that. But we'll have the time of our life before they gather us in. Anyhow, we'll want to go back. The whole world is crazy, but ashamed to acknowledge it. We are not. Pascal said men are so mad that he who would not be so is a madman of a new kind. To escape ineffable dullness is the privilege of the lunatic; the lunatic who is the true aristocrat of nature—the unique man in a tower of ivory, the elect, who, in samite robes, traverses moody gardens. Really, I shudder at the idea of ever living again in yonder stew-pot of humanity, with all its bad smells. To struggle with the fools for their idiotic prizes is beyond me. The lunatic asylum—"

"Can't you find some other word?" asked Quell, dryly.

"—is the best modern equivalent for the tub of Diogenes—he who was the first Solitary, the first Individualist. To dream one's dreams, to be alone—"

"How about McKracken and the keepers?"

"From the volatile intellects of madmen are fashioned the truths of humanity. Mental repose is death. All our modern theocrats, politicians—whose minds are sewers for the people—and lawyers are corpses; their brains dead from feeding on dead ideas. Motion is life—mad minds are always in motion."

"Let up there! You talk like the doctor chaps over at the crazy crib," interrupted Quell.

"Ah, if we could only arrange our dreams in chapters—as in a novel. Sometimes Nature does it for us. There is really a beginning, a development, a *dénouement*. But, for the most of us, life is a crooked road with weeds so high that we can't see the turn of the path. Now, my case—I'm telling you my story after all—my case is a typical one of the artistic sort. I wrote prose, verse and dissipated with true poetic regularity. It was after reading Nietzsche that I decided to quit my stupid, sinful ways. Yes, you may smile! It was Nietzsche who converted me. I left the old crowd, the old life in Paris, went to Brittany, studied new rhythms, new forms, studied the moon; and then people began to touch their foreheads knowingly. I was suspected simply because I did not want to turn out sweet sonnets about the pretty stars. Why, man, I have a star in my stomach! Every poet has. We are of the same stuff as the stars. It was Marlowe who said, 'A sound magician is a mighty god.' He was wrong. Only the mentally unsound are really wise. This the ancients knew. Even if Gerard de Nerval did walk the boulevards trolling a lobster by a ribbon—that is no reason for judging him crazy. His dreams simply overflowed into his daily existence. He had the courage of his dreams. Do you remember his saying that the sun never appears in dreams? How true! But the moon does; 'sexton of the planets,' as the crazy poet Lenau called it; the moon which is the patron sky-saint of men with brains. Ah, brains! What unhappiness they cause in this brainless world, a world rotten with hypocrisy. A poet polishes words until they glitter with beauty, charging them with fulminating meaning—straightway he is called mad by men who sweat and toil in the stock exchange. Have you ever, my dear Quell, watched those little, grotesque brokers on a busy day? No? Well, you will say that no lunatic grimacing beneath the horns of the moon ever made such ludicrous, such inutile gestures. And for what? Money! Money to spend as idiotically as it is garnered. The world is crazy, I tell you, crazy, to toil as it does. How much cleverer are the apes who won't talk, because if they did, they would be forced to abandon their lovely free life, put on ugly garments and work for a living. These animals, for which we have such contempt, are freer than men; they are the Overmen of Nietzsche—Nietzsche whose brain mirrored both a Prometheus and a Napoleon." Quell listened to this speech with indifference. Arved continued:

"Nor was Nietzsche insane when he went to the asylum. His sanity was blinding in its brilliancy; he voluntarily renounced the world of foolish faces and had himself locked away where he would not hear its foolish clacking. Oh Silence! Gift of the gods, deified by Carlyle in many volumes and praised by me in many silly words! My good fellow, society which is always hypocritical, has to build lunatic asylums in self-defense. These polite jails keep the world in countenance; they give it a standard. If you are behind the bars—"

"Speak for yourself," growled Quell.

"Then the world knows that you are crazy and that it is not. There is no other way of telling the difference. So a conspiracy of fools, lawyers and doctors is formed. If you do not live the life of the stupid; cheat, lie, steal, smirk, eat, dance and drink—then you are crazy! That fact agreed upon, the hypo-

crites, who are quite mad, but cunning enough to dissemble, lock behind bolted doors those free souls, the poets, painters, musicians—artistic folk in general. They brand our gifts with fancy scientific names, such as Megalomania, Paranoia, *Folie des grandeurs*. Show me a genius and I'll show you a madman—according to the world's notion."

"There you go again," cried Quell, arising to his knees. "Genius, I believe, is a disease of the nerves; and I don't mind telling you that I consider poets and musicians quite crazy."

Arved's eyes were blazing blue signals.

"But, my dear Quell, are not all men mad at some time or another? Madly in love, religiously mad, patriotically insane, and idiotic on the subject of clothes, blood, social precedence, handsome persons, money? And is it not a sign of insanity when one man claims sanity for his own particular art? Painting, I admit, is—"

"What the devil do you know about painting?"

Quell roughly interposed; "you are a poet and, pretending to love all creation—altruism, I think your sentimental philosophers call it—have the conceit to believe you bear a star in your stomach when it is only a craving for rum. I've been through the game." He began to pace the sward, chewing a blade of grass. He spoke in hurried, staccato phrases:

"Why was I put away? Listen: I tried to paint the sun,—for I hate your moon and its misty madness. To put this glorious furnace on canvas is, as you will acknowledge, the task of a god. It never came to me in my dreams, so I wooed it by day. Above all I wished to express truth: the sun is black. Think of an ebon sun fringed by its dazzling photosphere! I tried to paint sun-rhythms, the rhythms of the quivering sky which is never still even when it seems most immobile; I tried to paint the rhythms of the atmosphere, shivering as it is with chords of sunlight and chromatic scales as yet unpainted. Like *Oswald Alving* in Ibsen's 'Ghosts' my last cry will be for 'the sun.' How did my friends act? What did the critics say? A black sun was too much for the world, though astronomers have proved my theory correct. The doctors swore I drank too much absinthe; the critics said a species of optical madness had set in; that I saw only the peripheral tints—I was yellow and blue crazy. Perhaps I was, perhaps I am. So is the fellow crazy who invented wireless telegraphy; so is the man off his base who invents a folding bird cage. We are all crazy, and the craziest gang are our doctors at the Hermitage." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. Arved rolled his handsome head acquiescingly.

"You poets and musicians are trying to compass the inane. You are trying to duplicate your dreams, dreams without a hint of the sun. The painter at least copies or interprets real life; while the composer dips his finger in the air making endless sound-scrolls—noises with long tails and whirligig decorations like foolish fireworks—though I think the art of the future will be pyrotechnics. Mad, mad I tell you! But whether mad or not matters little in our land of freedom where all men are born unequal, where only the artists are sad. They are useless beings, openly derided, and when one is caught napping, doing something that offends church or State or society he is imprisoned. Mad, you know! No wonder anarchy is thriving, no wonder every true artist is an anarchist, unavowed perhaps, yet an anarchist, and an atheist."

"Not so fast!" interrupted Arved. "I'm no anarchist: I don't believe in blowing up innocent policemen. Neither do you, Quell. You wouldn't hurt a bartender! Give an anarchist plenty to eat, drink, and he sheds his anarchy like a shirt. There are, I have noticed, three stages in the career of a revolutionist: destruction, instruction, construction. He begins the first at twenty, at forty he is teaching, at sixty he believes in society—"

especially if he has money in the bank—" Quell regarded the speaker sourly.

"You are a wonder, Arved. You fly off on a wild tangent stimulated by the mere sound of a word. Who said anything about dynamite-anarchy? There's another sort that men of brains—madmen if you will—believe and indirectly teach. Emerson was one; though he hardly knew it. Thoreau realized it for him, however. Don't you remember his stern rebuke when Emerson visited him in Concord jail; 'Henry, why art thou here?' meekly inquired the mystic man. 'Ralph, why art thou *not* here?' was the counter-question. Thoreau had brave nerves. To live in peace in this malicious swamp of a world we must all wear iron masks until we are carted off to the *domino-park*; pious people call it the cemetery. Now, I'm going to sleep. I'm tired of all this jabbering. We are crazy for sure or else we wouldn't talk so much."

Arved grumbled: "Yes, I've noticed that when a man in an asylum begins to suspect his keepers of madness he's mighty near lunacy himself."

"You have crazy blue eyes, Arved! Where's that flask—I'm dry again! Let's sleep."

They drained the bottle and were soon dozing while about them buzzed the noon in all its torrid splendor.

When they awoke it was solid night. They yawned and cursed the darkness which smelt like stale India-rubber, so Quell said. They cursed life and the bitter taste in their mouths. Quell spoke of his thirst in words that startled the easy-going Arved, who confessed that if he could rid himself of the wool in his throat, he would be comparatively happy. Then they stumbled along, bumping into trees, feeling with outstretched arms, but finding nothing to guide them save the thin few stars in the torn foliage overhead. Without watches they could catch no idea of the hour. The night was far spent, declared Arved; he discovered that he was very hungry. Suddenly from the top of a steep, slippery bank they pitched forward into the high road.

Arved put out his hand searching for his comrade. "Quell, Quell!" he whispered. Quell rose darkly beside him, a narrow lath of humanity. Locking arms, both walked briskly until, turning a sharp, short corner, they beheld, all smiling in the night, a summer garden well lighted and full of gay people, chattering, singing, eating, drinking—happy! The two fugitives were stunned for a moment by such a joyful prospect. Tears came slowly to their eyes, yet they never relaxed their gait. Arriving at an outlying table and seats they bethought themselves of their appearance, of money, of other disquieting prospects; but, sitting down, they boldly called a waiter.

Luckily it was a country girl who timidly took their order for beer and sandwiches. And they drank eagerly, gobbling the food as soon as it came, ordering more so noisily that they attracted attention. The beer made them brave. As they poured down glass after glass, reckless of the reckoning, insolent to the servant, they began wrangling over the subject that had obsessed their waking hours.

"Look here, Quell!" Arved exclaimed, crustily, "you said I had crazy blue eyes. What about your own red ones? Crazy! Why, they glow now like a rat's. Poets may be music-mad, drunk with tone—"

"And other things," sneered the painter.

"—but at least their work is great when it endures; it does not fade away on rotten canvas."

"Now, I know you ought to be in the brain-college, Arved, where your friends could take the little green car that goes by the grounds and see you on Sunday afternoons if weather permits."

His accent seemed deliberately insulting to Arved, who, however, let it pass because of their mutual

plight. If they fell to fighting, detection would ensue. So he answered in placatory phrases:

"Yes, my friend, we both belong to the same establishment, for we are men of genius. As the cat said to *Alice*, 'we must be mad or else we shouldn't be here.' I started to tell you why my people thought I had better take the cure. I loved the moon too much and loathed sunlight. If I had never tried to write lunar poetry—the tone quality of music combined with the pictorial evocation of painting—I might be in the bosom of my family now instead of—"

"Drinking with a crazy painter, eh?" Quell was very angry. He shouted for drinks so rapidly that he alarmed the more prudent Arved; and as they were now the last guests, the head-waiter approached and curtly bade them leave. In an instant he was dripping with beer thrown at him—glass and all—by the irate Quell. A whistle sounded, two other waiters rushed out and the battle began. Arved, aroused by the sight of his friend on the ground with three men hammering his head, gave a roar like the trumpeting of an elephant. A chair was smashed over a table and swinging one half of it he made a formidable onslaught. Two of the waiters were knocked senseless and the leader's nose and teeth crushed in by the rude cudgel. The morose moon started up, a tragic hieroglyph in the passionless sky. Quell seeing its hated disc, howled, his face aflame with exaltation. Then he leaped like a hoarsely panting animal upon the poet; a moment and they were in the grass clawing, biting each other. And the moon poured upon them its magnetic beams until darkness, caused by a coarse blanket, enveloped, pinioned, smothered them. When the light shone again they were sitting in a wagon, their arms and legs tightly bound. . . .

They began singing. The attendant interrupted: "Will you fellows keep quiet? How can a man drive straight, listening to your cackle?"

Arved touched his temple significantly and nudged Quell.

"Another one of us. Another rebel of the moon!"

"Shut up or I'll gag you both!" imperiously commanded the doctor, as the wheels of the ambulance cut the pebbly road. They were entering the asylum; now they passed the porter's lodge. In the jeweled light of a senescent moon, his wife and little daughter gazed at them curiously without the semblance of pity or fear. Then, as if shot from the same vocal spring-board, the voices of poet and painter merged into crazy rhythmic chanting:

"Rebels of the moon, rebels of the moon! We are the rebels, the rebels of the moon!"

And the great gates closed behind them with a brazen clangor—metal gates of the moon-rebels.



ATTHIS

BY LEONARD DOUGHTY.

I SAW in dreams Atthis, whom Sappho loved,
Prone at a shrine in Paphos, and her face
Flamed with a light that lightened all that place
With lurid desolation. Her lips moved
Slowly as some sad child's, who, being reproved,
Sobs out despair in secret. O such grace
Went never with such anguish! I could trace
Beneath the soft white garment's fold that gloved
The Grecian contour, such a perfect form
As Calimas gave to Iris, and below,
A foot like Atalanta's; and her hair
Shed like soft flame that trembles before storm;
And listening I heard the voice of her despair—
"I loved you once, Atthis, long time ago."

THE GIFT OF SWEET SPEECH

THOMAS STEWART M'NICOLL.

WE may call it a gift, but gift it never is. Spendthrift nature is very miserly with such riches. She scatters plenty o'er a smiling land, but the plenty is always of a material kind. Her prodigality never extends into the domain of mind. There, in the Kingdom of Thought, in the Empire of Soul, what we have is always bought and paid for and the price is always dear. There are birth pangs in the mind when things of beauty and power are born. We may not recognize the connection or understand the origin, but sometime, somewhere, in the midst of pain, which seemed unnecessary, a new power was ushered into being. Great is the mystery of pain. And may not one of its purposes be this creation of power, this touching of the eyes by sorrow so as to clear the sight for beauty and truth?

Critics have marveled over the mystery of style, and truly a wonderful thing it is. Sometimes it seems "simply the revelation of a personality," as John Burroughs defines it, then again, as something apparently independent of the writer's personality—a something acquired by great labor and infinite pains—as in the case of the brilliant author of "*Salamambo*." While Flaubert, Walter Pater and other brilliant stylists labored hard to obtain their best effects, others seem to have the gift of sweet speech. No matter how trivial the subject, their words can make it seem beautiful. Musical phrases, accented periods, beautiful sentences, how the words glide along like fairy boats over an enchanted sea! Can this power be called a gift? Believe it not. Behind every beautiful style lies hidden some expensive cost mark. Take the case of Christina Rossetti, of whom a recent French critic writes: "Her crystalline lines have a pure, far-off sound like the chimes of a church in the Holy Land; her stanzas have the transparency of the cold rose-color of a pale April dawn," the price paid was illness and exclusion from the great active world—of loss of contact with a sinning, struggling humanity. She was one of Shelley's "wretched ones" who "learn in suffering what they teach in song." All through her exquisite lines there breathes the note of sorrow and sadness, of struggle and renunciation. For instance:

"I would have gone; God bade me stay;
I would have worked; God bade me rest;
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay."

Here is the purity of the mountain stream fresh from its source in the snowy hills. No contact with the muddy overflow from scarred fields and dirty towns has sullied its crystal tide. But what can the streamlet know of the great, wide world below? Much as we may affect to despise the world, to sneer at its folly and wickedness, we would not give it up. The music of its perpetual strife, the sullen growlings of the great crowd, its animal cries for bread, for life and love, is very sweet unto our ears. Yes; Miss Rossetti paid her price.

Others like Carlyle, though they "dipped in life's struggle" and "bore specks of it, here, there, easy to see," yet possessed, at intervals, the power of sweetest speech. No mountain streams are they, but great rivers touched with the impurities from many lands. From many sources have their waters been gathered, from meadows sweet and cities foul, until the great foam-flecked torrent rolls in stately majesty down to the great sea. But muddy waters are sometimes pure. By contact with the purifying sands, by travail in desert wastes, the rivers have been made pure as well as great. So with those great souls. Whether it is

best to be always pure and white, secluded from all contact with all that defileth, or to have come up through great tribulation and made clean by struggle, self-sacrifice and pain? Who can tell? At any rate it is not a matter of choice. Some souls of the intense kind must ever court the storm or meet the tempest face to face. So, we can see behind the styles of these writers named. The one pure and beautiful from innocence and the spiritual insight conferred by the ministry of pain, the other grand and glorious from self-conflict, self-mastery, from titanic battles with all the powers of hell. Sweet is victory after struggle, and grand and glorious is the ringing thunder of triumph in the "Everlasting Yea."

But how explain such styles as those of Edgar Poe and Algernon Swinburne? They can not be compared to mountain stream or rushing river, but rather to those

"Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters lone and dead,"

described in "Dreamland;" lakes whose beautiful waters are

"... still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily."

No doubt there is a fascination and a morbid beauty about such lakes, but the magic is in the mystery, the glamour of the hidden, the weird spell of the unknown. And the haunting beauty and power of such styles come from similar sources. The words breathe of things forbidden, unlawful, dangerous and deadly. Like in that deadly book, "The King in Yellow," they are clear as crystal, limpid and musical as bubbling springs, words which sparkle and glow like the poisoned diamonds of the Medicis. But this beauty is unreal and springs only from decay and death. Its springs are fed not alone from the snows of the lolling lily, but from some deadly Fount of Castaly whose sweet waters made men mad. What is the price such writers paid for the brief power to create such beauty? The sad story of poor Poe is well known. As Professor Beers has said, "The defect in Poe was in character—a defect which will make itself felt in art as in life." Poverty, disease, the death of loved ones, indulgence and lack of will—until he cried out:

"For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er
'No more—no more—no more—'
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!"

The cost mark of Swinburne is beyond our reach. In "Atalanta" we seem to catch a glimpse of "a slight figure in the garments of the Greek priesthood, youthful, but for the grave, far-off look in his eyes, and passionate but for the cold severity of his mein." In "Laus Veneris" the priest has cast off his white robes and seems abandoned to unlawful passions. Is it another "Tito Melempo" demoralized by indulgence? Who can say—the man is well hidden behind his mask of words? Be assured he who sang the doleful wail of "dead waves and spent waves' riot," of "being tired of tears and laughter," and of longing for "the sleep eternal in an eternal night," did not purchase his power for a trifle. He paid the price.

While there is a beauty which springs from disease and decay, it is never of a satisfying nature. We admit it as beauty, but have a doubt about it. It is like a will-o'-the-wisp lighting the scene for a moment only to make the darkness more intense. True beauty is a healthy thing. It must come from life. In language it is purity and power breaking forth into speech. It is as natural as the unfolding of a rose from its tiny bud. The creators of the beautiful are the pure in heart, the mighty of soul. Art without such qualities may make a beautiful body in the marble, on canvas or in words,

but the creative breath by which life enters the dead matter must come from the God-like masters. In the crucible of the pure hearts and noble souls, by the divine alchemy of love, has language been crystallized into pearls of speech and diamonds of thought. And behold a miracle: the pearls are alive and the diamonds glow with living fire!

Some foolish people believe literature can be taught. Why, literature is life and must be lived ere it can be written. Is it decadent and immoral, so is the life behind it. Then how vain it is to sit down in cold determination to manufacture a beautiful style. No use to pick the dictionaries for rare and forcible words, or ransack volumes of forgotten lore to coin brilliant figures and elegant phrases; it will not do. There is Gustav Flaubert, who had, as Henry James says, "a passion for perfection of form," who wished to produce perfect phrases and regarded the writing of one page as something well worth months of effort. Perhaps no one else ever labored harder to attain this end. Indeed, he gave his very life in the effort and died a martyr to style. With what result? His "Madam Bovary" is a picture of vice and its remorseless punishment. It may be true to life, but it does not live. The words are beautiful, the style well-nigh perfection as to form, but after all, it lacks the highest quality of perfect style—the breath of healthy life. This never comes from mere labor; it is a natural emanation from a clean heart and a vigorous personality.

If there be any on earth worthy of our love and admiration, it is these creators of the beautiful, these pure-hearted and great-souled ones, who, by whatever means of loss or pain, were made worthy to imitate their great Creator and to breathe soul into dead matter and make it live. Let us honor these demi-gods, as Renan called them, "who were able to do that which we, eternal children, can not do, to create, to affirm, to act."



AN HONEST WRITER

BY HAROLD D. MEISTER.

THE late Frank Norris was a singularly sincere, aggressive and forceful writer. At the time of his death, which occurred a few weeks ago, he was still on the sunny side of the thirties, but had already achieved an enviable reputation as a writer of promise and marked ability. His best known work is, probably, "The Octopus." This, in the judgment of every competent literary critic, betrayed the author's penchant for the realistic, Zolaesque school of writing, his intense and loving admiration of nature, his robustly healthy views of life, and his desire to liberate American fiction literature from the rapidly sentimental, the imitatingly shallow and the stiltedly precious. Frank Norris had decidedly original ideas. He had the thoughts and feelings of a man of sound and normally beating heart. There was absolutely nothing effeminate, sickly or decadent in any of his writings. The defects of his style were almost utterly obscured by a bounding, vigorous sincerity and optimism.

The characters of Norris are all clearly delineated. There is no vagueness about them. They talk and act like live beings. They are full of emotion, passion, desire and appetite for living. Nature is their mother; action their shibboleth. Through all the tumultuous symphonies of Norris runs the key-note of an almost brutally-healthy sexuality. His characters have the old-fashioned, yet distinctively natural, conception of sexual relation. They strongly remind us of the heroes and heroines in Zola's "La Fécondité." Yet they do not offend. Their sexual morality is flawless, sincere, ingenuous, because it is inspired by

nature's never-erring and ever-pure dictates. The men in the works of Norris are all honest, likable fellows, and the women are charmingly, naively feminine, and fascinate us by their pretty conceits, their bewitching coquetties and their ability to control the brute passions of the male.

Frank Norris was essentially an honest man. He was a violent hater of shams, farces and artificialities. He truckled to no fashion, and fawned upon no man. He never had any use for the literary opportunist, for the novel-writer who is forever trimming his sail so as to catch every passing breeze; who throws truth to the dogs and worships Mammon and hungers for the applause of the foolish, herding mob. A few months before his death, Norris epitomized his whole artistic greed in the following characteristically terse and trenchant manner:

"To make money is not the province of a novelist. If he be the right sort, he has other responsibilities, heavy ones. He, of all men, cannot think only of himself and for himself. And when the last page is written, and the ink crusts on the pen-point, and the hungry presses go clashing after another writer, the 'new man' and the new fashions of the hour, he will think of the grim, long grind of the years of his life that he has put behind him, and of his work that he has built up, volume by volume, sincere work, telling the truth as he saw it, independent of fashion and the gallery gods, holding to these with gripped hands and shut teeth—he will think of all this then, and he will be able to say, 'I never truckled, I never took off the hat to fashion and held it out for pennies. By God, I told them the truth. They liked it, or they did not like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth; I knew it for the truth then, and I know it for the truth now.' And that is his reward—the best that a man may know; the only one really worth the striving for."

These words have the ring of manly sincerity and singleness of purpose. They are the best possible index to the author's character. They should be taken to heart and followed by every literary writer that is not a *poseur* or a time-server. They constitute the only true rule of true art, which is, that every artist should tell the truth as he sees, or thinks he sees it, and not allow himself to be influenced in his work by the caprices of the day. All art is truth. And all truth is art. Whatever is not true, is not art. To write what we do not think is true for the fame or lucre that it may bring, is not worthy of a true artist. It is a prostitution of art. Yet it is done every day, and, it seems, it neither militates against the reputation of the offender, nor rouses the contempt of the public.

The literary eunuch, the scribbling hypocrite, is, today, the most successful. Truth is sacrificed every day in the worship of the Golden Calf. And it is a good investment, although not one that could be expected to enhance individual self-respect. There are many eminent writers, these days, in the field of *belles lettres*, politics, religion and economy who prostitute their talents, who are neither true to themselves, nor to others, who constantly live the life of liars, of solemn humbugs and boot-licking knaves. The man that speaks or writes the truth is seldom successful or prosperous. Truth-telling is not popular, because it jars, shocks and arouses, because it tarnishes the gilded shams and lays too much emphasis upon the inherent meannesses, pusillanimities, vices and lies of human society. Truth repels, but the lie attracts. This has always been the case, and as long as man is what he is, it always will be.

Men of the Frank Norris type are admired in the abstract only. The *canaille* likes to think and read about ennobling art and sublime truth. Its sensibili-

ties are tickled when the dictum is uttered that there is a spark of divinity in man's nature; that it is the natural proclivity of man to speak and love truth, and that truth is the highest ideal that we can seek after. There are too many Jekyll and Hyde dualities who are continuously drooling imposing platitudes and looking heavenwards when the subject of the sacredness of art and truth is mentioned in their presence, and then go and sell the highest ideal that mankind possesses for a mess of pottage. 'Tis to laugh.



ON THE UPPER DECK

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

AS the will of last year's wind,
As the drift of the morrow's rain,
As the goal of the falling star,
As the treason sinned in vain,
As the bow that shines and is gone,
As the night cry heard no more—
Is the way of the woman's meaning
Beyond man's eldest lore.

HE.

This hour to me is like a rose just open,
The wonder of its golden heart not yet
Fully revealed. So long I've waited for it,
Prefigured it in dream, and scourged my hope
With fear lest jealous fortune should deny,
That now I hardly dare—Am I awake?
Can it be true I have you here beside me?
Can it be true I have you here alone—
Most wonderfully alone among these strangers
Who seem to me like senseless shapes of air?—
The throb of the great engines; the obscure
Hiss of the water past our speeding hull
Seem to enfold and press you closer to me.
No, do not move! Alone although we be,
I dare not touch your hand; your gown's dear hem
I will not touch lest I should break my dream
And just an empty deck-chair mock my longing.
But (for the beggar may in dreams be king),
Oh, let your eyes but touch me, let my spirit
But drink, but drain, but bathe in their deep light,
And slake its cherished anguish. Look at me!

SHE.

Look how the water's waiting holds the sky!
I think I never saw the sea so still.
That wash of beryl green, that melting violet,
That fine rose-amber veiling deeps of glory
Our eyes could not endure—how each is doubled,
Lest we should miss some marvel of strange tone,
And be forever poor. Such beauty seems
To cry like violins. Hush, and you'll hear it.
Don't look at me when God is at his miracles.

HE.

He topped all miracle in making you.
Your mouth, your throat, your eyes, your hands, your
hair—
To look at these is harps within my soul,
The music of the stars at Time's first morning.
How can I see the wide, familiar world
When all my being drowns in your deep eyes?
What is the maddest sunset to your eyes?
Let us not talk of sunsets.

SHE.

Of incommunicable light will fade,
Its ultimate petals sinking in the sea.

Soon this rose

Be still, and watch the vaster bloom unfold
Whose pollen is the dust of stars, whose petals
The tissue of strange tears, desire and sleep.

HE.

We talk of roses, meaning all things fair
And rare and enigmatic; but the rose
Transcending all, the Rose of Life, is you!
O Rose, blossom of wonder, dark blossom of ancient
dream,
Wan tides of the Wandering Sorrow through your deep
slumber stream;
Warm winds of the Wavering Passion are lost in your
crimson fold,
And Memory and foreboding at the hush of your
heart lie cold.

O Rose, blossom of mystery, holding within your
deeps
The hurt of a thousand vigils, the heal of a thousand
sleeps,
There breathes upon your petals a power from the
ends of earth.
Your beauty is heavy with knowledge of life and death
and birth.

O Rose, blossom of longing—the faint suspense, and
the fire,
The wistfulness of Time, and the unassuaged desire,
The pity of tears on the pillow, the pang of tears
unshed—
With these your spirit is weary, with these your
beauty is fed.

SHE.

Woman or rose, your verses do her credit,
Barring some small confusion in the figure.

HE.

'Tis fusion, not confusion. So the rose
Be beautiful enough, and strange enough,
Love in his haste may take its sweet for you;
And sun and rain, wise gardeners, seeing you
With face uplift, will know the rose you are.

SHE.

Let us not talk of roses. Don't you think
The engines' pulse throbs louder now the light
Has gone? The hiss of water past our hull
Is more mysterious, with a menace in it?
And that pale streak above the unseen land,
How ominous! A sword has just such pallor!
(Yes, you may put the scarf around my shoulders.)
Never has life shown me the face of beauty
But near it I have seen the fear of fear.

HE.

I knew not fear until I knew your beauty.

SHE.

Let us not talk of me. Look down, close in,
There where the night-black water breaks and seethes.
How its heart, torn and shuddering, burns to splendor!
What climbing lights! What rapture of white fire!
Clear souls of flame returning to the infinite!

HE.

If you should ever come to say "I love you,"
I think that even thus my life's dark tide
Would flame to sudden glory, and the gloom
Of long grief lift forever! Dear, your eyes,
Your great eyes, shine upon me, soft as with tears.
Your shoulder touches me. What does it mean?
I hold you to me. Is it love—and life?

ABOUT EDMUND BURKE

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

IN London-town, since time began, no embryo Coke ever rapped at the bar for admittance—lawyers "are summoned" just as clergymen are "called," while other men find a job. In England this pretty little illusion of receiving a "call" to practice law still obtains.

Burke never received the call, for the reason that he failed to fit himself for it. He read everything but law books. He might have assisted a young man by the name of Blackstone in compiling his "Commentaries," as their lodgings were not far apart, but he didn't. They met occasionally, and when they did, they always discussed Spencer or Milton, and waxed warm over Shakespeare.

Burke gave Old Father Antic the Law as lavish a letter of recommendation as the legal profession ever received, and he gave it for the very natural reason that he had no use for the law himself.

The remittances from Dublin were always small, but they grew smaller, less frequent and finally ceased. It was sink or swim—and the young man simply paddled to keep afloat upon the tide of time.

He dawdled at Dodsley's, visited with the callers and browsed among the books. There was only one thing the young man liked better to do than read, and that was to talk. Once he had read a volume nearly through when Dodsley up and sold it to a customer—"a rather ungentlemanly trick to play on an honest man," says Burke.

It was at Dodsley's he first met his countryman Goldsmith, also Garrick, Boswell and Johnson. It was then that Johnson received that lasting impression of Burke, of whom he said, "Sir, if you met Edmund Burke under a gateway, where you had taken shelter for five minutes to escape a shower, you would be so impressed by his conversation that you would say, 'This is a most extraordinary man.'"

If one knows how, or has to, he can live in a big city at small expense. For nine years, Burke's London life is a tale of a garret, with the details almost lost in the fog. Of this time, in after years, he seldom spoke, not because he was ashamed of all the straits and shifts he had to endure, but because he was endowed with that fine dignity of mind which does not dwell on hardships gone and troubles past, but rather fixes itself on blessings now at hand and other blessings yet to come. Then, better still, there came a time when work and important business filled every moment of the fast flying hours. And so he himself once said, "The sure cure for all private griefs is a hearty interest in public affairs."

The best search-light through the mist of those early days, comes to us through Burke's letter to Shackleton, the son of his old Quaker teacher. Shackleton had the insight to know that his friend was no common man, and so preserved every scrap of Burke's writing that came his way.

About that time, there seems to have been a sort of meteoric shower of chip-munk magazines, following in the luminous pathway of the *Spectator* and the *Tattler*. Burke was passing through his poetic period, and supplied various stanzas of poetry to these magazines for a modest consideration. For one poem he received eighteen pence, as cheerfully told by Shackleton, but we have Hawkins for it that this is a trifle more than the poem was worth.

Of this poetry we know little, happily, but glimpses of it are seen in the Shackleton letters; for instance, when he asks his friend's criticism on such lines as these:

The nymphs that haunt the dusky wood,
Which hangs recumbent o'er the crystal flood.

He speaks of his delight in ambient sunsets, when gilded oceans, ghostly ships and the dull, dark city vanish for the night. Of course, such things never happen except in books, but the practice of writing about them is a fine drill, in that it enables the writer to get a grasp on his vocabulary. Poetry is for the poet.

And if Burke wrote poetry in bed, having to remain there in the daytime, while his landlady was doing up his single ruffled shirt for an evening party, whose business was it?

When he was invited out to dinner he did the meal such justice that he needed nothing the following day; and the welcome discovery was almost made that fasting produced an exaltation of the "spiritual essence that was extremely favorable to writing good poetry."

Burke had wit, and what Johnson called a "mighty affluence of conversation;" so his presence was welcome at the Turk's Head. Burke and Johnson were so thoroughly well matched as talkers that they respected each other's powers and never clinched with each other in wordy warfare. Johnson was an arch-Tory: Burke the leader of the Whigs, but Urso was wise enough to say, "I'll talk with him on any subject but politics." This led Goldsmith to remark, "Dr. Johnson browbeats us little men, but makes quick peace with those he cannot down."

Then, there were debating societies, from one of which he resigned because the limit of a speech was seven minutes; but finally the time was extended to fifteen minutes in order to get the Irish orator back.

During these nine years, once referred to by Burke as the "Dark Ages," he had three occupations: book browsing at Dodsley's, debating in the clubs, attending the theater on tickets probably supplied by Garrick, who had taken a great fancy to him and his writing.

No writing man could wish a better environment than this—the friction of mind with strong men, books and the drama stirred his emotion to the printing point. Burke's personality made a swirl in the social sea that brought the best straight to him.

One of the writers that Burke most admired was Bolingbroke, that man of masterly mind and mighty tread. His paragraphs move like a phalanx, and in every sentence there is an argument. No man in England influenced his time more than Bolingbroke. He was the inspirer of writers. Burke devoured Bolingbroke, and when he took up his pen, wrote with the same magnificent, stately minuet step. Finally he got full of the essence of Bolingbroke to the point of saturation, and then he began to criticise him. Had Bolingbroke been alive, Burke would have quarreled with him—they were so much alike. As it was, Burke contented himself by writing a book in Bolingbroke's style, carrying the great man's arguments one step further with the intent to show their fallacy. The paraphrase is always a compliment, and is never well done excepting by a man who loves the original and is a bit jealous of him.

If Burke began his "Vindication of Natural Society," with intent to produce a burlesque, he missed his aim, and came very near convincing himself of the truth of his proposition. And, in fact, the book was hailed by the rationalists as a vindication of Rousseau's philosophy.

Burke was a conservative rationalist, which is something like an altruistic pessimist. In the society of rationalists Burke was a conservative, and when with the conservatives he was a rationalist. That he was absolutely honest and sincere, there is not a particle of doubt, and we will have to leave it to the psychologists to tell us why men hate the thing they love.

The "Vindication of Natural Society" is a great book, and the fact that in the second edition, Burke has to explain that it was an ironical paraphrase, does not convince us that it was. The things prophesied have

come about, and the morning stars still sing together. Wise men are more and more learning by inclining their hearts toward Nature. Not only is this true in pedagogics, but in law, medicine and theology as well. Dogma has less place in religion than ever before; many deeply religious men eschew the creed entirely, and in all pulpits may be heard the sublime truths of simple honesty and kindness being quite enough basis for a useful career. That is good which serves. Religions are many and diverse, but reason and goodness are one.

Burke's attempt to prove that without "revealed religion" mankind would sit in eternal darkness, makes us think of the fable of the man who planted potatoes, hoed them and finally harvested the crop. Every day when this man toiled there was another man who sat on the fence, chewed his straw and looked on. And the author of the story says that if it were not for the Bible no one would have ever known to whom the potatoes belonged.

Burke wrote and talked as all good men do, just to clear the matter up in his own mind.

Our wisest moves are accidents. Burke's first book was of a sort so striking that both sides claimed it. Men stopped other men on the street and asked if they had read the "Vindication;" at the coffee houses they wrangled and jangled over it; and all the time Dodsley smiled and rubbed his hands in glee.

Burke soon blossomed out in clean ruffled shirt every morning, and shortly moved to a suite of rooms where before he had received his mail, and his friends, at a coffee house.

Then came William Burke, a distant cousin, and together they tramped off through rural England, loitering along flowering hedge rows, and stopping at quaint inns, where the villagers made guesses as to whether the two were gentlemen out for a lark, were smugglers, or Jesuits in disguise.

One of these trips took our friends to Bath, and there we hear they were lodged at the house of a Dr. Nugent, an excellent and scholarly man. William Burke went back to London and left Edmund at Bath deep in pursuit of the sublime. Dr. Nugent had a daughter, aged twenty, beautiful, gentle and gracious. The reader can guess the rest.

That Burke's wife was a most amiable and excellent woman, there is no doubt. She loved her lord, believed in him and had no other gods before him. But that she influenced his career directly or through antithesis, there is no trace. Her health was too frail to follow him—his stride was terrific—so she remained at home, and after every success he came back and told her of it, and rested his great shaggy head in her lap.

Only one child was born to them, and this boy closely resembled his mother in intellect and physique. This son passed out early in life, and so with Edmund died the name.

The next book Burke launched was the one we know best, "On the Sublime." The original, bore the terrifying title, "A Philosophical Inquiry Into the Origin of Our Ideas Concerning the Sublime and the Beautiful." This book consists of one hundred and seventeen chapters, each chapter dealing with some special phase of the subject. It is the most searching and complete analysis of an abstract theme of which I know. It sums the subject up like an essay by Herbert Spencer, and disposes of the case once and forever. It is so learned that only a sophomore could have written it, and we quite forgive the author when we are told it was composed when he was nineteen.

The book proved Burke's power to follow an idea to its lair, and its launching also launched the author upon the full tide of polite society. Goldsmith said, "We will lose him now," but Burke still stuck by his coffee house companions, and served them as a pon-

toon to bridge the gulf 'twixt Bohemia and Piccadilly.

In the meantime he had written a book for Dodsley on "English Settlements in North America," and this did Burke more good than anyone else, as it caused him to focus his inquiring mind on the New World. After this man began to write on a subject, his intellect became luminous on the theme, and it was his forevermore.

At routs and fetes and four-o'clocks, Burke was sought as an authority on America. He had never been there, only promised himself to go, for a sick wife held him back. In the meantime, he had seen every man of worth who had been to America, and had sucked the orange dry. Macaulay gives the idea when he describes Burke's speech at the Warren-Hastings trial. Burke had never been to India, Macaulay had, but that is nothing. Says Macaulay:

"When Burke spoke, the burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and cocoa tree, the rice field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul Empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the Mosque where the Imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, the banners and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the riverside, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as familiar as the subjects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls, where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of the sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched, from the bazaar, humming like a beehive, with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection of Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Numcomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London."

The wide encompassing quality of Burke's mind made him a man among men. Just how much he lent his power in those early days to assist those in high places who needed him, we do not know. Such services were sacred to him—done in friendship and in confidence, and held as steadfast as a good lawyer holds the secrets of his clients.

No doubt, though, but that the one speech which gave glory and a nickname to Single Speech Hamilton, was written by Burke. It was wise, witty and profound—and never again did Hamilton do a thing that rose above the dull and deadly mediocre.

It was a rival of Burke's who said, "He is the only man since Cicero who is a great orator, and who can write as well as he can talk."

That Burke wrote the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds is now pretty generally believed; in fact, that he received the goodly sum of four thousand pounds for writing these lectures, has been proved to the satisfaction of a jury. Burke never said he wrote the Reynolds lectures, and Sir Joshua left it to his valet to deny it. But read the lectures now and you will see the stately step of Bolingbroke, and the insight, wit and gravity of the man who said, "Mr. Speaker, I arise to a question of privilege: if it is the pleasure of the House that all the heaviest folios known to us should be here read aloud, I am in honor bound to graciously submit, but only this I ask, that proceedings shall be suspended long enough for me to send home for my night-cap."

From doing hack work for William Gerard Hamil-

ton, Burke became secretary to this gentleman, who had recently been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. So highly did Hamilton prize Burke's services that he had the government vote him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. This was the first settled income Burke had ever received, and he was then well past thirty years of age. But though he was in sore straits financially, when he perceived that the intent of the income was to bind him into the exclusive service of his patron, he resigned the office and refused the pension.

Without knowing how wisely he was acting, Burke, by declining the pension and affronting Lord Hamilton, had done the very things that it was most expedient to do.

When Hamilton could not buy his man, he foolishly sought to crush him, and this brought Burke, for the first time, into the white light of publicity.

I suppose it is fully understood that the nobility of England are not, necessarily, cultured or well-read. Literature to most of the titled gentry is a blank, my lord—it is so now and always has been so. Burke's brilliant books were not sufficient to make him famous excepting among the elect few, but the episode with Lord Hamilton set the gossips by the ear, and all who had never read Burke's books now pretended they had.

Burke was a national character—such a man merely needs to be known to be wanted—strong men are always needed. The House of Commons opened its doors to him—several boroughs competing with each other for the favor of being represented by him.

A political break-up with opportunity came along, and we find the Marquis of Rockingham made Premier, and Edmund Burke his secretary. It was Fitzherbert who recommended Burke to Rockingham, and Fitzherbert is immortal for this, and for the fact that Johnson used him to point a moral. Said Dr. Johnson, "A man is popular more through negative qualities than through positive ones. Fitzherbert is the most acceptable man in London, because he never overpowers anyone by the superiority of his talents, makes no man think worse of himself by being his rival, seems always ready to listen, does not oblige you to hear much from him, and never opposes what you say."

With Rockingham and Burke it was a case of the tail wagging the dog, but Burke and Rockingham understood each other, and always remained firm friends.

I believe it was John J. Ingalls who said America had never elected but one first-class man for President, and he was chosen only because he was unknown.

Rockingham could neither make a speech nor write a readable article; but he was kindly disposed, honest, and intelligent, and had a gracious and winning presence. He lives in history to-day chiefly because Edmund Burke was associated with him.

Burke was too big a man for Premier—such men have to be kept in subjection—the popular will is wise. Men like Burke make enemies—common folk cannot follow them in their flights, and in their presence we feel "like a farmer in the presence of a sleight-of-hand man."

To have life and life in abundance is the prayer of every strong and valiant soul. But men are forever moving away from life, getting into "positions," monasteries, communities, and now and again cutting the cable of existence by suicide. The man who commits suicide usually leaves a letter giving a reason—most any reason is sufficient—he was looking for a reason and when he thought he found it, he seized upon it.

Life to Edmund Burke was the gracious gift of the gods, and he was grateful for it. He ripened slowly.

Arrested development never caught him—all the days of his life his mind was expanding and reaching out, touching every phase of human existence. Nothing

was foreign to him, nothing that related to human existence was small or insignificant. When the home thrust was made that Ireland had not suffered more through the absenteeism of her landlords than through the absenteeism of her men of genius, Burke made the reply that Ireland needed friends in the House of Commons more than at home. Burke loved Ireland to the last, and his fine loyalty to her people doubtless cost him a seat in the cabinet. In moments of passion, his tongue took on a touch of the old sod, which gave Fox an opportunity of introducing a small bull, "Burke's brogue is worth going miles to see." And once when Burke was speaking of America he referred to the wonderful forests, "where the hand of man had never trod," Fox arose to a point of order. And this was a good deal wiser on the part of Fox than to try to meet his man in serious debate.

Burke's was not the primrose path of dalliance. He fought his way inch by inch. Often it was a dozen to one against him. In one speech he said, "The minister comes down in state attended by beasts clean and unclean. He opens his budget and edifies us with a speech—one half the house goes away. A second gentleman gets up and another half goes, and the third gentleman launches a speech that rids the house of another half."

A loud laugh here came in, and Burke stopped and said he was most happy if a small dehorned Irish bull of his could put the House in such a good humor, and went on with his speech. Soon, however, there were cries of "Shame!" from the Tories, who thought Burke was speaking disrespectfully of the King.

Burke paused and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have not spoken of the King except in high esteem—I prize my head too well for that. But I do not think it necessary that I should bow down to his man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox nor his ass"—and he fixed his intrepid gaze upon the chief offender.

Nature's best use for genius is to make other men think; and to stir things up so sedimentation does not take place; to break the anchilosis of self-complacency; and start the stream of public opinion running so it will purify itself.

Burke was an agitator—not a leader. He had the great gift of exaggeration, without which no man can be a great orator. He painted the picture large, and put the matter in a way that compelled attention. For thirty years he was the most prominent figure in English politics—no great measure could be passed without counting on him. His influence held dishonesty in check, and made oppression pause.

History is usually written from one of three points of view—political, literary and economic. Macaulay stands for the first, Taine the second, Buckle the third. Each writer considers his subject supreme. When we speak of the history of a country we usually refer to its statesmen.

Politicians live the lives of moths as compared with the lasting influence of commerce that feeds, houses and clothes, says Buckle.

Rulers govern, but it is literature that enlightens, says Taine.

Literature and commerce are made possible only through the wisdom of statesmen, says Macaulay.

Edmund Burke's business was statecraft, his play was letters; but he lives for us through letters. He had two sets of ardent friends, his political associates, and that other little group of literary cronies made up of Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, Reynolds and Garrick.

With these his soul was free—his sense of sublimity then found wings—the vocabulary of Johnson, the purling poetry of Goldsmith, the grace of Garrick's, mimicry, the miracle of Reynold's pencil and brush—these ministered to his hungry heart.

They were forms of expression.

All life is an expression of spirit.

Burke's life was dedicated to expression.

He expressed through speech, personal presence and through written words. Who ever expressed in these ways so well? And—stay!—who ever had so much that was worth while to express?



THE WOMAN WHOM WE LOVE

BY ROY FARREL GREEN.

SHE'S not "an angel in disguise,"
Though maiden pure, she's woman-wise.
We know with jealousy and hate
Her heart's invested, that they wait
To be unleashed by cruel Fate.
We know the only bar's restraint
Between a demon and a saint.
Though sweetly tempered, well we know
Within her anger's coals could glow
To fiery heat if cause should grow.
Yet praise is loud and carplings faint
Because—because we love her so!

We call her sweet and pure and good,
The highest type of womanhood.
And yet we know that follies sway
And frailties rule her day by day
In spite of all we do or say.
We know, in line with Nature's laws,
Her mind and soul hath many flaws;
And yet these thoughts to rest we lull
And praise's richest blossoms cull
To crown our woman—wonderful.
She's perfect in our eyes because
Her every fault is lovable!



WATTEAU TO WHITECHAPEL

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

THE Whitechapel that sent waves of fear over our polite world, some years ago, would now be hard to find. To the careless eye of the present, it remains merely an average section of an average poverty-tenanted quarter. It has not even the appearance of a slum. You may walk the Mile End road as unmolested as you walk Park Lane. Streets have been widened, plague-spotted tenements torn down. Apparently it is as uninteresting as Second avenue, in New York, or Clark street, in Chicago. There are countless shop-legends that suggest the Ghetto and far-off Soho, but there is also a spick and span Art Gallery magnificently laying the ghosts of bygone "Jacks," yclept "Springheel" and "Ripper." For the properly enquiring spirit, however, Whitechapel still holds its individual flavor, clear and strong. It is to Whitechapel that I owe the richest evening of my London life. An evening so rich in color and character that I can scarce give more than a faint sketch of it.

That my introduction to the beating heart of Whitechapel should have come as it did is part of the irony of things, the irony of which that Art Gallery is a note. It was neither a coster from the Mile End road, nor a Hooligan from Lambeth walk, nor yet Phil May and his cigar that lit the way to Whitechapel for me. No; it was none of these. It was, instead, the most dapper dilettante of my whilom acquaintance. For the sake of the ridiculous contrast, let me emphasize him a little. He was bloodless of complexion, small in stature, delicate in hands and feet and speech. He had been a tutor to the younger sons of the aristocracy; he was of the tutor type wedded to the dilettante type. His English was beautiful in intonation and sweetness

until you began to tire of the ineffable evenness of it. He had been much on the European continent; he was un-English in his manners and in his artistic likes. He had written a mild monograph on Watteau. Un-English as his ideals were in art, he was utterly English on other details; he scouted life in Paris, or French cooking and the like, with the blighting phrase: "We don't care much for Paris." That was his sweeping sentence on all alien things: "We don't care much for it," meaning "We English," and lordly-wise arrogating to himself the expression of All England's opinion. He had a little Vandyke beard, his hands were quite white, and he wore a soft hat of the Hombourg style. When he was not debating the advisability of abolishing the House of Commons in favor of a second House of Lords, he was, I presumed, considering the merits and demerits of such American millionaires as Morgan and Yerkes from the point of view of one anxious to sell the newest discovery in Gainsboroughs. When he approached me, on that afternoon, I thought surely it was for the purpose of sounding my peculiar ignorance of both these estimable collectors; I was prepared to tell him that I had met Mrs. Yerkes, by way of Van Beers, and that I had once stroked a collie that had belonged to Mr. Morgan. But it was not of plutocrats or pictures that the Dapper Dilettante was then musing. "Do you care," said he, "for boxing?" You may imagine my surprise. "There is to be some boxing," he went on, "to-night, in Whitechapel." He showed me a letter from the manager of a hall. It was a delicious example in the non-committal. "Yes," it ran, "there will be an Entertainment this evening, and we shall be glad to see you." So non-committal was the note that we hesitated a little; it seemed hardly worth braving Whitechapel only to find some dull music-hall programme in performance. Finally we determined on risking it.

The only modern conveyance in London, the two-penny tube, shot us from Park Lane's gateway, the Marble arch, to the Bank, and thence we fared by omnibus to Wonderland. That was the actual name, Wonderland. The Wonderland is in Whitechapel. It had been a music-hall, and for aught I know it may be one again. But on that evening there was another sort of entertainment.

The moment we entered the outer doors we were conspicuous. We were "toffs;" there was no disguising it; we were "toffs." We wore collars. Also we were prepared to pay two shillings for one evening's entertainment. We were importantly, impressively handed from one functionary to another. These functionaries were all intensely Hebraic, intensely polite, intensely pressed for time, intensely glittering under a huge star pinned over a breast. All about us pressed and swore and smoked the bulwarks of the British people, thick-set bullet-headed costers and sporting amateurs from every one of the plainer walks of life, and the be-starred functionaries did not mean to let a single one of these bulwarks do anything but enter and join the waves of smoke within. So we were hustled to our places speedily. Outside, the mob still crushed and jostled; gradually the hall filled to the very rafters.

We found ourselves in the front row, facing the ring. All about us tobacco smoke hung like a fog. Through that fog one saw the hundreds of eager faces, and heard the buzz of cockney speech. The collars in the place might have been counted on one's fingers. The fashionable neckwear was of cloth, dim in hue, and knotted loosely at chin, under the ear, anywhere. Derby hats or dicers were as rare as collars; caps of all the sombre, indefinite tints prevailed. Smoke everywhere. The faces were weather-beaten, town-toughened, hard, brutal, too, but not bad. I contrasted with

this assemblage a typical American counterpart still fairly vivid in my memory, one that witnessed the Abell-Yanger bout at Charlie Haughton's Coliseum, in St. Louis, in the spring of 1902. The comparison was not fair, in many ways, since this was Whitechapel and not the National Sporting Club; it is in the latter place that one sees guardsmen and their kind putting on the gloves before the well-to-do patrons of fisties. The well-to-do patron was conspicuously scarce in this Whitechapel hall. There was nothing to correspond to the stout, sleek persons who on the American side make up the huge world where politics, pugilism and gambling meet and mingle. That well-fed, smoothly dressed type was not in evidence. No; this was the Great Unwashed, the British Public from the barrows of Covent Garden, the docks of the Thames, and the sweatshops of Whitechapel. The only touch that reminded one of America was supplied by the fact that the proprietor of the hall was a Jew, and nearly all the attendants were of his race.

The ring was strictly for use; there was nothing ornamental about it. The attendants, with their towels and sponges, wore simply trousers and undershirts; there were few refinements. It appeared that the entertainment had already begun. It was during an interval between two bouts that we had taken our seats and begun our observations. Now there loomed upon us a memorable figure. It was the Master of Ceremonies.

This Master of Ceremonies brought back the days of the Chairman in the old Music Halls before the programme came in. If you want to know how it was in the days of yore in Music-hall-land, your only chance is to seek out some such haunt of the pugilistic British public as we found in Whitechapel that night. The Master of Ceremonies is called generally the M. C. for short. Resplendent in evening clothes and a huge Parisian diamond star on his breast, he mounted the platform and held up his hand. Gradually the cockney rumblings died down.

"Next, I 'ave the pleasure of interducin' Cockney Joe and Bill Smith. Cockney Joe on my left; Bill Smith on my right. Cockney Joe of Camberwell; Bill Smith of Putney. You all knows 'em, and what they can do. Six rounds. Referee and timekeeper as before!"

Whereupon two awkward looking gentlemen slouch across the ring, doff a garment or two, chiefly consisting of neck-cloth, shake hands and begin. The science is nothing wonderful, but the genuineness of the encounter there is no gainsaying. The fighting is for blood and verdict, not for money or chicane. All through the rounds the cheering and shouting are as interesting as is the actual pugilism. One thing is unmistakable, the British delight in fair-play. Good points are roundly cheered, attempts at wrestling or staying too long in the clinches are jeered at. Some four or five of these six-round bouts are fought preliminary to the great event of the evening. Some are between youngsters still in their 'teens apparently, some between veritable ancients. The names of the contestants are in themselves a treat. I wish I could remember them. One encounter was between a staunch youngster and a relic of other days, whom the M. C. introduced for the great work he had done years ago, when he had once stood up to Jem Mace. Well-preserved as this ancient seemed when he stripped, he fought so wildly, was so soon visibly exhausted, that the decision, in mercy to him, was very quickly given in his opponent's favor. But how they cheered! And how quaint sounded always that stereotyped monition from the Master of Ceremonies:

"Now then, hands together for the plucky loser!"

In between the rounds, waiters of all sorts and conditions circulated between the benches. Concerning the viands and liquors so dispensed the Dapper

Dilettante had already warned me. He intimated that it was dangerous to life and peace not to buy of these offerings. Yet I determined to resist, if possible. And I must set it down in justice to the Great Majority on that occasion that, though I was coward and niggard enough to buy nothing, I was yet allowed to escape without so much as a sarcasm for punishment. Especially had I been warned anent the stewed eels. To that warning I would, indeed, add my own now and here. Save for the hardened adventurer into the regions of Darkest Cooking, the stewed eel of Whitechapel is not to be commended. I am not narrow in my appetites; the nationality of a dainty never confounds me; I would as soon eat rats as frogs, if they seemed daintily presented; but at the stewed eel I admit I quailed. I shall not try to describe its gray and vague appearance. I thought of London fog in process of liquefaction; and I thought, also, of a melancholy oyster I once absorbed from a barrow under the Brixton railway-arch to the sound of a deranged cornet. I recall the phrase of a famous epicure, but I recall, equally, my own emotions, and I repeat that there is nothing more dismal in life than to eat a bad oyster to the tone of trumpets. All these chaotic shreds of thought assailed me while the hoarse waiter held me the cup of stewed eels; stoutly I resisted him and his temptings. Not that I would decry the eel as food. By no means. I have eaten smoked eels in Pomerania that were as sweet as the whitest of flesh and the exactest art in smoking could make them; I have enjoyed broiled eels from the Connecticut; and I am at all times ready to assert my appreciation of those dishes. But the stewed eel of Whitechapel ranks, with me, as does the lowest ratio in the following anecdote:

An honest grocerman to a would-be purchaser of eggs, thus: "Eggs, sir? Yes sir. Which'll you 'ave, sir, country eggs at fourpence, fresh eggs at thruppence, Danish eggs at tuppence, or The Egg at a penny?" With "The Egg at a penny" I must hereafter rank the stewed eel of Whitechapel as "The Eel."

Nor did the constant flow of "bitters" lure me. I feasted on quite other things. On the untrammelled humanity all about me, on the appetite for stewed eels displayed by the majority, on the thirst for bitter beer everywhere prevalent, on the solidity of the tobacco qualms. Over and above the chattering and clinking came the voice of the waiters with their eels and their beer. This was their formula, full of delicate imagery, smacking of flattery, tickling the vanity of the caps and the neck-cloths:

"I'm 'ere, toffs, I'm 'ere!"

The beautiful simplicity of that cry! Slang, the world over, cuts always straight to the center of things. It is folly to think that the slang of one country is especially ahead of that of another. Consider our own famous political phrase "What are we here for?" It has its counterpart in the brief obviousness of:

"I'm 'ere, toffs, I'm 'ere!"

Let the word "toff" be spoken in anger, in insult, and what a chasm it at once opens between the gentleman of the neck-cloth and the gentleman of collars and cuffs. But spoken thus, in delicate appeal, what soothing balm to the egoism of even the neck-cloth!

The main affair of the evening was for a matter of ten rounds between one Jewy Cook and a Gentile whose first name only I recall. It was Ernest, shortened by all into "Ernie." Everybody, in this bout as in all the others, knew everybody else. It was "Go it Ernie!" "Now then Jewy!" all the time. The genial enthusiast who yells "Kill him, kill him!" was not absent. He is the same all over the world, in Whitechapel or Coney Island. But the order held by the Master of Ceremonies in the face of these apparent ruffians—for to the hasty judgment of sleek citizens from other grades in life they may well have seemed

only ruffians—was something admirable. He quelled the fiercest shouts, the deepest mutterings. Before this main bout he showed his high authority sharply: "All gentlemen will now stop smokin' so all present may be able to see the event of the evening, ten rounds between Jewey Cook and Ernie Soandso." This was indeed a desperate battle. The Jew was bull-necked, broad-shouldered, huge; he looked easily the winner. His opponent was lithe, taller, thinner. He smiled constantly; the Jew looked like murder. Ernie had the science—that was plain from the start. The Jew meant desperate mischief; he went brutally at the hammer-and-tongs game; more than once it looked as if he had the other at his mercy. But skill kept Ernie just safe, and all the time the bigger fellow, the huger machine, the fiercer fury, was losing steam and stamina. Ernie showed his mettle constantly, and gradually, if surely, the balance of effective blows were to his credit. The Jew took refuge in desperate, time-killing clinches—so much so, that, for the first time that evening, the referee, a plain, stout person, had to step into the ring and constantly separate the combatants by passing between them.

The public was well divided in its favor. Both men had great records locally. My next neighbor, on the other side from the Dapper Dilettante, was, strangely enough, a huge Frenchman. He was constantly needing my help to tell him who the contestants were, and constantly, when the main bout arrived, assuring me that Jewey Cook would half kill his opponent. But he was destined to disappointment. By his science and staying, his keeping his head and not allowing himself to be borne down in the last clinching rushes of the now maddened bull he was fighting, Ernie obtained the verdict to the roar of a hallful of cheers. Then, upon the stereotyped request of the Master of Ceremonies, a strange thing happened. For the loser there came something between silence and hisses. I knew well enough what it meant. The British public simply had not liked the way Cook had fought. He had been unfair in his clinching tactics, and they knew it. That was what they resented. But the Master of Ceremonies motioned for silence. He introduced Mr. Jacobs, the proprietor of the hall, a youthful, keen-faced fellow of Cook's breed.

"You've seen many hard fights Cook has fought in this hall, gents, and you've never seen him refuse a fair fight in his life; you never saw him shirk his work, and you've seen him meet many good men and beat them, in this very hall; and I'm surprised the way you treats him when he loses. Gents, all hands together for the loser."

Put in that way, and reminded of his past performances, the public put its hands together. But, *pace* Mr. Jacobs, that was not the point, and he must have known it. It was the fight they had just seen that they resented the methods of. And when the British public resents, in fisticuffs or theatricals, it hisses.

It was an incident not down on the programme, however, that was most memorable. About midway of the preliminary bouts, after the Master of Ceremonies had announced the names of the two coming contestants, there ran through the hall first groans, then hisses. It developed that one of the contestants was a substitute. The name on the programme was that of a public favorite; the public wanted him, not another, or they would know the reason why. The Master of Ceremonies explained at great length. The proprietor, Mr. Jacobs, always tried to keep faith with his patrons; he held to his promises invariably. But in this case they were unexpectedly disappointed. The boxer in question had been offered a chance to go on at the National Sporting Club the following Saturday, provided he missed to-night's engagement. It meant twenty-five pounds to him—that was what the Na-

tional Sporting Club offered him. After the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Jacobs himself stepped upon the platform and repeated these assurances, with the additional fact that to prove his good faith he had persuaded the boxer to appear before them that evening and speak for himself and testify to the facts already stated. It was all very entertaining, to the complete outsider. But suddenly, in the midst of Mr. Jacobs' explanation, a voice cried out from somewhere in the hall, rudely and profanely announcing that it was all a skin-game. Mr. Jacobs went white, but said nothing just then. The boxer was introduced; shuffled from one foot to the other; made his halting, though evidently veracious explanation, insisting chiefly on the twenty-five pounds at stake, an argument that did not fail to move his hearers. They let him escape with a hearty cheer. But Mr. Jacobs, still white, held up his hand again.

"You all heard," he said, "a remark that was passed in this hall while I was speakin' a while ago, and you all heard the meanin' of them remarks. And I want to tell you that I know who passed that remark, and though he's got more money than me, I want to tell you that he don't never come in this hall again." He glared at a benevolent Hebrew sitting exactly opposite us, next the ringside. "I mean Mr. Mordecai, and he knows I mean what I says."

Whereon the fight proceeded. It was entirely unimportant. The substitute, an Irish lad with red hair, his name Fitzgerald, was plucky, but nothing more. The public cheered the loser heartily. Meanwhile I considered the face of Mr. Mordecai. If ever a person looked the one unlikely to have made the remark that all had heard, it was Mr. Mordecai. Of all the faces in that room his was the most distinctly benevolent; the face of a kindly, shrewd Hebrew who had amassed money in trade. He seemed a very John Wanamaker of Whitechapel. About him buzzed friends; conversation and explanation buzzed all about him; it was evident that tremendous matters were in the air. He looked like an injured child. His mild eyes, his white whiskers, all seemed to plead his entire ignorance of what the disturbance was about. The white heat of passion was all this time dying from Mr. Jacobs, and the calm light of reason, to say nothing of friendly counsel, began to exert sway. So that at the end of the bout wherein the red Fitzgerald suffered defeat, the public was again warned into silence.

"You all hears the remark I passes in this hall concerning Mr. Mordecai," said Mr. Jacobs. "I finds I makes a mistake concerning who passed the remark made while I was speakin', and the remark was not made by Mr. Mordecai. I wishes to state that I now knows who made that remark and I'll settle with him later. But, me bein' a gentleman, and havin' made the statement I did touching on Mr. Mordecai, I will now apologize before you all, and Mr. Mordecai, also bein' a gentleman, will accept my apology before you all, and bein' gentlemen both we will drink each others' healths, after which we passes the bottle among you."

And there, before all the hall, the hawk-eyed Mr. Jacobs and the benevolent Mr. Mordecai drank to each other from glasses that had been filled for them out of one bottle, and the entire hall roared in cheers, while the whisky bottle was seized to pass from mouth to mouth and become the occasion of as near a riot as the hall saw that night. Finally one of the waiters, so that the business of the evening might go on, was forced to rescue the bottle and its dregs from the very lips of the thirsty soul who was struggling for its retention.

So, in peace and perfect amity, ended this lovely episode. It was one of the most delicious expositions of gentility in my experience. The hard emphasis on

the "gentleman" was so eloquent of the ambition of even Whitechapel.

When all was over, the Dapper Dilettante and I, making for the door, were suddenly overtaken by a great rush and trampling, a shouting and crying. We thought that, after all, after the gentility, and the politeness, we were in for a riot. Had the police interfered, at the very close of it all? But no; a be-starred attendant took us, rushed us safely to the street, and thence we beheld the flying wedge that followed; it was merely the British public bringing forth upon their back "Ernie" the victor, in triumph!

The morrow might bring Watteau, but what was Watteau to Whitechapel? I did not philosophize upon this to the Dapper Dilettante as we proceeded home, but I was muchly minded to do so. We had been in the flesh and blood of men and matters; the frills, in the dimness of the night we entered, looked petty and puerile.



THE GREAT ORDER OF THINGS

BY LOUIS F. POST.

WE live in a time when Deborah's allegorical allusion to the rout of Sisera is big with meaning. Even as "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," so do the eternal forces of moral righteousness, circling majestically on in their appointed orbits, fight against the sordid utilitarianism that holds the moral sense of our generation in captivity. The victory of right over seeming might is thus assured. At all times when "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera," his chariots however numerous and his hosts however mighty, are predestined to utter destruction.

There is a great order of things. As to this all doubt has vanished with reference to the material universe. Fighting with "the stars in their courses," materialistic science has upon this distinctive plane of human experience routed the Siserian hosts. The powers that came of a bigoted rejection of rational truth promoted by a priestly utilitarianism in the disguise of religious faith, those old forces generated by a union of superstitious credulity and irrational incredulity, have here yielded to an enlightened recognition of the dominance of natural law.

We know now that the material universe, from largest to least, is a universe of law—invariable law. Except in obedience thereto, no man—whether greatest of inventors or humblest of mechanics—would any longer think of pursuing his vocation. He perceives that disobedience would but waste his labor and cripple his powers. He realizes that it is as he conforms, and only as he conforms, to the laws of matter, that his undertakings in the utilization of matter can succeed. He knows that unless he harmonizes his efforts with "the stars in their courses," all he attempts, promising though it may seem at first to be, must utterly fail. In the sphere of material things, disobedience to natural law is fully seen to be as a process self-destructive and as a result impossible.

The law of gravitation, for instance, always holds sway. It can be neither frustrated nor disturbed. Whether we work with it and build ourselves a house, or defy it and dash our bodies to pulp at the foot of a precipice, it is the same law working irresistibly in the same way. It serves the just and the unjust, the righteous and the unrighteous, those who seek its aid for construction and those who seek it for destruction. All these it serves alike, according to their several purposes. If they would build for themselves, they have but to go rightly about it and the law of gravitation helps them. If they would destroy themselves, it permits them to do so. But its constant lesson is the in-

variableness of its processes, the wasteful futility of opposition, the splendid possibilities of conformity. "The stars in their courses" fight against every Sisera who defies this or any other law of the natural universe.

So it is, also, in the moral universe. There, too, the great order of things holds resistless sway. Its laws, analogous to the courses of planets and suns, no human power can overcome, nor any antagonism disturb. More than that. Not only is the moral universe, equally with the material, a universe of invariable law, but its laws are sovereign over those of matter. This must be so, for matter is merely a medium for the expression of moral purpose. Except as it is subservient to that end, its existence is inexplicable upon the hypothesis of universal design.

As certainly as physical law dominates matter does moral law dominate the physical. Though conformity to the laws of matter alone will enable us, for illustration, to forge a knife of keenest blade, the uses of the knife—without which it has no reason for existing and would not be made—fall within the jurisdiction of moral law. We may use it to carve things that minister to human needs or the human sense of beauty, thus serving our brethren and moulding our own characters more and more in the divine likeness, while conquering the stubbornness of external nature; or we may make it an implement for torture and murder. In the one case we advance in moral righteousness by conformity to the moral law. "The stars in their courses" fight with us. In the other case, we defy the moral law. But we cannot overcome it, for "the stars in their courses" fight against us. Though the torture be inflicted and the murder done, the unrighteous purpose they were intended to serve will in the outcome inevitably fail. The stars in their immutable courses fight always and everywhere against Sisera.

Unrighteous we may be in thought and deed, but we can no more establish anywhere in the universe the sovereign sway of moral unrighteousness, of moral lawlessness, of moral disorder, than we could establish the sway of material lawlessness upon the plane of physics. The enemies of Sisera, though captive for a time, cannot fail if their cause is allied to "the stars in their courses." Be their cause what it may, whether material or moral, that of an inventor, like the unknown discoverer of fire, or the forgotten maker of the first wheelbarrow, of a persecuted and disheartened explorer, like Columbus, of patriots on the scaffold or of saints upon the rack, of the philosopher with his deadly potion of hemlock, or the Nazarene carpenter upon the cross—whatever the cause, it always has and always must conquer, in so far as it is in harmony with the great order of things.

That this universal truth lacks recognition as such, is evident from the manifest tendency to subordinate what is morally right to what seems to be practically more expedient, to displace loyalty to moral principles with slavery to material utilities—in a comprehensive phrase, to place utilitarianism above idealism.

That this is the marked tendency of the time, no one who observes can doubt. It may be seen not alone in the counting house, where utilitarianism has a proper and useful abode, but in places where moral ideals should rule. Great statesmen care much for commercial advantages and little or nothing for moral checks and balances. School teachers inculcate love of commercial success at the expense of moral aspirations. From the chairs of political economy in our colleges, the subject of correlative rights and duties in the body politic is marked "taboo," while professor and text writer go far afield in search of plausible excuses and confusing arguments in behalf of privileged classes. Even the pulpit has come to justify Swinburne's bitter rebuke when he wrote of "a Christian church that spits on Christ."

As for "the man in the street," he makes no pretense of being anything but a sordid utilitarian in every fibre of his body and in all the recesses of his soul. He may tell you of the wisdom of honesty in business; but he extols honesty merely because it is wise, merely because it is expedient, merely because it is the best policy, merely because it pays. You never hear him commending it simply because it is right. How can we avoid the feeling that if such men should come to regard dishonesty as the better policy, they would be dangerous persons to meet alone on a dark night if you had something which they wanted and had the power to take? How is it possible to avoid the feeling that, notwithstanding all their preachments about the common kind of honesty that pays, their conduct regarding the finer kinds that do not seem to pay would rarely bear inspection?

In every class of society, from top to bottom, and apparently with almost every person in each class, the old appeal to rights and duties seems to have lost its potency. We are accounted dreamers and fools if we urge the righteousness of any cause as a reason for adopting it. The uppermost question everywhere is whether the cause will pay. If it apparently will, then if it is also morally right, so much the better; but if it apparently will not, then the fact that it is morally right cuts no figure. This accounts for the popularity of statistics. So insanely sordid have we become that in dealing with statistics we not only always ignore the moral factor, but frequently the mathematical one also. Statistics that show pay dirt are pretty apt to go, no matter how repugnant they may be both to common sense and the plain principles of morality.

As a rule, however, the utilitarianism of the day fully recognizes the dominance of natural law in the material universe in which it seeks to make mankind captive. It realizes the necessity of conforming to the great order of things in its physical aspects. What it ignores, is the predominance of moral law. "Ignores" is hardly the word. Its attitude toward the moral law is one of defiance.

But this is only a passing phase. It is the swing of the pendulum back from the crude conceptions of moral righteousness in the social world which prevailed during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth—a swing which, though backward in one sense is forward in another, for it touches a higher conception of utilitarianism than that which preceded the idealism it has displaced. The return swing is sure to come. Then society will have a better appreciation of correlative rights and duties, a clearer perception of the moral law, and a wider and truer vision of its relationships than have ever come to any but the seers who have gone up into the mountain tops with God.

If utilitarianism has any sway, it is not because it is sordid, but because, with all its sordidness, it represents what to idealism is as body to soul. Idealism can express itself in this material world only through utilitarianism. If at one time the ideal seems predominant and at another the material, it is because our conceptions of both are advancing through action and reaction.

That which I have likened to a swinging pendulum is as the ebb and flow of battle. Now one side seems to have the victory and now the other. But in this battle, whatever is true and good in both sides will conquer. For there is good and truth in both utilitarianism and idealism, and for the good and truth in each "the stars in their courses" fight against Sisera. Whatever is imperfect, inadequate, narrow, indefinite and one-sided in our conceptions of the ideal, is improved, expanded, broadened, defined and rounded out with every succeeding reaction from utilitarian epochs; while whatever is sordid in our utilitarian practice and

precept is in turn sloughed off by better and better ideals.

In this great struggle which leads on toward general recognition of the dominion of the highest ideals of morality over the truest utilities of physical existence, toward the same recognition by man of the moral law that he has already given to physical law, toward the adaptation of material righteousness to moral righteousness, toward the natural adjustment of human relationships both individual and social—in this battle for freedom from defective ideals and a sordid utilitarianism, many there be that fight with Sisera. But they cannot alter the predominant law. "The stars in their courses" fight against them. They are doomed to defeat by those who, few in number though they be, attach themselves to the causes that harmonize with the great order of things.



WHOSO DIGGETH A PIT

BY SHEPPARD STEVENS

ST. PAUL, June.

My Dear Elise:

What do think has happened? Jim has written from Colorado announcing his engagement, and I am in despair over it. Oh yes, I fully understand that it isn't a subject over which to set up a tragic wail, rather one in which the families are wont to sound the trumpet, smite the timbrels, and dance in solemn, religious thanksgiving about the intended victims. Heaven knows why, even under the most promising circumstances, such should be the case. As well rejoice to see two foolish people sit down to gamble with each other, staking their all on a throw of a dice. Better, in fact, in that case; if one loses the other gains, whereas in marriage if one loses, the other is almost certainly involved in the ruin. Mother accuses me of cynicism when I say this, and she looks a reproach on my maidenhood which she is too polite or too gentle-hearted to utter.

But I wander from Jim and his engagement. As you know, the doctor became alarmed at the condition of his lungs, about a year ago—immediately after that severe attack of pneumonia—and ordered him to Colorado to stay two years. This is the result; propinquity is the cause, and the other offender in the case is the daughter of the landlord of the little hotel where Jim has been stopping. Now can't you see the whole thing as if it were before you? He probably never noticed the girl during the summer, while the hotel was full of guests, not until the winter came on and the place was deserted and drifted in deep snow; then he discovered that she was not so bad looking, and could play a bit on the piano. He loaned her his favorite books, and she, poor thing, tried to understand and appreciate them. Then the teacher, which lies dormant in all men, awoke, and he read with her, and expounded to her. Possibly she showed improvement under this and Jim began to regard her as his handiwork, and feel within himself the expanding joys of a creator. On her side, she probably coddled him not a little, as he was far from well, and cooked things for him. Made him feel, in fact, like a kitten near a warm oven. All of which results in to-day's letter in which he tells mother that he is going to bring her a new daughter and begs for her a warm and loving reception. He says: "I know that she has had few of the advantages which fall to the lot of the girls we know. I am aware also that her family in a social sense has no position, but I love her, mother, and so will you when you see how sweet and womanly she is."

Elise, when I read this, I fairly flung his letter on the floor and executed a solemn war dance of rage over it. "Womanly!" I hate the word. It belongs

with "nice," and "frumpy," and "dowdy," and "wholly impossible." Jim *shall* not marry her, and I said as much there, over his prostrate letter, at which mother looked mightily grieved.

"Hannah, Hannah," she remonstrated in her dear, gentle way, "how can you speak so, how can you act so? Jim has a perfect right to marry as he pleases; *he* is marrying her and not the family, therefore, he should have, at least, the right of choice. I will accept her and treat her as a dear daughter, so say no more about the matter."

I should have stood rebuked at this, but I did not, nor have I relinquished my determination to put an end to this affair, if it is possible. It is all very well for mother to say that Jim is marrying her, and not mother and I and Horace, but "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." I know this speech had a much broader application in its first saying, but where is it more concretely true than in the close union of the family?

I am not a snob, Elise—at least I think I am not—I really don't know what I am—but I do know that I don't want Jim to marry and bring home a perfectly hopeless specimen and thereby spoil his life. For Jim is fastidious to a degree, and when he brings this girl in contact with people of his own kind, and measures her against them, he must inevitably feel the difference. It is for the girl's good as well, that this matter should end where it is, for if a man cannot feel a pride in his wife, she loses her greatest safeguard for keeping him faithful in thought, if not in deed.

I have written to Horace in this mail. By the blood of the McEwans of Ewan I have adjured him to find a way to stop Jim from spoiling his life. And you, Elise, put your wits to work and suggest some line of action to your distracted friend

Hannah McEwan.

P. S. There is one glimmer of hope in my desert of despair. The wedding is not to come off until fall. We have a summer before us in which to plot.

H.

II.

CHICAGO, June 16, 189—

My Dear Hannah:

I feel as if a cyclone had descended upon me, caught me up into space where I am now whirling, with my usually staid belongings revolving about me as satellites. Really I don't think there is much exaggeration in that simile, for Horace McEwan is certainly cyclonic in his methods. Shortly after the arrival of your jeremiad, he fell upon me, so to speak, unannounced, in the library, where I was seeking a cool spot in which to finish a novel.

I met him with outstretched hand, your letter waving in it like a flag of truce. "I know Horace; Hannah has written me the whole story," I said.

"So much the better," he said, dropping into a chair. "We can proceed at once to business."

And proceed to business he did. Now what do you think that he proposed, and I accepted, is even now almost an accomplished fact? That I should take Ethel and go to Colorado for the summer and play the part of Fate in upsetting Master Jim's plans. When Horace first broached the subject I promise you I worked myself into a fine state of indignation at the suggestion. Before I could relieve myself of even my first withering speech, the cyclonic Horace whirled me off again.

"Now don't misunderstand me, Mrs. Curwen. I do not, nor could I, propose to you to interfere in my brother's affairs in any manner whatsoever, but I know of no woman whose silent influence would so militate against an unsuitable match, nor do I know of any woman whose perfection of refinement would better serve as a foil to show off the lack of these

qualities in another. Naturally, being so intimate a friend of Hannah's and mine, Jim will be thrown much with you. I hope more from his own good sense, when his eyes are open, than anything which we could say or do."

After which lovely speech, what could I, but consent, with the proviso of Robert's approval.

As it happens, Robert is obliged to be in New York for six weeks over the patent infringement, and Ethel is far from well. I was forced to take her from school before the term closed and the doctor strongly advised bracing air. So, for all these reasons and because I think I will enjoy the little excitement, my passes are now lying before me, enclosed in a note from Horace, and a telegram is speeding over the wires to engage a room for me at —Hotel—Col.

Now, did you ever hear of such a wild goose chase? And I do not even know Jim, except photographically. He has never been at home on any of my visits to you, nor have I been here when he has paid his brief visits to Horace.

My dear, I haven't an idea that my being there can either make or mar anything and I feel like an impostor in accepting Horace's commission; moreover, his unbounded faith in me is appalling. Should the desired state of things refuse to evolve, I may decide to take Ethel and disappear into oblivion, rather than come back to face the look of reproach which Horace will surely cast upon me.

Now, dear, I must stop, as we are leaving, next week, and you can imagine that there is much to do to get both Ethel and myself ready on such short notice.

Affectionately yours,

Elise W. Curwen.

III.

ST. PAUL, June 18, 189—

Dear Elise:

Now Allah be praised!! Who but Horace, the Napoleon of the family would ever have conceived so brilliant a scheme for the redemption of the McEwans? Victory is already ours. My blessing be upon you. I am even now writing to Jim to tell him of your coming and to commend you to his good offices.

Yours, in gratitude and affection,

Hannah.

IV.

My Dear Jim:

This is just a hasty note to tell you that my friend Mrs. Curwen is starting for—next week, where she expects to stop for two months and possibly more. Horace has recommended the little hotel at which you are stopping, both because of your good reports of it and because being in the same house with you will enable you to render her any service or attention of which she may stand in need. Thank Heaven, Jim, it is not necessary to dilate to you on the subject of your social duties, for you are ever a model in this direction. I will therefore only remind you that Mrs. Curwen is my most beloved friend, besides being the wife of Horace's partner. She has therefore every claim on your consideration and I hope you will leave undone nothing that may conduce to her pleasure and comfort while she is in Colorado.

Lovingly,

Hannah.

V.

—COLORADO, June 24, 18—

My Darling:

How glad I am that is the last letter I shall write—and only three days must pass before I can again hold speech with you. This two weeks has been very long for me, Nellie. After a year of daily association, to be parted from you even for such a little time seems like tearing a bit of my life away. I have a sweet

letter from mother waiting for you, in which she tells you how dear you are to her already, because you are to me; also one from Hannah, full of good wishes for our happiness. I will not send them, as I am reserving to myself the pleasure of reading them to you.

Have also a hasty note from Hannah, received this morning, which contains some disturbing news. She writes that her friend, Mrs. Curwen, is coming to spend the summer, and she lays upon me the strictest injunctions to do everything in my power for her. I think Mrs. C. is a middle aged woman and will therefore probably spend most of her time sitting on the porch, pulling worsted through holes with a little ivory hook—what do you call it—crocheting?—or walking vigorously for miles in the early morning to reduce her flesh. So I hope and believe she will not interfere greatly with our studies. It is such a joy to go over these subjects with you and feel your vivid interest in them. Goodbye for three long days, dear Nellie, and then—

Lovingly,

Jim.

VI.

—HOTEL, —, COLORADO, July 1, 18—

My Dear Hannah:

True to my promise to send you a weekly bulletin of the war in Colorado, I sit down this heavenly morning to write, though I have, of course, little to tell you beyond describing the appearance of the sister-in-law elect and giving you my impression of her; but to begin at the beginning in proper fashion.

I reached here yesterday at 2 p. m. and came directly to the hotel. On being ushered to my rooms, imagine my delight to find every available vase and jug and a few borrowed ones filled with the most beautiful wild flowers, a tribute from Master Jim, as I afterwards discovered, it being one of his great pleasures to roam the country in search of them.

After allowing me plenty of time for unpacking and refreshing myself, which I promise you I put to good use, Jim's card came up, followed by himself, at my invitation.

I had no idea he was so good looking, Hannah. His pictures do not do him justice. He is taller than I thought, and although he does not seem robust, he impresses one as being so alive in every fibre. He seems so wholesome, so in touch with life at every point, that he is like a breeze from these snow-peaked mountains, refreshing and invigorating. However, it is not necessary to describe Jim, for I suddenly recall the fact that you have some slight acquaintance with him.

As for Nellie, I hardly know if I can find language subtle enough to convey to your mind just how she impresses me.

I confess, Hannah, before seeing her, I felt that your black view of her personality seemed to me a little exaggerated, but your intuition has proved correct in this, as in many past instances. She is impossible. This does not mean that she is ugly or hopelessly awkward, or really unrefined. She is tall and has light hair and light blue eyes. Her face is commonplace, nondescript, rather than ugly or pretty. Her dress and speech correspond with her looks and seem a necessary outcome of them. Her manners aren't really bad, only—only—I hardly know how to express it. She strikes me as having no potentialities. She is limited. She lacks the greatest heritage of the American—born probably of his mixed origin—adaptability. It is the quality by which he develops in one generation, with few advantages, from a clod into a gentleman. She is totally without this quality. What she is now she will be twenty years hence, if she does not retrograde, which is more than possible.

Write me soon, dear girl. I will keep you posted if there are any developments. The house is beginning

to fill now and there are prospects of a pleasant set of people. Ethel seems to be improving already, becoming a bit less droopy, and I am satisfied with my determination in coming. I have charming rooms. A fair-sized bedroom and a large sitting room very well furnished for a hotel. Both rooms are sunny; altogether I am satisfied and I look out upon life with a cheerful countenance. Best love to your dear mother. You do well to keep our nefarious plotting from her saintly ears. She would regard us all as a set of heathens.

Lovingly,

Elise.

VII.

—HOTEL, —COL., July 8.

My Dear Hannah:

Your note of June 18 received and contents duly noted. Thanks for the good character you give me as a social animal. Mrs. Curwen followed your communication in due time and I hope and believe, since her arrival, that I have justified your good opinion of me. At least I have endeavored to do so, not that it needed great effort on my part, for I find her a most charming woman. Somehow, Hannah, I fancied her fat and forty. I pictured her spending one-half her time in long puffy walks to reduce flesh, the other half in idleness and over eating, two courses nicely adjusted with a view to counteract each other. In fact I put her down as a specimen of the ordinary, summer-tourist mamma. You can picture my surprise when I saw her, slim, dainty and surely not over thirty? I find much in common with her, beyond mutual friends, and do not doubt that she will add greatly to our summer enjoyment. I am glad also to have Nellie meet and become friends with her.

Best love to mother. Nellie joins me in love to you both.

Yours,

Jim.

VIII.

—HOTEL, —COLORADO, July.

My Dear Hannah:

I do wish, from the bottom of my heart, that you had packed your trunk and joined this expedition, as Horace wanted you to. It needs only this to complete my pleasure, and as for yourself, you could not fail to enjoy this glorious climate. Upon my soul, Hannah, there is something positively rejuvenating about it. I feel years younger, and I believe I look younger. My face is reflected back to me from the mirror with a look that it has not worn for a long time, and, despite the writing of thirty-one years plainly visible there, the expression is youthful, and triumphs over hard facts. I find myself picking up old interests, for which I thought I had lost all taste. I feel as if Time had turned back his clock for a brief hour and given me spring where I only had the right to expect autumn.

I don't mind confessing to you, Hannah, now that it has passed, that for some time I have not been like myself. I was growing to feel old, dull, and stupid, as if I had gotten to the end of most of life's pleasant things and had only the lees left. Ethel's education, Robert's steadily expanding business, my clubs and my social duties did not seem to fill the whole measure of life for me, and the unfilled portion was coming to seem large and important in spite of my desire to ignore it.

Now, thank heaven, that has passed. Life seems full of joy and I give each moment a little squeeze lest I get not the whole good of it before I let it regretfully slip.

Jim is everything that is nice to me, lends me books—our taste is very similar—divides his wild-flower offerings, the whole of which he used to bring for Nellie, even includes me in their reading aloud, bringing Nellie and his book to my corner of the porch. As for Ethel,

she has taken entire possession of him. She is satisfied that he was created for her amusement. He seems very fond of her and finds no trouble too great, if it gives her pleasure. She has discovered his genius for fairy tales and they have a story which runs on from day to day, like a Chinese play, with endless adventures and escapes for the hero and heroine.

The other day, she was standing between his knees holding both his hands; she looked into his eyes with perfect seriousness and said: "I don't want to call you Mr. McEwan any more." "Why not, dear," he asked, in surprise at her outburst. "Because," she answered, gravely, "everybody calls you that, and I love you." If you will believe me, Hannah, he blushed like a girl and looked as pleased as if she were his sweetheart. He leaned over and kissed her with a face as grave and earnest as her own little one. "Thank you, dear," he said, "suppose you call me Jim, then." Ethel turned doubtful eyes in my direction, for you know she is a little girl that is not allowed to be pert toward her elders.

"Ask Mr. McEwan to let you compromise on Uncle Jim," I suggested. So it was settled on that basis, though Jim protested that I ought to let her use the name without the prefix and ought to do likewise myself, since I call you Hannah and Horace by his given name. But to this I did not agree. Somehow, Jim does not seem to stand in quite the same category as Horace and you.

And now I know you are wondering if I haven't some encouraging news about the engagement with which to refresh your spirits. I think I have. It is not much, yet I think I see a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the horizon. Nellie does not like me and she begins to show it subtly, but unmistakably. Sometimes my guilty conscience makes me think instinct has told that I am an enemy to her happiness, though, upon my soul, I have neither done one act nor said one word since reaching here that could in any way militate against her. Does she feel my thought?

At any rate, she sometimes makes occasion to leave our readings in the middle of a chapter, offering some trivial excuse of duty to be done. She also absents herself from many of our gay little parties for sight-seeing, picnicking, or the many silly things by which eighteen or twenty people more or less contrive to amuse themselves. Her manner toward Jim is sometimes constrained, though I do not believe he has noticed it in the least—a good sign in itself—he is so perfectly unconscious of offense. I am thankful from the bottom of my heart that he or she or both of them have elected to leave me in ignorance of their engagement, which has also been kept from the general public here. Had Jim confided in me, my task would have been far more difficult, for I would often have been obliged to recognize her claims on him in a way I do not now do.

And now I must stop, Hannah, for I must write a letter to Robert. With love,

Elise.

IX.

NEW YORK, July 24, 189—.

Dear Elise:

Yours of the 15 ult. came duly to hand. Glad to know that Ethel continues to improve. You must not bother over my long silence, when it occurs again: put it down to its true cause, press of business. As long as you hear no ill news, there is nothing over which to fret, for you know that I am all right. Glad to say that we have won the suit for infringement of patent. This means more work and more money for us and I am already planning several changes in the business.

Glad you like Jim McEwan; personally I thought little of him. He hasn't half the business ability of

Horace and I doubt very much if he ever makes a great success in the world.

A kiss for Ethel. In haste, Yours,

Robert.

X.

—HOTEL, —COLORADO, Aug. 3.

My Dear Hannah:

I am sitting with my bandaged foot propped up in front of me, balancing a book on my knee, on which I am attempting to write you a legible record of my late tragic happening, and some of the results flowing therefrom.

I little dreamed, yesterday, when ten or a dozen of us set out for a walk to gather wild flowers, that I would be invalidated to-day and confined to my room. Such is the unexpectedness of life. Let me relieve your mind at once, Hannah, lest my ramblings lead you to believe me seriously hurt. I have had only a scratch, but of such a nature that flowered fields and bosky woods or any other haunt of snakes will hold little charm for me for some time to come.

As I said, some ten or a dozen of us started out for wild flowers, Ethel bringing up in the rear on her burro, the wretched little beast being so lazy that she generally forms the rear guard of all our expeditions, even when we walk, as we did this time.

I was with Miss Carroll, a charming girl, who has been here for the past month. Together we had wandered from the road and our hands were already almost full of blossoms. Suddenly I heard a rustle at my feet, felt a blow followed by a stinging pain just above my instep and saw something wriggle from me and lose itself in the grass. I had been bitten by a snake. I stood paralyzed with fright, watching the spot where that wriggling thing had disappeared, unable to remove my fascinated gaze, while a creepy feeling sped up and down my spinal column which was sheer physical repulsion at the thought of that moment of contact with a thing so loathsome.

Miss Carroll, fortunately, was not so lost to the need of the occasion and straightway set up a lusty scream which brought the rest of the party in short order. Imagine the excitement—for Miss Carroll insisted that it was a rattler and that she had heard him sound the alarm before he struck. I could not tell, but thought she was mistaken. At any rate, they deemed it wise to be on the safe side and some one produced a purplish prick in its center. Jim whipped out his pour raw whiskey down my throat, despite my protest. Jim, as usual, came to the front and assumed command. With Miss Carroll's help he improvised a tourniquet, just below my knee in so deft a fashion that a lecturer on "first aid to the injured" would have wept with prideful joy over his performance. Then he cut my stocking—I had on a low shoe—and there, just above the instep, was a swollen spot which showed a purplish prick in its centre. Jim whipped out his knife and opened one of the sharp little blades. "Oh, what are you going to do?" squealed all the women in concert.

"Mrs. Curwen, please be brave, for I must do this," he said to me, with a look as tragic as if he were about to decapitate me.

I think by that time the plentiful dose of whisky was taking effect and I was in possession of a quantity of Dutch courage; at any rate, I managed a brave smile and a nod which bade him go on.

He slashed the wound crosswise through that purplish prick and set the blood flowing freely. Before I could stop him he had put his mouth to the wound and drawn out the poison, nor would he be stayed until he had done the like several times and satisfied himself that it must be all extracted.

The next problem was to get me home, for every bend of my instep was painful and started the blood

to flowing more profusely than was desirable. Happily, Ethel's lazy little donkey solved this difficulty, and, enthroned on his fat, gray back, where it was necessary to hold me—the whiskey having done its full work—I led the procession back to the hotel, all the fun spoiled and most of the women tearful from fear and excitement. Nellie was along, but, as was to be expected, as helpless as an infant in the emergency.

And I, Hannah,—contemplate it and weep,—I, Elise Curwen, rode up to the door of the hotel as drunk as a lord, supported on the burro by the redoubtable Jim. Shocking? Well indeed it was, and my self-respect has sustained a jar from which it will not easily recover, though Jim assures me on his honor as a gentleman that except for my inability to sit upright, no one would have suspected my plight, for I was as sensible and grave as a judge.

At last I was put to bed, and it was so funny, Hannah, I remember raising myself on my elbow and staring fixedly at a Japanese umbrella, hung in the center of the room, trying with all my drunken might, to satisfy myself if it was spinning around, or if I was. After awhile the gyrations of the bed became so complicated that I shut my eyes unable longer properly to focus the quickly-moving world. Then oblivion—a long oblivion. When wakefulness came at last, I became conscious that I was not a woman, but a thirst. Such a thirst, such an awful thirst! I poured ice water down my throat: it ran all around but never a drop entered that parched domain. And my head—but we will drop the subject. Henceforth I am a total abstainer.

Now comes the funny part of it. The landlord, the oldest inhabitant, everybody about here in fact, insist that there are no rattlers in this part of the state, and it must have been some harmless snake or at least one from whose venom there was little to be feared.

Jim has entirely come over to this view of the case and bears himself in my presence like a condemned criminal because of that knife-thrust. It is vain to protest, as I do in all sincerity, that, whatever the variety of snake, some venom must have been in the wound, else it would not have swollen so quickly nor showed that ugly, purple mark.

Jim is inconsolable; says if it had not been for him, I would now be all right and able to be about. I shall make a great effort therefore to get down stairs to-morrow and so relieve his too tender conscience.

Again, I have very little to write you about the engagement beyond surmise. Some decided change has taken place in the relations of these two, though what is its nature, I cannot positively say. I notice that when they are in general company, Jim is more attentive to her, clings more closely to her side and anticipates her wishes, not however in the spontaneous fashion of a few weeks ago, but consciously, as if he were watching himself lest he inadvertently offend. I rather suspect from slight indications besides this constrained attitude of his, that she has been treating him to scapes, and possibly tears. Jim does not seem so bright or so happy as when I first arrived.

Possibly this is all a shadow of my too vivid imagination and has no reality outside of it. However, I give you the benefit of my impressions, and time alone can tell how much truth they contain.

Yours affectionately,

Elise.

XI.

(Note sent to Nellie's room on the night of Mrs. Curwen's accident.)

My Darling:

Is the headache very severe? Couldn't you be persuaded to creep down stairs with it after a little? The alcove is deserted and the parlor empty and we could

have a cozy time. Mrs. Curwen's accident seems to have thrown a gloom over the house. Please come to

Your disconsolate

Jim.

XII.

(Same to the same, half hour later.)

Dear Nellie:

The boy has just brought me your note and I am completely taken aback by it. So it is not a headache, but displeasure that keeps you up stairs. I am utterly at a loss to understand why or for what. What crime have I been guilty of now, Nellie? Tell me, in heaven's name, and let me confess and ask forgiveness. I don't know what has come over me, dear, I used not to displease you in everything done and undone, as I now do. Why have I grown so stupid all at once?

Come down, dear, and tell me all my fault.

Yours penitently—for any and everything,

Jim.

XIII.

(Entry in Mrs. Curwen's diary. Date, Aug. 6.)

Well, Hannah may rest satisfied. Jim's engagement is broken off and I, all undesirous of such a position, was present at its ending. I am still tingling with indignation at what has happened.

Knowing how badly Jim McEwan persisted in feeling because of my wounded foot, though I could scarcely creep and my instep gave me no little pain to move it, I determined to go down stairs this afternoon and behave as if it were perfectly well. Carrying out this determination, managed by dint of care and clinging to any handy support, to hobble downstairs, only to find the place deserted, everybody having betaken themselves off on a picnic-tea and camp-fire. Disgusted at this state of things, my foot paining me too greatly to attempt the immediate ascent to my rooms, I crept into the alcove in the parlor and propped my aching limb on the divan among the cushions.

Fortunately I had a book and I was getting such comfort as I could from it, feeling not a little abused, nevertheless, because of the general desertion, when I heard Nellie's voice in the hall and the sound of her step told me she was entering the parlor. I did not wish to see her. I have almost grown to dislike her, and her manner toward me is anything but cordial, so I was thankful that a pair of draped curtains beside those dangling, bamboo portieres afforded me protection in my hiding place. I thought she would go when she found the room empty, and she had already turned to do this, when Jim—I recognized his step—came in from the door leading to the porch, where he must have been all the while.

"I was wondering where you were, Nellie. I sent the bell boy to your room to find you," he said.

"Oh, indeed," she returned, in a tone which to any ear portended storms. "So you did not go with the picnic party?"

I knew there was going to be a scene, and under any circumstances I did not wish to overhear an interview between them when they thought themselves alone, so I was about to announce my presence, had, in fact, gotten my lame foot to the floor and was in the act of rising, when I heard Jim answer, "No, dear, I told you I would not go unless you did."

Quick as could be, and in the nastiest tone, she retorted: "Then, pray, how is it that I find you here instead of with Mrs. Curwen as usual?"

I was so stunned at her tone as well as her words, that I sunk back on the divan and lost my one chance of announcing myself. After what followed I could not make up my mind to let that woman know that I had heard her base accusations.

Jim's voice, when he answered her, denoted that still, white anger, which is not the kind with which to trifle.

"Stop where you are Nellie, this has gone far enough. For the last six weeks you have accused me of showing too great attention to every woman in this hotel by turns, but you must stop where you are, for I cannot permit you to drag the name of Mrs. Curwen into our unhappy differences."

"And why not, may I ask? Is it because she is so much better than all the rest of the world, with her fine airs? Possibly because she is married? That drawback does not seem to count among society people, however. I agree with you, Mr. McEwan, this thing has gone far enough. If you think that I am the woman to stand by and see you, while engaged to me, flirt madly with another woman, and she a married one, you are vastly mistaken. Your conduct, the other day, over that absurd little snakebite, was enough to settle the matter in the mind of anybody, and as for her, with all her dignified ways, she is crazily in love with you, and you are blind if you do not see it. I have come to the end of my patience and will be glad to release you, whenever you wish."

"Thank you," answered Jim, gravely, but oh! I have never heard such a deadly cold sound in any voice before, "then if it pleases you, we will call our engagement at an end now, at once."

I don't think she expected this. I think that she expected Jim to plead, explain, make peace at any price, as he had doubtless done many times in the past. When she realized what had happened, it was too late. She burst into tears and left the room.

And Jim, instead of retiring again to the porch, as I was breathlessly praying to have him do, walked directly to the alcove—a favorite retreat of his—and having thrust aside the curtains, found me crouching among the pillows overcome with mortification.

"Mrs. Curwen," then realizing everything, in a tone of shocked sorrow, "Oh, Mrs. Curwen."

"I could not help it," I stammered from among the pillows. "I was just coming out when she—when—when—oh I could not face her then and let her know that I had heard. It would have been beyond endurance. Please forgive me for being here."

"Forgive you? It is you who should forgive me for having let you in for such a thing, Mrs. Curwen. Indeed, I don't know how you can, but I pray that you will."

My heart went out to him in such a rush of gratitude for his quick understanding of my miserable position, that I could not speak but held out my hand, which he took, and, bending, placed a little remorseful kiss on it. I sat up then and got my head out of the pillows, but I felt so strangely upset that I could not bring myself to look at Jim, and when I tried to speak a wave of feeling seemed to surge to my throat and stop there. A thrill of sudden emotion, born of I know not what, seemed to stop my speech, robbing me of all self-possession and leaving me as tongue-tied as a foolish school girl. I was thankful when the bell boy came in with a package for Jim, containing, no doubt, his letters and ring. This interruption gave me back my scattered wits, and I asked the boy to let me lean on his shoulder and so get back to my room.

"Let me, Mrs. Curwen, I beg of you," protested Jim, but I would not. Somehow, I hardly know why, I could not.

He looked grieved on my refusal, but acquiesced. I limped away and finally reached my room from which I feel I never wish to issue again.

XIV.

(Unfinished letter, written to Miss McEwan and never sent.)

My Dear Hannah:

I have been very busy since my return to Chicago and I knew that Horace would have sent you the news

of the broken engagement, if Jim had not, so I have not *made* time to write to you, but have waited until a rainy day came and deprived me of some of my many occupations. And now the day seems to have gotten into my spirits and I fear I will send you but a sober epistle. I find myself looking back with keen regret upon the summer, for though it contained some disagreeable episodes, there is much that is pleasant to remember.

Jim was good to me until the last, leaving on the same day that Ethel and I did, and going with us as far as Denver, where he is to remain for the present.

Somehow, when it came to goodbye, Hannah, Jim did not seem to feel half as sorry as I. With him it was an "I'll-see-you-in-a-few-months" feeling, while I, despite myself, felt that this was the end of something, the closing of an experience, and that life would not be quite the same after. My eyes were actually full of tears when the train pulled out of Denver and Jim's figure receded in the distance. Ethel, seeing this, exclaimed: "Why, mamma, what makes your eyes all swimmy?" And upon my soul I didn't know what to tell her.

Perhaps it was but the foreshadowing of the return of this wretched feeling which has fallen on me in full force again. I have taken up the old, dreary round of social duties, clubs, etc. Ethel's education, and Robert's new business interests, and somehow—well, I realize, every day, that my brief belated spring has passed and autumn is here in good earnest.



WHOM LOVE HATH JOINED

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

"WE must go home."

Margaret Brenton cast a regretful glance at the beauty they would have to leave. The two floated in a cedar boat on a lake whose lustrous plane reflected the sombre pines upon its shores. The scarlet and gold which Day had worn as it lingered in Night's vestibule, the twilight, flamed less bravely through the black grille of tree stems, soon to be discarded for the sober livery of Evening. Now and then, a puff of air, freighted with aromatic breath of the pines, fanned their brows soothingly. At intervals, the liquid warble of a lonely bird pierced the pensive hush, thrillingly.

The young man addressed, leaned on his oars and raising his frank hazel eyes to her face, replied: "First, let us go back to our childhood a moment, Margaret. Do you know how long we have known each other?"

His voice and manner, as well as the question, roused Margaret Brenton to an attention different from any she had ever accorded to a man.

"Why, since we were children," she answered, pensively. "And it is a woman of twenty-four whom you are asking to go back so far," she added, with a faint smile. "One of my earliest recollections is of the pride and ease with which you used to do the hard sums for me at school."

"Yes: the pride was there; that Colonel Brenton's little girl should let Contractor Bowdoin's son help her! Poor children are keen over the social gap between them and rich ones. I used to look on you as a loyal page might regard a Princess. Your family, the best in town, the oldest as well as the richest. And the town was the world then, for small Paul Bowdoin. Well, my father made money, as contractors will: gave me a college education, and brushing against others, I found I was as good as the most and better than many. I had climbed up nearer the Princess. True, there are ancestors in your family, and my father and I were our own ancestors. But

though the social gap was bridged a good deal by education and similar tastes and views, you always kept mounting higher, Margaret, and, to-day, you are nobler and more worthy of being aspired to than the little girl for whom I had such shy yearning. Every time I came home for vacation, I feared to find you engaged or married. Am I tiring you?"

"No," she replied, softly.

"There is not much more to say—in words. I have reached a point in my profession as civil engineer where I can offer to the woman I marry a fitting, if not yet, luxurious, home. Margaret, that small boy loved the dear little girl who let him help her with her sums. That boyish ardor has grown steadily with his growth. You have been helping me with my sums ever since. Helping me as a spur, a guide, a goal. Margaret, I offer you that home. Will you help do the sums life will have for me hereafter? I love you, literally, with my whole heart. My parents are dead, I have no relatives, and for me, there does not exist another woman in the world. You know me as well as I do you. Whatever your answer is, I shall love you all the days of my life. Margaret," he went on, slowly, after an almost imperceptible pause, "will you be my wife?"

She lifted her eyes to his earnest face. It had never looked so manly, so handsome. A delicate flush beamed in her smooth cheeks, a soft light in her eyes. She read the strong, appealing force in his faithful eyes. When she spoke, her rich, vibrating tones seemed a recitative to which the mellow twilight was accompaniment.

"Paul, when you began to speak—I may tell you, now—I knew what you were going to say. I think you feel what my answer will be. I am too sure of my heart to hesitate. It began for me, too, in those childish days. Paul, I shall be glad to help you with your sums all your life. I love you, Paul."

He rose briskly, stepped over the seat between them, and, sinking on his knees, clasped her in his arms. With proud humility, she let her head droop toward him. As his warm lips met hers in a slow, passionate kiss, the first she had ever known from a man, the melting rapture of it almost made the Puritan in her recoil from such overmastering delight. The proud, intellectual, ascetic, New England strain in her felt such utter surrender to happiness as a shock. The warble of the bird from the aromatic dusk, in artless approval as the one witness of this virginal efflorescence, roused her. She drew back, clasped his shapely head between her long, firm hands, and searched his very soul with the trusting gaze of her new-born right. Her face, mobile and fascinating, rather than beautiful in its strong, regular features, was aglow with enriching happiness. For a long moment they drank each others souls without a word or movement. Then he slowly drew her toward him and pressed his lips upon her forehead with a sacramental touch of consecration.

"Margaret—" What a grateful fullness in his voice! "we belong to one another now."

"Forever, Paul."

He rose, lightly regained his former seat, and taking up the oars, began pulling long, powerful strokes. It brought a smile to her lips, they were so expressive of his mood and character. They did not exchange another word until they had reached the shore, hauled the boat and started along the wide street, on whose moonlit stretch the elms made black arabesques. Then they talked of the radiant future opening before them: already begun with such sweet union. In a few weeks he was to go West, where an important engineering contract would detain him for months. He wished her to go with him as his wife. She could not promise that. Her father had to be considered. Since her

mother's death, two years ago, he had leaned upon her, even more than he had upon his wife. She had her mother's strength, and accorded this support with a proud exercise of sustaining power.

When they came, only too soon, to the stately mansion, with its white Corinthian columns and wide veranda, which had been the home of Brentons for more than a hundred years, she did not delay in leaving him. There had been a sort of exhaustion in the intensity of the past hour. He folded her closely in his powerful arms and their lips met in a long kiss.

"Paul," she said, as she drew away, "it is worth having lived to know such perfect happiness, even if it were to end this very moment."

"Margaret, it is going to endure all our lives," he replied, stoutly, and, with a vital pressure of her hand, left her. She watched him swing down the street as she waited for the door to be opened, noting the confidence of the square-set shoulders and the new, buoyant poise of the head. Because she had told him she loved him!

When she entered the broad hall, with its white enameled wood work and polished floors, she looked through the drawing-room door and saw her father sitting in the library beyond. She did not mean to tell him anything till morning. She would not blend the emotion that had surged through her that evening with any lesser one. It was sweet that for a few hours she and her lover should be the only ones to know the hallowed secret. But she must go and bid him a tender good-night.

As she approached, she noticed a worried look on his weak, aristocratic face. A visitor was with him; a man of rugged features, strong build and resolute air. She recognized him as a Mr. Harwood, a man her father had been obliged to meet several times lately on business matters. The two men acted as a cool touch to her tropical warmth of soul. This well-to-do ship-builder was well enough in his way, but he had latterly shown signs of interest in herself, which she resented with some caste feeling. She felt it especially to-night, and, with the slightest recognition of the really imposing figure, as the man rose with aggressive deference, she turned to her father and said: "I came to say good-night, Papa. You look tired. Don't sit up too long."

"No, my dear," he replied, nervously. His lips were cold, as he kissed her. Her eyes swept the face of the other man, whose clear, blue eyes were fastened on her with an expression she resented. How different from Paul Bowdoin's gaze. Yet there was a quality in it that recalled her lover's, and caused her to turn away with a touch of haughty animosity. She did not catch the compressed lips and flare of the nostrils with which he noted it.

She did not go to bed for an hour. After making her preparations for it, she sat down by her open window and drank in the wondrous charm of this summer night with a sense that it could not be given her twice in life to revel in a sense of such utter happiness. As she sank upon her knees, the thought of her mother's devotion to her father came home to her with a new appreciation. Colonel Brenton had not been his wife's equal in worldly goods, but was well-born and carried himself like a Prince, despite a nerveless character that made him lean on the one nearest to him for moral support. Mrs. Brenton had been fully able to supply it, and Margaret reflected that she was her mother's daughter, a Bradford to the core. She felt herself thoroughly germane to a family tree, whose branches were as precise as some topiary marvel of an Italian garden. To supply her father's lack of stamina was a legacy from her mother. She accepted it with uncomplaining loyalty.

To a woman of such granite foundation and cher-

ished intellectual domination, it was the refinement of luxury to surrender her soul, with full approval of her reason, to the rapture love had aroused. No romantic school-girl could have felt it more keenly than this well-poised woman of twenty-four. Her forecast of what life was to be with Paul Bowdoin inspired an exaltation of feeling far more intense than a mere girl could know. She would yield herself to his masterly guidance with proud submission, asking only that through life their hearts should beat in unison.

She sank into slumber with childlike foretaste of what it would be to awaken in the morning to recovered sense of the charm with which love had dowered existence. Her last thought was of those words of her lover: "It is going to last forever." She believed it would.

She awoke before morning, and her first and only thought was to go to her father. Unused to such groundless compulsion and no way disposed to accept it as a presentiment, she would ordinarily have cast it off, or at least refused compliance with it. But now, as if through the softer benignity of her changed soul, she rose at once, and, throwing a wrapper around her, glided down stairs. If there should prove to be no occasion for investigation, her father need never know of such trickery of her nerves.

When she got to where she could look into the library, she saw his slender form bent forward over the table, his head resting on his arms. She smiled at finding that nothing worse had befallen him than to drop asleep. As she glided toward him to rouse him, the gleam of something on the table made her quicken her steps. A small revolver lay on the cloth within reach of his hand, like a waiting adder. She hurriedly concealed it in her pocket before laying her hand on his thin, carefully arranged gray locks, and saying pleasantly: "Have you fallen asleep, Papa?"

He raised his head wildly, and his hand reached instinctively for the revolver. Finding it gone, he sank back limply in his chair, pressing his thin white hands over his face, and groaned in bitter weakness.

She did not lose her self-control. By calm, soothing questioning, she drew from him the whole miserable truth. What she learned was hardly less of a shock to her than if she had found him dead by his own hand. That disgrace was one she could have shared with her lover. What she learned might block forever the long vista of happiness down which they had so confidently peered. The bald facts were commonplace, and not revolting; but they were as crushing to her high-strung nature as if the like had never been. Colonel Brenton has dissipated in speculations the fortune Margaret's mother had left in trust with him for her. Shrinking from her discovery of this, he had mortgaged the house where her ancestors had lived for generations, speculated more and lost that. Worst of all, she dragged out the bitter truth that, whenever it pleased him, Mr. Harwood could sell not only the roof over her head, but everything it contained, even to her mother's portrait, smiling with pride of race from its place among worthy forbears on the walls. He could keep them as spoils wrung from conservative imbecility by live business brains.

Without a word of reproach, not even so much as pressing her hand to her throbbing brow would imply, she asked: "Is there no possible way of saving the house or the family things? At least, my mother's portrait?"

Then, the hot shame dyeing his face, his eyes unable to meet her look, he told her the one means of averting the consequences of his dishonor. Mr. Harwood had said he would satisfy the mortgage if—

"If?" she repeated. What lay back of this that her father should balk so, after all he had told?

"If—you—will—marry him!"

Her very eyelids burned with her utter sense of humiliation, and then a wave of anger, contempt, aversion swept over her till her frame trembled. The loss of the money could have been borne with equanimity. She need never have lowered her head because she was poor, and Paul Bowdoin would not have heeded that. But such disgrace, and such an awful measure as the only one that could screen her mother and her name—that was monstrous! Yet she felt even then that she would accept it if it were the one means of saving what was dearer than life. But before she could believe that, she would see this man. She could promise him heavy interest on his money till he got it back. Paul Bowdoin would help her here, too. Perhaps, it would move this terrible man from his preposterous proposition, if she told him that she loved another, and had promised to become his wife.

"Father," she said, calmly, to the suffering criminal, "we will not mention this again until I have had an opportunity of speaking with Mr. Harwood. Do not brood over the—mistake about my money. And you must promise me that you will never attempt any violence to yourself. That I demand as a right."

Miserable and ashamed, he gave her his solemn promise. Despite his humiliation, it was a solace to him that he had no longer to bear his guilty secret alone. It cost her something to kiss him, as she sent him upstairs. The worst consequence of his folly might be one he would never know. She went to her own room, to sit sleepless through the dragging hours. The cup of happiness which had been placed to her lips seemed already withdrawn. And by her own father! By actions, which made him a criminal, brought dishonor upon her, and flung back its baleful blight upon the revered name of her dead mother. Even should she persuade this strange man, Harwood, to relent, she must tell Paul Bowdoin. She could never let him make his marriage vows to the woman he held so high without full knowledge of what had intervened.

Mr. Harwood was not such an unknown quantity to her after she had met and argued with him. She was amazed at the inexorable will to make her his wife, even when she showed that she recoiled from him with aversion. When Paul Bowdoin called, the morning after her father's confession, she had sent down a note that she could not see him, and asked him not to come again until she sent for him. "Trust me, Paul!" she had added.

The words sent him away in a fever of discontent. Could she doubt that he would trust her always? Absolutely?

Miss Brenton saw Malcolm Harwood three times before she accepted as an unalterable fact his purpose of marrying her. No appeal, no gain, affected his determination in the least. At last, fixing her eyes on him unflinchingly, she said: "Since there is no other way of screening my family name from disgrace, and my mother's memory from outrage, I will marry you when I have obtained my release from Mr. Bowdoin. But understand me clearly. What I say now is said once for all. My soul is wedded to this other, whom I love and to whom I have promised myself. When I marry you, I shall not see, or communicate with him, but the one consolation and support of my life will be to know that in spirit I am his, and that he will know this. Don't think I shall change," she went on, with grave determination; "that you can swerve me in the least from this position. You can imagine what my family is to me when you see what sacrifices I am making for it. You are not only destroying my happiness, but you make me destroy that of the one I love most in the world."

"You will place in my hands everything that puts

my father in your power," she continued, with impressive precision. "When I become your wife, in the eyes of the world, I shall be that only in appearance. In reality, I shall be farther removed from you than if I were actually married to Paul Bowdoin. I tell you this as emphatically as possible, because it is only justice that you clearly understand how little you are getting. In despoiling two innocent persons of their life's happiness, you are probably losing some of your own. But to concede more than this," she continued, with scornful earnestness, "I would not do to save my father from prison for life, or my mother's name from obloquy throughout the land, or my whole future from blight worse than death. As it is, to save our name from disgrace, I will sacrifice myself to this degree, although this is harder for me than it would be to lay down my life."

"You do not know me," replied Malcolm Harwood. "There are men who would go through fire to get what they have set their mind on. I have set my mind on marrying you. What you have said does not deter me; though I understand the situation as fully as you wish me to. I accept it."

"Then the matter is concluded as far as you are concerned, and I shall speak to Mr. Bowdoin at once," she replied, with calmness. "If he refuses to release me from my word to him, after what I have to say, I shall marry him and you will have to put up with a smaller triumph."

What she said to Paul Bowdoin, he never knew. She had but one interview with him. The day Margaret Brenton became Mrs. Malcolm Harwood, he started for the West.

The marriage excited some talk. It was a "good match," for Harwood, but there was surprise and varied surmises as to Miss Brenton's having accepted him. Some thought she was enough affected by the spirit of the age to waive position and family for the material advantages such a husband afforded. Others concluded it was the attraction of one strong nature for another.

Certainly, Mrs. Harwood did not bate one jot of her proud dignity. She at once raised her husband to her social level, and he was admitted at houses he would never have entered but for his wife. To the world at large, she was an admirable wife. She had always been thought cold. She was colder than ever now. No one but her husband could know with what heroic consistency she fulfilled the rôle she had been forced to accept. She scrupulously carried out every duty of her "state in life," but never was husband less able to detect one touch of consideration for himself, personally, as a motive for conduct. Hers was a courtesy unbroken by one touch of friendly interest. He felt, grimly, with a sort of stupefied wonder, the amazing aloofness underlying the superficial perfection of the married woman. It distinctly enhanced his admiration, even as he realized each day more fully at what an immeasurable distance she held him. She carried out with flawless integrity all she had bound herself to. It was not long before a Nemesis began to grip him in the recurring thought of how she must be carrying out with equal fidelity all she had told him she should feel, and be, to that other man. Equal? Was not love a far stronger impelling force than hate? There was no more sign of it in her than there is of warmth in clear, green ice, yet he knew she tended its flame on the altar of her heart like a Vestal.

Like a Vestal! There was some comfort in that. Yet he would sometimes fancy what his wife would have been had she married Paul Bowdoin and her powerful nature had been softened and nourished and enlarged by the potent magic of Love.

Hence, though the feeling which had led him to accept her on such terms forbade complaint from

him, many a time did he wince as he contrasted her treatment of him with that she would have accorded to the man from whom he had separated her!

The opportunity for a close study of his wife's nature was a fascinating offset for being held at arm's length by her. He would have given much to know exactly how she felt toward Bowdoin now. His utter confidence in her made him sure there was no communication between them. At times, a sort of pity filled his being at the thought that she was deprived of all sight and word of the only one she loved. He had her before him, and devoid of any sympathetic touch as her whole attitude toward him was, the manner in which she accorded his words and wishes attention was irreproachable. Her thoroughbred nature had a refining effect on his more rugged one. The strange irony of it forced itself upon her. She was every day bringing this husband, whom she had regarded as so utterly alien, closer to her ideal of one.

She was not one to let her own growth be checked by this grim disaster that had come to her. She sought improvement in study, and her beneficence took on a wider, tenderer charm. The regard in which she came to be held reflected upon her husband, while the sight of her charity stimulated him to imitative deeds of considerate helpfulness. He found this odd association with his wife created a stronger desire for some personal touch of the kind forethought which went out for all except himself. Never, for a moment, could he forget that he was usurper of another's place.

Colonel Brenton died two years after his daughter's marriage. Margaret had never been the same to him since that night. Nothing in her external treatment of her father could have been criticised, but he felt something had gone out of his child that would not return. His death did not effect any change in her relations with her husband, either as to her feelings or manner.

Ten years of this unnatural union found the pair with no modification of conduct in each other's regard. But there was a silent evolution on Malcolm Harwood's part, which, if betrayed in no conspicuous way, could not escape so acute a sensibility as hers. His nature had softened. He comported himself with a larger dignity and almost tender consideration which hurt her. It was easier to maintain her attitude toward him with the strong opposition of his nature to keep her up to the mark.

One May morning, they were sitting at breakfast. The balmy breath of Spring was in the air. Nature was feeling through bud and shoot up toward the warm gladness of Summer. A telegram was brought to Mrs. Harwood. Her husband by a psychic instinct felt it was from, or concerned, Paul Bowdoin. Not once during their married life had his name been mentioned by either. The sharp pang the thought awakened in him made him feel vividly with what a refined intensity he had come to regard the wife who had been always unswervingly courteous, considerate, faithful, but never kind! He kept his gaze on the paper he was reading, though he had little sense of what he saw. The silence seemed a long one.

"Excuse me for a few moments."

He looked quickly up. He had caught the quality in her tone, but enough for his perception. Her face was fixed, but with the expression well restrained. There was a touch in it of the look she had worn when she had told him how she would become his wife and—continue to feel toward that other. He realized anew with what perfect consistency she lived up to her position. He reflected that had he foreseen how his feelings would grow into a friendship that ever craved, but never sought, or asked change in her,

he would not have accepted the conditions. She had been stronger than he.

"Bad news?" he asked, with an attempt at indifference.

"I don't know," she replied, haltingly, as she rose slowly, and without having regarded him, left the room. He raised his head and listened eagerly as her steps mounted the stairs, to know if she reached her room all right. He heard the door close, and the lock turned. A flush came to his bronzed cheek. That was unnecessary. She knew he never intruded upon her. Yet she must shut him away from her as much as possible while she went through travail over the news she had not communicated to him. Desire, pity, indignation, jealousy, all surged through his soul. He glanced at the telegram, which she had deliberately placed upon the table as she started to leave the room. No matter what the crisis, or however strong her emotion, pride would not let her bate an inch of the punctilious observance she had accorded to him from the beginning. Well, she should tell him what it was, or he would never seek to learn it. He breathed deeply, as he concentrated his attention on his paper.

In five minutes she came down. He did not raise his eyes to her until she stood near, and he heard her voice say with a strange calmness: "This telegram is from Paul Bowdoin. I would like you to read it."

He put forth his hand without eagerness, with no show of feeling except grave assent. He read:

"I am dying. If I could see you, I might leave the world with less bitterness. The doctor says absolutely no hope, or I would not send this."

It was dated from a hospital in Denver. He noted with a rush of feeling that it bore no signature. The man had been so sure that such a message could be sent by no one else. He had not asked her to come. Malcolm Harwood was convinced that this was the first message she had received from Paul Bowdoin since she had surrendered him and happiness. She had said she would not communicate with him; and he knew—Heaven! Had he not learned that well!—how she kept her word.

He gave it back to her, silently, and looked her in the eye. What would she do, over this request of the man she loved? He felt it was a request. He could not tell what she would do. Death is a disturber of the most rigid standards. The man to whom she had declared she would always feel as if she belonged cried to her from the brink of the grave. He had filled his part loyally, too. Harwood envied Paul Bowdoin with a new sense of rebellion. Why had he not gone to his death without uttering sound or giving sign?

"I went upstairs to think it out," she went on, in the same restrained way. Then looking him straight in the eyes, she said: "I would like you to take me to him."

There was a quality in her glance he had never detected in it before. It made his heart give a strong beat. Was her voice gentler, too?

"And what if I can't see my way to do this?"

"I ask you—as your wife!"

"And I ask you as your husband—and I have been more your husband than you have—" He checked himself—"I have a right to ask you what you will do in case of my refusal of your request."

She hesitated, her eyes bent on him still. It was as if his words had thrown new light on the point she had been considering. Then she answered, slowly, but without stress of feeling, "I shall go. But it will be different—then. This man's life has been made unhappy through me. He will leave the world in better frame if the one simple desire he has expressed is gratified by me. To the world outside, there

is nothing unfitting in this, if you take me to him. As your wife, I ask it as a fitting courtesy."

"He has kept you from me all these years, and now you would have me bring you to his side as a last triumph. I will do it," he flung out, with sudden passion.

Her look did not change, except to more of pity, of sadness. She took a step toward the door, then paused, and with more gentleness than he had ever received from her before, said: "I must go and get ready. I want to take the earliest train. I have never acted unfairly with you. Will you try to feel that what I am going to say is from no vindictive feeling, but in that same spirit of fairness? If you do not go with me, I shall never come back. I shall not be deserting you. You cast off your wife by this course."

She left the room. He followed her figure till it disappeared, breathing heavily, while his temples throbbed. The sweet restraint of her manner and voice had insinuated a sympathetic sense. He had not seen for ten years how inflexible of purpose she was without knowing that what she said she would do. The thought of losing her, and that at the time when the death of this other held promise of better relations between them, struck him with cold dread. But take her to that other? Help him to the enjoyment of loving ministrations for even one of which he would give so much? He could not. Something stronger than himself would not let him.

In half an hour she came down, fully dressed to go, even to her gloves and the wrap over her arm. He had heard the carriage drive up a few moments before. She came straight to him. His heart hammered against his side. What would he not give to throw himself on his knees, grasp her hand and tell her he would go with her wherever she wished because he loved her, loved her as much as that other or any man in the world could do?

"Will you come with me?" she asked, softly.

He turned his head sharply. It might have been an unconscious movement of repulsion and been no different. It was really the instinctive shrinking from an impending blow.

"Then, good-bye."

She extended her hand. The sweet dignity and strange tenderness of manner, cut him to the quick. He could not take her hand, assent thus to her leaving him. If she left him, she must do it without assent from him in any degree. He went to a chair, slowly, and seated himself, his head drooping forward on his chest, his hands clenched, his eyes cast down.

He heard the door close, then the crunch of the wheels on the gravel. He leaped to his feet and stood tensely, listening to the sound till it died away. . . .

She telegraphed to Paul Bowdoin, before she left her native town, that she was starting, and again, before beginning the last stage of the journey which would bring her to him. She found him eager, restless, his eyes glowing with a twofold fever, for the love in them, brighter than the fever's glow, leaped out to greet her, the love which had been un nourished by sight or sound or touch of the One Woman in the world for him through that long drought of years.

She went to his bedside and took his hand, a hal lowing devotion streaming from her. It was, to his hungry heart, as if they had floated on the lake in the friendly twilight only the night before. To her, though she felt a tenderness greater than ever, there was born into it then some subtle qualification in her love for him which she sensed, but could not explain or understand.

Soon after she came, the nurse made some excuse for withdrawing that her charge might have opportunity for converse with the woman who had come

so far to see him. Mrs. Harwood stood at his bedside, looking down on the wan, hot face with her strong, courageous smile, while her heart seemed to shed tears of pitying sympathy. Suddenly, with an inarticulate sound, he stretched his thin, weak arms toward her, his shining eyes yearningly upturned with the look he had worn in the boat when he began "to go back" with her over their years from childhood. She took his wasted hands in hers, her gaze eloquent of trust and exhortation, and gently replaced them on the coverlid without a word. He understood. She would watch with him through the long, weary nights, bathe his burning brow, smooth his pillows, arrange the sheet about his neck, sit at his side, her hand clasped in his as she talked to him with brave cheerfulness—Yes: all this with more than willing gladness. But the caress of their meeting lips, any acceptance of love, not friendship—no; she had known that, and it had seemed then and forever after the marriage of their souls. She had left her husband, never to return to him; she truly considered he had cast her off. But she was his wife until death did them part and a caress from Paul Bowdoin, even on his death-bed, was disloyalty to Malcolm Harwood.

She had the chastening happiness of being with him to the end. She accompanied him to that border over which he passed alone into the great place of finality. She had heartened him before when she sent him from her. It was not so hard now to bid him God-speed for the land where his faithful soul would be at peace. His last look was on her, and it was one to remember. His chill hands were tight clasped in her warm fingers when he drew his last fluttering breath. . . .

She was utterly alone in the world!

That evening, at the hotel, was one of the most terrible in her life. She had never been alone in the world before. She grasped during those hours of lonely thinking, not more knowingly, but far more appreciatively, what her husband's attitude toward her had grown to be. What a difference in her thought of him, now that the man to whom she had promised herself as wife was dead. She was loyal to Paul Bowdoin, because she felt that she had given herself to him. All that her husband had done that appealed to her feelings of admiration or esteem she had steeled herself against, as the undermining influence of an invader who had an advantage over the true possessor. Now, she could dwell on the change which had come into his stern character with tenderer recognition of it. She smiled bitterly as she thought that when, perhaps, the possibility of a happy united life for Malcolm Harwood and herself was about to dawn, he had cast it away. She had denied herself to two men, who loved her, and now was parted from both equally. She could sympathize with the feeling on her husband's part which had led him to refuse to accompany her. But even so, had he loved her, did he not know her well enough to have sacrificed this one small point to spare his wife's dignity?

It was not her nature to brood. She had to face the future, too. She would never take money from Mr. Harwood, and had none of her own. It would be hard on her husband were she to return to the town that knew them both so well: that had even regarded them as a well-assorted married pair!—and live apart from him. If he were to give the reason, few would judge her with appreciation of the conditions. If he gave none, they would entertain harsh feeling toward him. A strange warmth pervaded her being with that perfect sense that he would not give any reason.

When she kissed Paul Bowdoin's cold, white brow as he lay dead, it had been her farewell. She decided not to attend his funeral. When they had laid him at rest, she would go alone to the sunny grave that the memory of the spot where he slept in peace might be a soothing memory, as the last one connected with him. She would not impose a single pain on her husband that could reasonably be avoided. His considerate thought of her always called for this return, even had no affection prompted it. And she

seemed to feel, as she never had before, what love had moved him.

One thing caused her no little reflection. It was when Paul's friend in Denver had told her that Paul had so arranged his affairs that all he had could be given to her in money. It was about thirty thousand dollars. She knew he had no relatives. But if she meant, as she surely did, not to permit Mr. Harwood to maintain her, now they had separated, she felt equal repugnance to living on means derived from Paul Bowdoin. She would go down to Colorado Springs when all was over and there arrange her singular and forlorn life on its new basis.

Two days later, she was in her room arranging her things for departure. It was a brilliantly clear day. She had just returned from her visit to the last resting-place of Paul. It had softened, soothed and saddened her. He was at peace, but she had to go on without even the comfort that he lived and thought of her. Loneliness and frustration were settling on her like a damp, penetrating mist. She roused herself. She had sent for her bill, and when she heard a knock at her door, said, "Come in," thinking it was someone with it.

The door opened slowly. She turned her eyes toward it. Her husband stood there, gravely, hat in hand.

Her heart leaped up, as she rose and stood expectant, outwardly calm.

"Can you spare me a moment?" he asked, with gentle courtesy.

"Certainly," she replied, simply. "Will you sit down?"

He placed a chair for her, then seated himself in another across from it, still retaining his hat in his hand. He began slowly, with the air of having prepared himself for all he had to say.

"I shall not detain you longer than necessary. I have to say some things. First, I have paid the bill at the hotel. They think that we are here together. My room is across the corridor from this. I wanted you to know this, that you might do nothing to dispel that idea, unless you wished to."

Her heart gave another leap. "How long have you been here?" she asked quickly.

"I came on the same train you did! After you left the house, I could not bear the thought of your making this long journey with no friend near, and there was no time to get any friend. I have been here all the time, but have taken no heed of your movements, except to know when you intended to leave. I am not here to try and swerve you from your purpose, Margaret," he went on, huskily, "but before we begin this new order of things, it is necessary to make different arrangements. I hope you will believe that I am considering only yourself. If you knew me as well as I do you, I should have no doubt that you would."

She bent her head in silence. Then said:

"We understand each other mournfully well. I appreciate what it was for you to—to come. I thank you. It makes everything easier. It will lift a shadow from my whole life. I shall be glad to hear anything you have to suggest, and shall do everything I possibly can to meet your wishes. But let me tell you two things. I ought to, and it will simplify matters. I understand from a friend of Mr. Bowdoin's that he converted his property into such a form that its value could be transferred to me in money."

His face flushed, and his whole frame stiffened with the tension of suppressed feeling. She hastened to go on.

"I want you to know that I shall never use any of this money for myself. He has no relatives, but there can be found a way of applying it to some good use, in which I shall not appear at all. No one but this friend knows of such a disposition of Mr. Bowdoin's property, and he has promised never to mention it."

"This, I think, is no more than you would have expected of me," she went on, simply. "The other point is one you will, perhaps, not understand so well. I do not mean to be any burden to you. These last

few days, I have felt that although I could not have acted differently, in the past, this may have been partly due to a hard nature, and that you have shown, with the strength of yours, a far more human fibre, which I have not seemed to recognize. You have changed wonderfully. I have not altered my course the least for that. I tell you this now, that the decision I have taken of not accepting anything from you for my future maintenance, may not look like insensibility to your feelings. I have not a doubt you would give me all I wished. God knows, I have had to live my nature, and it has not been pleasant—I have to do so now, but hope, henceforth, I may never be the cause of any pain to you. I will not willingly."

"You are now," he returned, sadly. "I am not making one appeal from your decision to leave me. You have said it, and you never broke your word to me. But I shall have enough to bear without the misery of wondering whether you have the means of supporting yourself. That is one of the things I came to speak about now. I shall place at your disposal the money which would have been yours in the event of—it's not having been—diverted. You will only be taking your own. You can not object to that. I shall travel, or go to another place to live."

"You will leave N—?" she cried in surprise. He seemed as much a part of it as the Brentons; he had so grown into its best life of every kind. She failed to imagine it without him there. It was a new pain. "Oh no! I have already determined to do that. There is no need for you to think of such a sacrifice. It would be cruel, wrong, unjust. For me, it will be a help to live in some other place."

"I do not see how your sense of duty could permit you to think of such a thing for a moment. You are a help to many there who can ill afford to lose you out of their lives. That would be cruel. I have thought of a plan. If you will return with me, we will go abroad as soon as possible after I have arranged my affairs so that I need not return. Then, after a certain time away, you can come back, and I will never see you again. People know us well enough to feel that no explanation would be offered. The presumption will be that we have separated, and no one in N— will think it was any fault of yours. In due course, it will be easy for you to secure—"

"Stop! Do not say any more," she gasped.

"Believe me, I am thinking only of you. I will do anything you wish: fall in with any plan you propose. I have marred your life too much. I will do anything I can to repair my cruelty, now," he repeated, with strange humility.

"Do you think I doubt it?" she exclaimed, with a sudden break in her voice. She rose to her feet under stress of emotion. He got to his own, regarding her with a certain awe. A veil seemed to be tearing itself away between them, and he had not dreamed of new revelation after the psychic intimacy and weird reserve of the past ten years.

"Do you think you have grown and changed without my knowing it? But I will not hear of anything of the kind. Is it to continue to be my part in life to make miserable those who are closest to me? Has not love, a woman's privilege and crown, been curse to me sufficiently? I will not suffer such unmerited sacrifice. I have made my lot—I and my nature. Let me and my nature suffer all the consequences! Why think of such undeserved sacrifice of yourself?"

"Why?" he repeated, in a sharp, pained tone, with a look of dull amazement. "Why? Because I love you," he burst forth with passion that swept away every barrier, and a strength that had gathered for ten silent years. "Love you as strongly as the man who is lying out there. Love you as no man in the world could. Oh, do you not know what love can do!"

He was like one transformed. There was a splendid dignity about him, a mastering, fierce, pathetic tenderness in his carriage, voice and, above all, in his gaze. It was like the creation of a new being before her eyes.

The tears sprang to her own eyes, held by his, and

a sweet weakness relaxed her whole being. "It was good of you—to come," she said, tremulously. "Your love was stronger than your very self. Malcolm!"—her hands stretched toward him, and her eyes grew wet: "Take me—back—with you. Let us live a new life as two whom love has made one."

"This—is—not—pity?" he faltered, held tremblingly in arrest, his great chest swelled with suppressed emotion, his eyes feeling into her very heart.

"No!" She advanced toward him, a sad smile on her lips, and as his great arms strained her to him, her head sank slowly upon his shoulder, and she murmured softly: "It is love."



IN THE BASEMENT CAFE

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

As he walked down the gray, chilly street, he saw the wreaths in the shop-windows and was reminded that it was Christmas. The policeman standing in a doorway, saluted him and said: "How-d'y!" The side walk was empty and the single cab that rumbled away ahead of him clattered like a boulder rolling in an empty cañon. He turned into the stairway that led down into his accustomed café, wondering whether it was open. The lights were out and the place yawned gloomy and cold as he pushed open the door. Valentine, the waiter, seemed alone in the place, but he took the young man's hat, said "Merry Christmas," and made a light at the small table by the wall.

"Looks lonesome, doesn't it, Valentine?" he said, glancing around at the great empty room, the rows of tables and the spectral chairs.

"Yes, sir, always like this on Christmas," said the waiter, "most people celebrate with friends."

And the young man rubbed his cold hands together and sighed. He heard the door creak, and noticed that Valentine bustled away. A girl came in alone, and the waiter, finding a place for her at the opposite wall, made a light above her head and came back to the young man.

"Wait on her first," whispered he, "I don't know what I want."

She was a young, plainly-dressed, modest creature. He had seen her in the restaurant a hundred times. He knew that she had fine eyes and that her hat was trimmed with gray feathers, but never before had she attracted his undivided attention. The café was usually crowded at the meal hours. But now it was empty except for themselves and—it was Christmas. She put her jacket on the hook, drew off her gloves and sat down. He noticed that her hands were strong and white, innocent of rings and very shapely. The little turn-down collar about her neck was spotless and sat snugly against the ivory-yellow of her shapely throat. Her hair, bronze where the gaslight shone upon it, was draped in simple coils aslant her forehead and gathered in a loose, rebellious knot behind.

She was staring out across the aisle towards the pale daylight, and the waiter at her elbow was waiting for her bidding. She seemed to have forgotten him. Her bosom swelled with deep-drawn breaths, her thin nostrils whitened and the man, watching, saw a quiver tremble upon her good, red mouth. But she looked vacantly at the gray daylight that came in at the door. Valentine fidgeted and she turned towards him and said something, and when her eyes fell momentarily upon the man, he thought they looked wet and defiant. When the waiter was gone, he arose, stepped softly across to her table, and said:

"Will you pardon me, Miss, if I ask that I may sit at your table? In all respect, and remembering the

Christmas dinners that I've had with my sister and mother, I will just say that I feel the loneliness of this place at this time, and—"

He stopped, fearing what she would say. He was a diffident man and the frank, wondering surprise in her eyes frightened him.

"I'm selfish, I know, but perhaps you, too, are—well—"

"Lonesome?" She said it softly, looking at his face all the while and blushing with calm confusion that enhanced the comeliness of her sweet, womanly face.

"I hope you are. It would be my excuse," he said.

"Sit down, sir. The circumstances will be the excuse for—for both of us." There was no challenge in the weak little laugh which followed, nor did she look again into his eyes. They sat quite silent, facing one another for a time. The waiter brought her food, and the man watching her did not notice what she ate. The meal that was set before him he devoured mechanically. Companionship made it a feast for him, but when he had his coffee, he looked at her and said:

"Were you lonesome?"

She was already finished with her toast and coffee, and again he saw the wet defiance of her big gray eyes.

"I didn't get any Christmas gifts," she said.

"That's bad enough," he replied, trying to be gay, "but the weather is worse."

Then he stopped, for he was not eloquent. She looked at his face, tinkled her glass against a cup and said nothing.

"A day like this," he said, hopelessly, "is enough to make anyone lonesome, at least anyone in our—in my fix."

"You're a stranger?" hesitatingly.

"Yes, Miss. I don't know many people here yet, and the few I know have, er—homes. I have, too, of course, but not here. I'm boarding here, and so I have to make the best of things. I got a couple of presents—a scarf and a muffler from home, you know, but of course it doesn't seem right to be eating Christmas dinner away from everybody. You know what I mean?"

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean. But it's something to have a present from home, sir. You've had letters, too, haven't you?"

The sudden energy of her tones made him look up and the sad defiance was in her dark eyes again as she looked at him, this time with swift direction.

"You've had messages from your mother and sister," she continued, "that's a fine Christmas gift, I should say. Probably they are all devoted to you, believe in you, pardon your mistakes, your—'mistakes' will do—and wish you were home with them?"

"Oh, yes, yes! They're very fond of me and all that. But, I don't know how to explain it, but it's awful to be alone this way on Christmas. I'm not the kind of a man to do such things as I did to-day, Miss, but you looked so alone, you reminded me of Kate—that's my sister—I hoped, at least I believed, that you were lonely, too, and—and I wanted to—well, to make it more like Christmas. You don't think I've been bold, or, or intrusive?"

"No, sir," she said, simply, and drawing on her gloves, "I should thank you. I was lonely. Why do I remind you of your sister?"

She asked that quickly, peremptorily, suddenly, with a high clang like a challenge in her voice.

"Oh, I could see that you were a—a good woman, Miss. Your hair is like hers and, your eyes are the same color."

She had risen, but when she turned again and he

was helping her on with her coat, he saw that there were real tears in her eyes.

"I may see you home, may I not, Miss?" he asked. "Where do you live?"

"No, thank you. Not that. You have been very kind, sir. I haven't far to go. Don't ask to go with me. Some other time, perhaps."

She tried to smile at him, but her lips contorted and she looked away.

"Kind?" he said, slipping into his coat, and catching at the word of praise she had spoken, catching at it as men always do. "Kind? Why you're the one that has been kind. This little talk we've had is better than any Christmas gift I could wish for. I—"

"Good-bye, sir!" she said, holding out her hand.

Good-bye, Miss," he answered, holding hers in his wide palm, "I hope we'll meet again."

But she went away down the darkling street, her face bowed, and he stood watching her with an infinite desolation in his heart. And after that, though he looked for her always and at all hours, she came no more to the basement café.



HAFIZ, ODE 192

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE days of distance and the nights apart
Are at an end,
All the long, lonely winter of the heart
Is at an end:
No more forever shall the autumn gloom,
No more forever shall December freeze,
For lo! the sweet, swift-footed April breeze
Fills all the world with fragrance and with bloom—
O, my own love and friend,
Our grief is at an end!

Our grief is ended and our joys begun,
We have climbed the night—at last we reach sun;
And the wide world, from pole to pole, is bright
With the effulgent face of our delight,
From shining end to end.

Deep in the scented shadow of your hair,
I bow my head and weep for very bliss,
So happy I can scarce believe me there,
Too happy even to kiss;
For, love, O most desired and lovely friend,
Through your great locks I see the rising sun,
The solitary night is at an end,
Our morning is begun.

What care I if, for love of your fair face,
To the wide winds my work and place I throw!
My work is just to love you, and the place
Just where you are the only place I know.

Ah! to the wine-shop swiftly let us come,
With happy harp and loud, exultant drum,
And with a mighty voice the Saki call—
"Deep cups and many, many cups for all!"
What matter how much money we shall spend,
For, I most lovely and beloved friend,
To-day the grief of HAFIZ, the long grief,
In a wild blessedness beyond belief
Is at an end.

AT THE LAST

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

TO look on his dead face? No! not for me!
 The mystery of his going, let it pass
 Lulled by the murmurous whispers of grass;
 Yon pallid mask of mockery is not he!
 His soul has slipped its leash and wanders free
 Beyond the sands that trickle from Time's glass,
 Beyond the land's end, and the sounding brass
 And hollow thunderous chanting of the sea.

I shall remember him as last he stood
 The bleak rain on his forehead, and his face
 Upturned to watch the wild-fowl's wheeling flight,
 His gun in hand—hard by an Autumn wood—
 A very picture of youth, strength, and grace,
 Dark framed in gathering shadows of the night.



MRS. DOOLAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

"IT'S me dahther Mary Ann never forgets her ould mother a blessed Christmas," said Mrs. Doolan, as she stood in the door of her shanty in the days before the partition of Kerry Corners by the Poles. The remark was addressed to Mrs. Moloney, who, with shawl over head and tucked under chin, and basket on arm, had stopped on her way from the butcher's.

"Thru for ye, Mrs. Doolan. It's a foin gurl she is—a joel indade," said Mrs. Moloney, with a sigh.

"Yis. She do wroite me fram Tchikagy thot she hov a surproise for me thot'll do me ould heart good." And Mrs. Doolan straightened up with pride.

"Twuz a foin match she med, alanna, but shure it's too bad we hadn't a widdin at all. Phwin she wint aff an' got married be a Jushtish twuz a sarry day; but they do tell me she hov a foin home beyant, an' great luck, for all they was no praste to mate him an' her."

"Ah the broth av a boy is her hushband, Mr. Mordant—God forgi' me for not bearin the soight av him at firsh, for I thought he was afther her for no good. An' Mary Ann ups an' affs wid him an' it's three years since me darlin's face has brightened me dure."

The conversation had reference to the sudden departure of Mary Ann Doolan, for Chicago, with Mr. Harry Mordant, a Chicago traveling man—a circumstance that had thrilled all Kerry Corners. Shortly after her departure, Mary Ann had written her mother that she and her sweetheart had been married in Chicago. The proof seemed to be the accompanying \$20 bill which Harry had "sent with his best love to Mamma."

Many letters and many bills had since come to Mrs. Doolan who, therefore, missed not the \$9 per week her daughter had formerly made in the employ of the Vienna Cloak Company. Mrs. Doolan received also large boxes, which, being opened, revealed gowns of wondrous texture and make and linen that was sumptuous and, now and then, unworn stockings, longer than the cotton ones that Mrs. Doolan was wont to wear.

Mrs. Moloney had said with a sigh: "It's a God's blessin' to hov a choild that 'ud not forget one in their ould days. But the devil's in it, Mrs. Doolan, thim undherclose is too foin for the loikes av us."

All the neighbors knew of Mrs. Doolan's anxiety over the gift she expected from her daughter. Kerry

Corners would not have been surprised if some fine day a box came to her house and she appeared on the street shortly after in a sealskin sacque. But Christmas time approached, and no box came. Mrs. Doolan went to mass fully expecting the remembrance to arrive that morning. It did not come. She did not leave her house all day.

When night came, Mrs. Moloney went across the street to Mrs. Doolan's and invited her to join her at her house in a sup of egg-nog. Mrs. Doolan sat upon a little stool she called "a creepie," in a dark corner of her kitchen and said she was obliged, but she was feeling "dark."

"Shure, cheer up, Mrs. Doolan, an' join us in a dhrap."

"No, thank ye, Bridget Moloney. It's dark I'm feelin', for I dhramed o' durty wather lasht night."



Officer Sullivan was seen to stop at Mrs. Doolan's door late that night, and he was seen to enter the house. Shortly after there was a wild wail that startled Kerry Corners, and then another and another, until it was prolonged into one weirdly rising and falling moan, that all knew was "the Irish cry." Soon there were women in plenty at the side of Mrs. Doolan, but they only knew the cry meant death and all they could hear was, now and then, the name of the crone's darling, "Mary Ann." They remained with her until morning.

Officer Sullivan told the corner grocer, over his fifth free drink, "Tis too bad about Mrs. Doolan."

"Doo ped! Vat?" ejaculated the worthy German.

"Ye remimber her dahther Mary Ann! Well she's dead. Murthered in Tchikagy lasht night."

The corner grocer, in consideration of the thrilling intelligence, put out a sixth drink and a cigar.

"Yis. Whiskers, the Assistant Chafe, telyfoned the station to hov a man see Mrs. Doolan, av Twinty-fourth an' Cary street, an' tell her her dahther was kilt in Tchikagy, an' 'twuz meself got the devil's own job, an' it mosht bruk me own heart whin I bruk it to th' ould lady."

"Merry Enn! Dot leedle Merry Enn! Ach, Gott, dot's ped. Say, vot vas her name yet since she was marriet?"

"Mordant!" said Officer Sullivan.



Next morning all Kerry Corners knew the tale. The people gathered around the door of the Doolan shanty, and a young man read them this local item from the paper:

"A telegram from Chicago, received at the office of the Chief of Police last night, stated that the woman, Belle Mordant, whose throat was cut by her lover, in her bagnio, on Fourth avenue, on the morning of the 23rd, was supposed to be related to Mrs. James Doolan, of Twenty-fourth and Cary streets, this city, as a box containing a handsome plush sacque and addressed to Mrs. Doolan was found in her room ready to be shipped. Upon investigation it was found that the beautiful demi-mondaine was the daughter of Mrs. Doolan, who eloped with Mordant three years ago."

The Christmas box came to Mrs. Doolan's some days later and some of the women opened it and took its contents to her bedside and showed it to her. She seized it in her poor worn hands and kissed it and laughed and patted it as she laid it out on the bed.

"Me little Mary Ann," she said. "She didn't forget her ould mother afther all. I must hov Willie Ryan wroite me a letter thakin' the darlin'."

Willie Ryan wrote the letter of thanks that was never sent. Mrs. Doolan never wore her plush sacque. It lay for weeks on her bed and her shriv-

elled hands brushed it this way and that as she murmured about her Mary Ann.

Miss Beezie Moloney wore the sacque to the Dizzy Dozen's hop on Valentine night; for Beezie's mother had made Mrs. Doolan's shroud and it had been voted by all that to give her the sacque, though much too small for her, was no more than pay for her trouble.



SCARS

BY WILBUR UNDERWOOD.

TO-MORROW once again the stress,
 And stab of wounds that leave a scar;
 And all day long the restless sigh
 Of the heart that knows its bitterness.
 I think of it now as star on star
 Lights in the quiet primrose sky.

Gone is the youth that once I knew,
 Dead the flame that was quick to start;
 And like the hyacinth bloom I go—
 A thing of wind, and sun, and dew—
 Each dark petal of my heart
 Stained with an old wild cry of woe.



PARABLES

FROM THE CHINESE OF HO-LI BY W. V. B.

I.

THE Master said: It happened once that a sage, only imperfectly instructed in the Doctrine of the Mean, associated himself in the city of Hoang-ho with certain benevolent mandarins, who saw that the corruption of the city was great. "By the aid of your wisdom, O, Sage," they said to him, "we will utterly cast out these evil men, who neglect the tombs of their ancestors. Wisdom and virtue being then re-established in Hoang-ho, you will come to great honor, your admirers will be many, and your name will be enrolled in the Book of History." Being thus prevailed upon, the Sage, who knew not the Doctrine of the Mean, proclaimed so greatly in the streets against the evil men who neglected the tombs of their ancestors that the Viceroy issued a decree against them, sentencing them to be banished from the city. The benevolent mandarins then supplied to the Viceroy a list of many names of men who corrupted the morals of Hoang-ho by their evil practices. "O Light in the East and Son of the Morning," they said to him, "it may be that we, though instructed in the Doctrine of the Mean and the Great Learning, have erred in the case of a few names on this list, but it is the quality of a Superior Man to demonstrate his own excellence and if by chance there are Superior Men on the list, it will not fail to appear." Having kotowed to the Viceroy, they withdrew, and addressed each person on the list as they had addressed the Viceroy. So it fell out that the Superior Men on the list, instead of being banished, were triumphantly vindicated, and to prove their innocence were invited to banquets at the Viceroy's palace. When the dividends on the deal between the benevolent mandarins and the Superior Men on the list had been divided with the Viceroy, all the others were banished, and the Sage was informed that the city had been completely purified. Not being instructed in the Doctrine of the Mean, however, he continued to proclaim against corruption on the street corners until he, too, was put on the list of those who had neglected the tombs of their an-



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cestors, and was sent into exile. "Thus we see," said the Master, "that sages who undertake to purify cities should always be perfectly instructed in the Doctrine of the Mean as well as in the Great Learning."

II.

The Master said: A certain flock of sheep, feeding in the neighborhood of the great wall, was disturbed in its slumber by the barking of half a dozen dogs, which had formed the habit of staying awake throughout the night and provoking quarrels with wolves and other wild animals of that vicinity. Finding their slumbers so greatly disturbed by this noise during the night that it impaired their appetites during the day, the sheep went in a body to the shepherd and addressed him thus: "As you know, O Master, we are of a quiet disposition, not given to unnecessary protest and our digestions would remain unimpaired if the dogs with whom you force us to associate could be taught to bleat instead of to snarl and howl during the whole of the night. They are by their nature protesters and objectors, and the influence of our example has changed them so little that we are compelled to ask you either to muzzle them or to force them to give up their own language and learn ours." "This," said the shepherd, "is a reasonable request, and hereafter I will compel all dogs who associate with you either to keep silence or merely to bleat mildly as you do when they are displeased with anything." Being satisfied with this, the sheep went away to their pastures and the dogs being commanded not to growl, and, finding themselves unable to bleat, abandoned the sheep and took to the woods, where they remained until the shepherd concluded to make mutton of the entire flock. This he did, and as the price of mutton happened to be very high at the time, he never changed his opinion that the sheep were justified in their objections to the habits of dogs. "Thus, we see," said the Master, "that those who know the Great Learning can look at things from more than one standpoint, though this is not usually possible for sheep."

III.

The Master said: A certain goat in the Province of Chi-li was so ignorant of the Great Learning, that, being in a position of importance, he attributed to his own merits the respect with which his opinions were

listened to. After the revolution in the Province of Chi-li, however, he was compelled to seek safety in flight, and, having taken up his retreat in a wood, he attempted once more to reassert himself in his ancient dignity. The animals of the wood, having troubles of their own, refused to listen to his views, and he finally found himself reduced to the necessity of consorting wholly with a polecat, whom he endeavored to instruct in morals. To this, however, the polecat would not consent. "I am very well off as I am, and if I were to adopt your methods, I cannot see that there would be anything in it for me," he said to the goat. "But I have held positions of great importance and have been much sought after by the wise and great," said the goat. "I understand all that," said the polecat, "but as far as I can see, all you have brought away with you in becoming a has-been is your natural bad odor, which is, on the whole, greatly inferior to mine." "Thus, we see," said the Master, "that polecats have their own standards of judging merit."

IV.

The Master said: In the Path of the Mean only is safety for a Superior Man. It happened once, that a donkey on the road to Kwangzu met a hyena, who praised him for his good qualities, but regretted that he lacked the power of eloquent expression, which nature had given to the family of hyenas. Whereupon the donkey brayed most strenuously, and the hyena confessed himself in the wrong. "You are of all animals the best fitted for oratory," said the hyena, "and I have no doubt that at Pekin you will attain the peacock's feather and be a controlling influence in the affairs of the Celestial Kingdom." Whereupon they parted with mutual expressions of admiration. The hyena, as soon as he was out of hearing, began to feel his own superiority so strenuously that it excited his sense of humor until he could no longer control it. He laughed at all donkeys until his mirth attracted the attention of a peasant who objected to the sense of humor in hyenas, and shot him through with an arrow. The donkey, on the contrary, being a serious-minded animal, continued undisturbed on the road to Pekin, where he led a long life of usefulness, drawing a cart, after having been freed by severe but useful exercise from all desire to bray. "Thus," said the Master, "we see that the donkey is

not made ridiculous by his voice, if he practices the Doctrine of the Mean and loses all desire to compel the rest of the world to his own views, while the hyena, who knows nothing of the Doctrine of the Mean, never learns to control his voice until he has lost his skin."

V.

The Master said: The use of the Great Learning is to prevent us from finding out too much of our superiority to other people. There was a certain wrestler in the Province of Pe-Chi who failed to burn incense sticks on the tomb of his great-grandfather, and was thus left without religious guidance. He concluded, therefore, to go to Pekin and challenge all the wrestlers of the city, thinking he would be able to throw them all with ease. When he arrived in the city and issued his challenge, he was at first laughed at, but he exhibited his muscle at the tea-houses and boasted of it so much that the great wrestlers were finally compelled to accept his challenge, and the match accordingly took place before the Viceroy. To the great surprise of every one, all the wrestlers of Pekin were easily thrown one after another by the stranger, who was accordingly appointed wrestler to the Viceroy and was provided with twenty coolies to wait upon him. He was very happy over his good fortune; but it happened in less than two months that the viceroy, who had stolen more than any other man in the Celestial Kingdom, was degraded from his rank by a conspiracy of the viceroys of other provinces, and all his household were sentenced to have their pigtailed amputated and to go into exile beyond the Great Wall. The wrestler from the Province of Pe-Chi, being thus deprived of all his honors and condemned to the worst disgrace, died miserably beyond the Great Wall, while his former master, the viceroy of Pekin, who had regularly burned incense sticks at the tombs of his ancestors, arranged a compromise with the other viceroys, through which he was restored to all his honors and dignities in consideration of his promise to give every other viceroy a chance to secure emoluments of office equal to his own. "Thus we see," said the Master, "that if the wrestler of Pe-Chi had studied the Great Learning, he might either have become a viceroy himself or have known enough to have nothing to do with them."

PLAYERS AND PLAYS

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, are the publishers of "Players and Plays of the Last Quarter Century," by Lewis C. Strang. This work, which is in two volumes, is of ambitious design, comprehensive scope and studded with truly critical comments on famous players, plays and art in general and full of valuable information regarding the growth of histrionics in America. In the preface, we are told that "the theater has developed with remarkable consistency. Certain conditions in the thought-life of the people have invariably resulted in dramatic buoyancy; opposite conditions have brought dramatic depression. Thus the first half of the eighteenth century was a period of decided decline in the English drama, while the latter part of that century witnessed a notable revival, especially in the field of comedy. This revival extended well into the nineteenth century. It was followed by the practical obliteration of English dramatic literature, and a vast influx of plays from foreign sources. These importations began perceptibly to fall off during the eighth decade of the nineteenth century. At that time the English theater was in a state of stagnation, but this was relieved by the first outcroppings of a new English drama, which, at the end of the century, showed some signs of definiteness and encouraging promise for the future." The author favors us with a candid discussion of the characters, and art of such actors as Forrest, Murdoch, Davenport, Barrett, the Booths, Charlotte Cushman and Clara Morris, and pays considerable attention also to the works of Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Herman Sudermann and Maurice Maeterlinck. In regard to Edwin Forrest, we read that there were two Forrests, "one a man of scholarly tastes, intellectual dignity, moral refinement and strength, the other a man unbearably rude, intolerably selfish, harsh toward his fellows, a creature of uncivilized bluntness, and of untempered brutality. Sympathy, sincerity, and especially impressive personality were required to bring to light the first Forrest; adverse criticism, even if free from the taint of fault-finding, any opposition, whether honest or the outcome of envy, brought quickly into violent being the second Forrest." The part devoted to Edwin Booth is particularly interesting and compelling. It is written in a fine spirit of discrimination and honest impartiality. We read that "Edwin Booth was essentially a tragic actor, a depicter of the solemn emotions and the sombre thoughts of mankind, and in the broad field of tragedy, Booth's art was magnificently full and comprehensive. It encompassed the mental enigma of the intellectual *Hamlet* and the brutal animalism of the jealousy-mad *Othello*; it exemplified the very essence of evil in the diamond-like brilliancy of *Iago* and the fulness of pitiable pathos in the cogent and definite suffering of the physically and mentally-warped *Bertuccio*. As a lover and as the inspirer of merriment, Booth failed. While his habitual attitude towards women, so beautifully expressed by him in the scenes between *Brutus* and *Portia*, was chivalrous, ten-

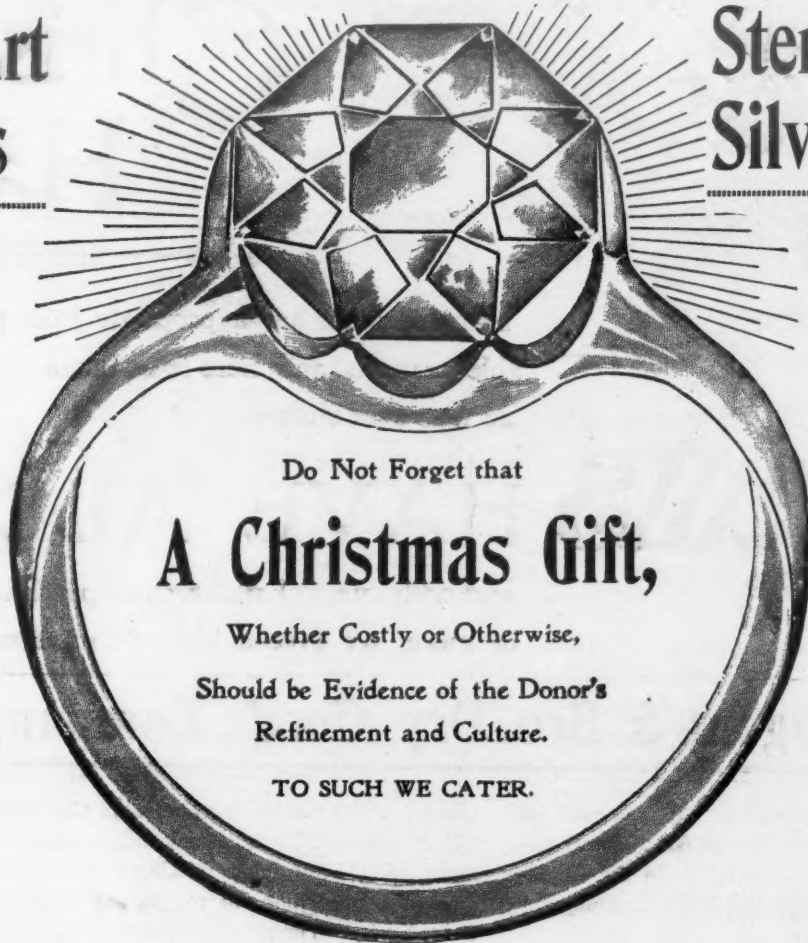
der, almost worshipful, he never sounded perfectly the note of burning ardor and of inconsiderate youthful passion, which is elemental in the compelling lover. Booth's humor on the stage was either grotesque or grim; it had both the sparkle and the menace of a jagged lightning flash, flung from a black and threatening thunder-cloud." But for lack of space, the reviewer might be tempted to cite more at length from this meritorious work of Mr. Strang. Everybody that is interested in the dramatic art in America, its genesis and growth, should be in possession of these two volumes. Price \$3.20 net.

Bettie Motz Williamson has just issued a most attractive little volume, entitled "Gems of Thought, Garnered from the Field of Authors." It embraces the choicest thoughts of prose and poetry of the best writers of the world. Lovers of this class of literature should not miss it; it sparkles with good things and will be found a most desirable ready reference upon all occasions.

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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Elliot, Jr., have just returned from a brief visit to Chicago.

Mrs. Thomas Hunt has just returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neil are again at home, after spending several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell have returned from a sojourn of several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nolker have returned home after a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blodgett will leave, the first of January, for New York, where they will spend some time.

Mr. Gerard Lambert will give a New Year's evening entertainment at Mahler's, which will take the form of a ball.

Mrs. James H. Brookmire, who has been traveling in Europe with her daughter, returned home a short time ago.

Mme. Pernet—Vandeventer & West Bell. Language, Music, Painting, Elocution, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kern will entertain with a ball on Friday evening, Dec. 26th, in honor of their daughter, Miss Mary Kern.

Mrs. Charles Tracy, Jr., will give a beautiful ball, on December 29th, at Mahler's Hall, in honor of her daughter, Miss Nellie Tracy.

Miss Lily Lambert has sent out cards for a large Christmas ball, which she will give at Mahler's, on Thursday evening, December 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Philip Meyer have returned from their European trip, and are located at the Westmoreland Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Chas. S. Heffern is registered at the Arlington Hotel at Hot Springs, where she will probably remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. Ellen Wheliss has sent out cards for a debut reception, which she will give next Friday evening for her son and his bride, Mr. and Mrs. Malone Wheliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom are entertaining their son, Mr. Dwight Bradford Blossom, who returned from Princeton last Friday to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Humes, who have for some time been living abroad, have returned, and are visiting Dr. Gregory, as are, also, Mr. and Mrs. John Lindsay, of New York.

Miss Lella Chopin will leave, the first of January, for Richmond, Va., where she will join Miss Sallie Gordon. Later they will go on to Washington, and thence to New Orleans, La., for the remainder of the winter.

A wedding which will be an event of January, is that of Mr. Seldon Spencer, and Miss Williams, of New York. Mr. Spencer is well known here and a great favorite socially. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. H. N. Spencer.

Jane Gillespie, a niece of Mrs. Sam Fordyce, has lately announced her engagement to Lieut. Thomas Cunningham of the United States cavalry, who is at present stationed at the barracks. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Mrs. Ezra Hunt Dyer gave an entertainment, Tuesday afternoon, at the Odeon, which took the form of a musicale. Mrs. Dyer was assisted by Miss Gregg and Miss Evelyn Choate, of Chicago, the latter giving some fine Russian music.

The fun at the Ice Palace continues to be of as lively, exhilarating a nature as ever. Great crowds nightly congregate at this place of amusement, and jolly times they have! Join the merry throng. The Palace is on Channing and Cook avenues.

One of the most fashionable events of Christmas week will be the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. George L. Allen, in honor of their daughter, Miss Mary Allen, who made her debut, a short time ago, at a beautiful function given in her

honor. The ball will take place on Tuesday evening, December 23rd, at Mahler's.

Mrs. Van L. Runyun gave a reception, Monday afternoon, in honor of her daughter, Miss Eloise Runyun, who is one of the debutantes. A bevy of six young girls served the punch and frappe and other refreshments; they were Misses Suzanne Nickerson, Ruth Goddard, Amanda Adams, Bertha Chouteau Turner, Florence York and Emily Catlin Wickham.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Sampson, 335 Westminster place, gave a large reception, Tuesday evening, Dec. 16th, introducing their daughter, Miss Marjorie, recently returned from Europe. The young lady is a graduate of Mary Institute. On Thursday evening, Dec. 18th, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson will entertain the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, of which Mr. Sampson is president. The officers of the Society of the Colonial Wars, Daughters of the American Revolution, and of kindred societies are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rumsey, who have lately returned from their bridal tour, will receive on New Year's Day, at their home, 3810 Westminster place, surrounded by a bevy of young people who assisted in various capacities at their wedding. This is the first of their two reception days, the next being January 8th. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stoner will be included in the receiving party, and Misses Elma and Queen Rumsey, Julia Rumsey, Harriet Fowler and several others will also assist.

Carolyn Irwin Mehrling entertained in her studio, at the Odeon, Friday evening, Dec. 12th. Several selections from "Robin Hood," "Il Trovatore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were sung by a quartet composed of Mr. Ernest Stamm, tenor; Mrs. S. Black, soprano; Miss Laura Braubner, contralto, and Mr. S. Black, basso. Mrs. S. Black's "The Thanksgiving Song" was

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especially enjoyable. Madam Downing Macklin proved her ability as an artiste in her rendition of two beautiful songs. Mr. Ernest Stamm, Jr., was the accompanist. Miss Edna Teahan, one of Miss Mehrling's pupils, recited "As the Moon Rose," showing considerable dramatic ability. Mrs. Mehrling gave several readings, one of which was "Old Gowns," published in the St. Louis "Mirror," Dec. 4th. Others present were Mr. Graubner, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Robinson, Mrs. E. Stamm, Mr. J. Macklin and Mr. Ernest Mehrling.

The man who takes life studiously laughed several times in quick succession. The friend with him seized his arm and exclaimed apprehensively: "What's the trouble?" "There's nothing wrong," was the answer. "I was merely laughing at those ladies' new hats." "But there is nothing extraordinary about them." "That is how it seems to you. But I look ahead. If they are as funny ten years from now as the hats of ten years ago are to-day, they will be simply excruciating. I may not be here ten years from now, and I don't want to miss the opportunity." He laughed once more, and then relapsed into gloom. It takes no such prevision for one to surmise what will be shown in future by Swope's Shoe Store, for this firm is ever up to date, and handles only the "best." Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A NOTABLE RECITAL

What promises to be one of the most brilliant events of the season is the song recital to be given by Madam Schumann-Heink, in the Odeon, on Monday evening, Feb. 2nd, when one of the members of the Metropolitan Opera Company will sing for the benefit of the St. Louis Protestant Orphans' Asylum.

This will be the only appearance of Madam Schumann-Heink during this season, and from the great success of her last concert in St. Louis there is a treat in store.

The St. Louis Protestant Orphans' Asylum is one of St. Louis' most worthy charitable organizations, being located just west of the city in Webster Grove. This asylum was organized by the first citizens of St. Louis in 1834, and has grown until now it is one of the best known in the State.

The object of the institution is to edu-

cate as well as to feed and clothe the children. While the name of the institution suggests only the care of orphans, the asylum has ever opened its doors to the call of the unfortunate, whether from sickness, poverty or intemperance of parents. As the entertainment is for such a worthy cause it should be well attended. At the present time the St. Louis Protestant Orphans' Asylum is managed by the following officers: President, Mrs. William Stickney; vice-presidents, Mrs. Charles H. Wyman, Mrs. A. J. Steele, Mrs. H. I. Staggs; secretary, Mrs. Fritz Nisbet; treasurer, Miss C. A. Tilden; recorder, Mrs. Kate W. Gore. Among the managers are Mrs. Geo. B. Leighton, Mrs. Charles Nagel, Mrs. George C. Hitchcock, Mrs. Lewis B. Bailey, Mrs. P. J. Teasdale. Advisory and Investment Committee, Mr. I. W. Morton, Mr. Geo. B. Leighton, Mr. E. C. Rowse, Mr. M. S. Forbes and Mr. Charles Nagel.

HE LEFT THEM

On the afternoon of Winslow's departure for Denver, he was paying his bill, when he called Willie, hanging fascinatingly near.

"I want you," he said, slowly, glaring into the boy's eyes, "to go upstairs and see if I left my tooth-brush and comb in my room. Tooth-brush and comb, tooth-brush, tooth-brush, tooth-brush! Don't forget what I want, boy, and hurry, too. Got to get my train."

"N-no, sir-r; y-yes, sir," chattered Willie.

Winslow hung about impatiently, watching the clock like a hawk. Only two minutes to spare. Just as he caught up his bag to depart, Willie came on a dead run across the floor, his face aglow with the sense of a lofty mission well performed.

"Yes, sir," he cried, eagerly, "you left 'em."

Winslow gazed at his empty-handed emissary. His lips moved, but no words came forth. Then, with an inarticulate snarl, he stepped into the waiting carriage.—*Kansas City Journal*.

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SUCH A FOOLISH QUESTION—*Waitress* (at quick lunch stand): "Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?" *Gentleman*: "Both."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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A VICTIM OF POLITICS

BY C. B. OLDHAM.

Country politicians of both parties in this State never weary of making inquiries why it is that the Democrats of St. Louis persistently neglect ex-Secretary of State Michael K. McGrath? The question is yet unanswered, and thereby hangs a tale of political ingratitude without a parallel in the history of Missouri politics.

Observing persons are all aware that it is not what a man has done in politics that counts, but what he can do. It seems, however, that Mr. McGrath has been singled out for a terrible example of this doctrine and considerable more than the customary amount of ingratitude has been served with his order.

It was M. K. McGrath, more than anyone living, who caused the enactment of the Nesbit election law. No one doubts for a minute that this law has materially aided the Democrats in wresting control of St. Louis from the Republicans and placing themselves in the position of controlling practically every office in the city worth holding. It would seem that even political ethics could be strained a point in favor of a man bringing such gifts to a party.

The Nesbit election law was prepared by Mr. McGrath without the aid of anyone. The original bill was in his well-known handwriting, and he prepared nearly every amendment to it which the Committee of the House adopted. The measure derived its name from the fact that James Nesbit, Democratic member of the House from Scotland County, introduced it. This is where his responsibility commenced, and it ended when he voted for the bill with other Democrats of the House.

The bill had a precarious existence for some time after it was introduced. It slept long in the House Committee on Elections and would have been buried there had it not been for the persistency of Mr. McGrath. Even after the bill was reported from the Committee it required the hardest kind of work on the part of Mr. McGrath and one or two others to drum up enough Democratic votes to pass it. And, in fact, it was not until after the St. Louis Republic and Kansas City Times had opened a hot fire on delinquent Democrats that it became evident the bill had a chance to pass. About this time Governor Stephens extended a helping hand, and Charles P. Higgins and Hugh J. Brady, of St. Louis, tendered their services. Mr. Higgins, who was then Excise Commissioner, made two or more trips to Jefferson City in the interest of the bill.

The real fight on the measure, however, was made after it reached the Senate. A canvass of the Senate had meantime been made, and it was discovered that the bill could pass by a partisan vote if any way could be discovered of getting it out of the Senate Committee on Elections. Right here is where some of the finest work of the session was done, the railroad lobbyists working in a "cold deck" on the Republican Senators with a shrewdness never before equalled. To make a long story short, it may be said that the bill would never

have been reported from the Senate Committee in time to receive consideration, had it not been for Col. W. H. Phelps and Col. John H. Carroll. It was these two men who dragged it out of the Committee at the last hour in order to make good a promise they had made the supporters of the measure whose good will was desirable in order to prevent a disarrangement of some legislative machinery.

With the exceptions of some newspaper help, the men who rendered the most valuable service in securing the enactment of the Nesbit law are here named in the order in which their services rated: Michael K. McGrath, Lon V. Stephens, W. H. Phelps, John H. Carroll, John W. Drabelle, W. H. Haynes, John F. Morton, Thomas Quinn, Charles P. Higgins, James Nesbit, Hugh J. Brady, P. R. FitzGibbon and Tim Conway. Of these, McGrath, Stephens, Phelps, Drabelle, Higgins, Brady and Conway have been shelved by the Nesbit law beneficiaries. FitzGibbon was rewarded with the office of City Register and Quinn holds a clerkship under him. Nesbit has a clerkship under the President of the Board of Public Improvements, a position he had to wait a long time to secure. Some time after the Nesbit law went into effect Mr. McGrath was given an unimportant clerkship in the office of the Election Commissioners, of a temporary character, and he was among the first of the clerks to be dropped.

During the recent city campaign, when all steam was crowded on the machine, and there was hurrying and scurrying here and there about headquarters, Mr. McGrath would occasionally drop in and gaze on the evidence of his handicraft. Few spoke to him and none consulted him. Part of the candidates did not even know him and if asked the name of the author of the law which they expected to carry them safe into office, they could not have answered. Feeling, perhaps, as if he was considered a useless fixture about headquarters, Mr. McGrath cut his visits short, and had little to say when he was there.

The other night there was a big jollification out at the Jefferson Club, which has grown wonderfully strong since the Nesbit law became effective. There was speech-making and giving of presents, with all the trimmings which go to make the victors feel joyous. The Mayor was there to receive compliments and a loving cup for his aid in the campaign, and the candidates were there, living testimonials of the fruits of victory. But there was one man who was not there—an old man who is bowing under years of work for his party, and who must feel the pitiless pangs of party ingratitude—a man without whose partisan foresight, four years ago, that happy throng and Democratic Mayor would not have congregated at the Jefferson Club—Michael McGrath. He was absent. And no one missed him.



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In a sense it's true, every man has his price—don't you always pay just about so much for an overcoat? Say it's \$20.

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CENTURY.

Tim Murphy is a clever comedian. His humor is of the quaint, old-fashioned kind. It is simple, droll and healthy and appeals directly to the emotions in a delightfully natural manner. In "Old Innocence," this week's attraction at the Century, Mr. Murphy seems to be in his element. Supported by a remarkably good *entourage*, he succeeds in interesting his audiences in the characters and incidents of a play that is anything but original or ingenious. He



HOLIDAY GLOVES

The mention of the merit of such good makers as represented in our showing is unnecessary; their world-famous names suffice—Fownes, Dents, Fisk, Perrins, Hays, Gates & Co.—A splendid range of newest ideas exclusive to us.

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assumes the role of an inconceivably kind-hearted old gentleman (*J. Green*), who can at all times be easily "touched" by people who are in hard luck, and imagines himself, at the same time, to be very discriminative and "firm" in his charitable work. *Flint Green*, his thrifty, rich and skeptical brother comes along, however, and gives him a needed object-lesson, as a result of which the erstwhile philanthrope is converted into a veritable misanthrope and curmudgeon, who distrusts his own wife, daughter and servants. The metamorphosis is complete, but it vanishes quickly as soon as the old man has been given proof that his suspicions are utterly baseless and that mankind is, after all, much better than his superficially cynical brother represented it to be. The play ends with philanthropy, love and faith once more in the ascendant, the brother converted, and wife and daughter and everybody else in the best of humor. There is a love *motif* running through the three acts which is crudely constructed, but very sweet and, in its way, pathetic and humorous in turn.

Mr. Murphy represents the old, whimsical and lovable philanthropist in an adroit manner. His quiet, Sol Smith Russell way of talking is very effective. At times, however, one would like to see him develop a little more intensity of speech and feeling. And that, Mr. Murphy is unquestionably able to do. By endowing him with more passion and some backbone, the old gentleman would increase his hold upon our affections.

The *Flint Green* of J. R. Armstrong is a fine piece of acting. Miss Dorothy Sherrod, as *May*, the wife of *J. Green*, is up to expectations, and particularly efficient in wearing some magnificent gowns that reveal a stunning physique. Miss Louise Whitfield should try to get rid of that peculiar wink of the eye. It is unnecessary and not at all becoming.

OLYMPIC.

"The Little Duchess" is drawing big audiences at the Century. It is a magnificent production. It is the real thing, so far as gorgeousness is concerned. The musical part does not amount to much; in fact, it is hardly noticed in the bewildering display of superb scenery and costumes. There are some specialties on the programme which are strikingly unique and decidedly good. Hubert Wilke, Edouard Durand and Joseph W. Herbert enjoy the lion's share of applause. But Miss Anna Held is also very prominent, so much so, in fact, that she is, occasionally, practically the whole show. In appearance she is as bewitching as ever. There are the same big, flashing eyes; the same pretty pout; the same coquettish smile and the same perfectness of gracefully swelling contours. Her singing, methinks, has improved in a very noticeable manner.

The production is obtrusively Gallic, and would gain by being toned down a little bit in certain parts. A few of the songs are decidedly *risqué* and frivolous. However, taken all in all, it is a production that is worth seeing, and that will no doubt delight all who are not hypercritical in their views and tastes.

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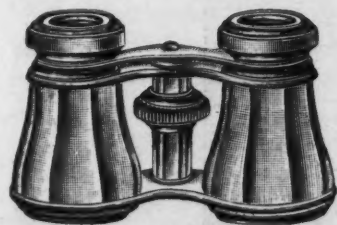
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Wall Street arithmetic:

10 mills make one trust,
10 trusts make one combine,
10 combines make one merger,
10 mergers make one magnate,
1 magnate makes all the money.

—Boston Commercial Bulletin.



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COMING ATTRACTIONS

Mr Ezra Kendall will make his appearance at the Olympic Theater, next Sunday evening, in a comedy production, “The Vinegar Buyer.” The play is said to be of the homely sort, combining wit and pathos, the former in the ascendancy, on something of the “Old Homestead” order. St. Louis theater-goers have associated Ezra Kendall’s name with vaudeville, and his coming to us as a star will be fraught with not a little interest. Among other well-known artists in the cast are Charles Bowser, Marion Abbott, Ed. Chapman, Lottie Alter, Walter Thomas, Ida Darling, Roy Fairchild, John D. Garrick, Harry Hanlon, Rose Norris and Frank Howson, Jr.

Mr. Edeson will make his initial appearance in “Soldiers of Fortune” in this city at the Century next Sunday night. No novel, written within recent years, provides a greater abundance of material for dramatic purposes than this stirring tale of the adventures experienced in a South American republic by Robert Clay, a civil engineer, by birth an American, by education a cosmopolitan, by training a free lance, a veritable “Soldier of Fortune.” Mr. Edeson has won his best successes as a portrayal of distinctly American types,

so that the role of Robert Clay, which is an example of plain, unassuming Americanism, displays to the best effect his virile personality and natural method of acting.

“The London Belles,” at the Standard, this week, are playing to large audiences. There are a number of clever comedians, whose witticisms conspire to keep the patrons in roars of laughter. Pretty girls, who dance gracefully, dress becomingly and are altogether witching, and an unusually good roster of vaudevillians, succeed in rounding out a most pleasing performance. Those deserving of special mention are Edward Masse, juggler; W. S. Campbell and Johnny Weber, two very funny Dutch comedians. “The Imperial Burlesquers” will hold the boards next week.

Chased by a dog, I climbed a tree—
 My trousers are a sight to see!—
 I am constrained, therefore, to write:
 “The bark was far worse than the bite.”
 —University of Michigan Wrinkle.

Beautiful selections of wedding silver
 at F. W. Drosten’s.

ROCOCO

(*Donec gratus eram.*)

BY WALTER HEADLAM.

HE.

While I could please you, still caressed—
 With no boy then to put me second—
 That snowy neck—my fortune blest
 Beyond the Persian King’s I reckoned.

SHE.

While you had yet no fonder flame,
 Nor Lydia less than Chloe counted,
 Beyond the Roman Ilia’s fame
 Renowned and glorious Lydia
 mounted.

HE.

’Tis Thracian Chloe rules me now,
 Who plays, who sings, without a rival;
 I’d face my very death, I vow!
 If death might win her dear survival.

SHE.

For Calais all-consumed am I;
 Sweet Thurian! he in equal measure;
 And death twice over I would die—

If death might save the boy—with
 pleasure!

HE.

Should Venus now return once more,
 And drive a parted pair to mating—
 Cast Chloe off, and leave the door
 Wide, for rejected Lydia waiting?

SHE.

Though lovelier than a star is he,
 And thou both lighter than a feather
 And stormier than the Adrian sea,—
 ’Twere bliss to live—or die—together!

Willie never did grow wiser,
 But his luck was mighty good,
 Till he stood astride a geyser
 When he didn’t think it would.

—Columbia Jester.

German Instructor (to usually late student): “I see you are early of late; you used to be behind before, and now you are first at last.”—Harvard Lampoon.

ROOSEVELT'S WAYS

The Democratic ways of President Roosevelt are a never-ending source of amazement to Americans as well as foreigners who go to Washington. There was never a President like him. "We had a period of Jeffersonian simplicity, a century ago, which did not compare with that which now prevails," says William E. Curtis in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "for President Roosevelt puts on no more airs and assumes no more dignity than a college student, and is accessible to everybody, old and young, poor and rich, small and great. Instead of inviting his callers into his office, as President McKinley and his predecessors used to do in almost every case, and giving them private interviews, President Roosevelt reserves that privilege for Senators and a few Representatives only. He allows the rest of his visitors to accumulate in an anteroom until it is filled, and then he goes out and circulates among them, shaking hands with everybody, and answering questions and saying what he has to say in a tone of voice that can be heard by everybody in the neighborhood, as if he had no secrets and did not propose to be a repository for the secrets of others. This hearty candor is usually a little confusing to his guests, and sometimes embarrassing, but never to the President. He is perfectly willing that everybody shall hear all he has to say. One day, a well-dressed gentleman of mysterious appearance endeavored to whisper a few words into the President's ear. The latter drew away from him and said sharply: 'Speak out loud, sir; I hate whispers.' The caller continued to talk in a low tone, and the President's replies grew sharper and louder. 'I decline to hear anything further on that subject,' he finally remarked, with a good deal of emphasis. 'I can not talk with you any further; there are other people here on business of greater importance.' Of course, the curiosity of the bystanders was sharpened, but it was not gratified. The stranger followed the President to the next group, but, being unable to attract his attention again, slipped quietly out of the door before anybody could find out what he said to make the President impatient. And the informal way in which the President goes about things is even more amazing. Not long ago I was sitting in the anteroom with a couple of strangers who wanted to pay their respects to him, when his head appeared through the half-open door of the cabinet room, and he called out in a loud voice: 'Is Jimmie Wadsworth here?' Representative Wadsworth, of New York, arose from a chair in a corner and followed the President into the cabinet room. Any other President would have touched his bell and sent a messenger to summon the Congressman in a quiet manner."

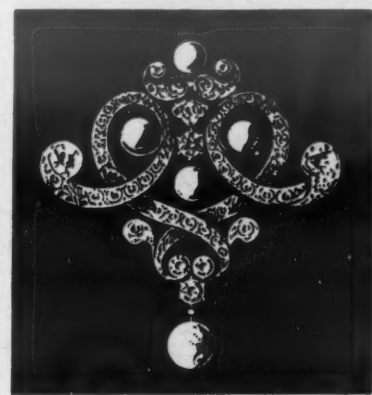
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Notice to Taxpayers.

Tax bills for 1902 will have to be paid on or before the 31st inst., the heavy penalties provided by law on delinquent taxes will be enforced after January 1st, 1903. Payment now will save time and inconvenience to taxpayers.

L. F. HAMMER, JR.,

Collector of the Revenue.

St. Louis, December 9th, 1902.

Father went to fry the chops—

Papa is so kind a man—

Took the baby for the meat,

Put him in the frying pan;

Baby cried, but papa said,

"There, there, child, we must be fed!"

—The Sphinx.

HIS NEEDS WERE SMALL—Landlady:

What portion of the chicken would you

like, Mr. Newcomer?" Mr. Newcomer:

"Oh, half of it will be ample, thank you."

—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Sprague Says

The public speaks well of the service at the new Colonial Restaurant, Broadway and Locust street.

AMERICAN ABSURDITIES

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL.

"There is but one art—to omit. Oh, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge! A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper." In thus revealing the secret of consummate literary skill, Robert Louis Stevenson disclosed the principle which underlies all other kinds of perfection as well. True culture, whether in the individual or in the nation, includes not only the nourishment of the plant, but the uprooting of the weed.

To the eye of the foreign observer (I am a Londoner), the neglect of this requirement appears one of the main defects of American civilization. Nearly seventy years ago, the rawness and crudity, due to this neglect, struck the attention of Mrs. Trollope, and the same impression is made upon the onlooker to-day, though amid very different surroundings. The idea of the supreme importance of selection has not yet laid hold upon the American people. Intellectual or social progress is conceived of as a series of additions; in working out the problem, the plus sign is used again and again, but never the minus. There is little or no understanding of the fact that refinement is not a matter of accumulation. To put it in another way, the American mind has no sense of incongruities. "The Land of Contrasts" is the title of Mr. Muirhead's book on the United States; but the word "contrasts" does not express it as well as "incongruities" the existence side by side of conditions that are not simply opposite, but, properly speaking, incompatible.

This national characteristic makes itself prominent to the foreigner before he arrives, as he notices the absence of any dietetic standards on the part of the American passengers on board ship. The art of eating, as practiced in the Old World through many centuries, has gradually evolved certain laws of combination and sequence. This code is not the result of arbitrary convention, but is a summary of the results of science and experience, and a cultivated palate has no desire to transgress it. But the American seems to believe that whatever is fit to eat at all must be fit to eat at any time and in association with any other food. Pickles with hot meat, potatoes with poached eggs, hot coffee with ice cream are juxtapositions which are quite usual in this country, but which would be impossible if it were recognized that one flavor may be spoiled by the addition of another. I have even known cases of persons eating tomato salad and oil with hot chicken, honey with cod-fish balls, crabs with meat stew, ice cream with oysters and bacon fat with griddle cakes and molasses. These are truly wonderful examples of the application of that principle of the Declaration of Independence which asserts that all men are free. "Two kinds of sauce, five cents extra," is a line from the menu of an American restaurant, under the heading of Puddings and Dessert. An Englishman, so far from regarding such an addendum as a luxury and allowing it to increase his bill, would not accept it if



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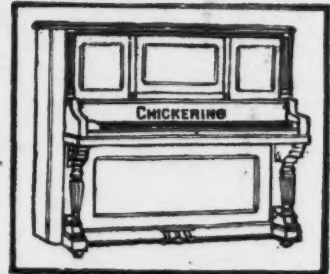
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and their connections. It is well worth a trip just to see the big trees, but a week or a month at Santa Cruz is a pleasure which every tourist is anxious to repeat.

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he were paid to do so, for his taste would reject the adulteration.

In the discussion, the other day, concerning the projected invasion of Paris by American dressmakers, a French *couturier* is reported to have said: "American dressmakers can copy a toilette fairly well, but when they endeavor to create, they produce strange things. They don't scruple to tack a Renaissance sleeve on a Louis XV dress." This peculiarity illustrates the same tendency in the matter of clothing. It is scarcely true in America that "no man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment," if the adjectives are taken to refer to style instead of material. And there is little appreciation of the effect of times and seasons upon the suitability of dress. Max O'Rell was amazed to see women wearing diamond brooches and bracelets at breakfast at the leading Florida hotels. A baby with a ring, a small boy in a dress suit, and undergraduates in sweaters at a college lecture, are no less grotesque. In this connection one might remark on the impropriety—in the literal sense of the word—of the New York custom of taking expensive flowers to the ship when people are sailing. It is said that a society woman will sometimes receive as many as sixty boxes, some of them worth as much as three hundred dollars. This practice may be fashionable, but it is none the less barbaric.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has recently called the attention to those curiosities in the nomenclature of American cities which present another phase of the pre-

vailing indifference to the fitness of things. What absurdities are such names as Utica, Troy and San Francisco, when one thinks of the communities which they denote! An allied oddity is the frequent use of extraordinary titles for societies of a very ordinary type. During the last municipal campaign in New York, it made one doubt even Mark Twain's sense of humor when one found him addressing an anti-Tammany organization which called itself the Order of Acorns, and whose advocates addressed passers-by with the exhortation: "Walk in, gentleman, and be an Acorn."

One of the most striking evidences of the American lack of any sense of the incongruous was provided on a large scale on the day of President McKinley's funeral. I have never seen New York present so gay an appearance as on that occasion. The decorations which welcomed Prince Henry of Prussia showed nothing like such a brilliant display of color. If a stranger, knowing nothing of what had happened, had been set down suddenly in the middle of Broadway, he would have supposed that the city was celebrating an unusual festivity. I counted no less than forty flags adorning a single building by no means above the ordinary size. Such exhibitions were evidently not a local peculiarity of New York, for Mr. Moberly Bell, of the *London Times*, described the streets of Washington as arrayed for a gala day. To an Englishman all this appeared such a glaring impropriety that one could hardly believe the testimony of one's eyes; but I have not met an American

who was in the least conscious of the unseemliness of it. The funeral services at Washington and Canton were themselves marred by ludicrous combinations. In the rotunda of the Capitol the hymns sung included not only "Nearer, My God, To Thee" and "Lead, Kindly Light," but "Sometime I'll Understand," and at Canton "the Euterpean Ladies' Quartette" rendered a sentimental ditty, entitled "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." To cap it all, Richard Croker, arriving in New York just then, ordered that the President's last words, "It is God's way. His will be done, not ours," should be put up in white letters across the portals of all the Tammany district headquarters! No one could help sympathizing with the national grief, but it needed much self-control for an Englishman resident in America to check the feelings of amusement provoked by the strange manifestations of it.

The papers are constantly reporting incidents, especially in connection with church work, which show a general inability to recognize that what is in place on one occasion may be out of place at another. A short time ago, a leading American minister was giving a series of theological lectures at an historic university. In the course of a lecture on "The Universal Ultimate: The Moral Universe," he "told several stories that convulsed his audience." One was about two colored ministers, who were having a dispute as to whether Peter, the Apostle, was colored or not. One of them insisted that he was colored, and the other denied it. "Why, if Peter had been col-

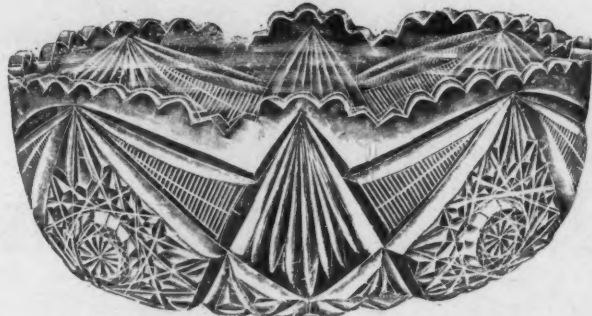
ored, that rooster would have crowed but once." The wildest imagination cannot picture a Bampton lecturer entertaining his hearers at Oxford by a variant of some English parallel to the stock American joke about the darky's chicken-stealing propensities—a joke about Peter's mother-in-law, for instance. So, too, the other day the "co-eds" at an Eastern university were hazing the freshman girls, who were compelled to turn their skirts and shirtwaists inside out, to crawl through barrels forward and backward, to climb ladders blindfolded, etc. Then "the concluding event was a lunch, neatly prepared and served in the chapel. One of the members addressed her sisters on the work done by the society from year to year in some of the city missions." Apart from any questions of theological doctrine, the rapid spread of the Christian Science movement in this country illustrates the characteristic which I am here noting, for nothing could be a finer example of the unconsciously ludicrous than the practice, in the public services of this church, of sandwiching the maxims of Mrs. Eddy between the several clauses of the Lord's Prayer or the verses of an ancient prophecy.

In England if you meet some one who says "you was" or "a great ways" or confuses "lie" and "lay" you know at once that he is not an educated man. In America these solecisms may be committed by a person of whose real culture, even from a literary point of view, there can be no doubt. This is a free country,

[Continued on page 45]

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A Great Variety of Bowls in Exquisite Cuttings at Bargain Prices.

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES CHINA AND GLASSWARE

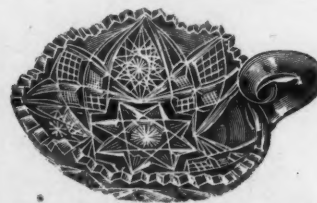
HAVE BEEN REGARDED AS PROPER PRESENTS TO EXPRESS AFFECTION AND ESTEEM.



Real Cut Glass Salt and Pepper at 20c each



Odd-Shape Bon-Bon Dishes of all grades at all prices.



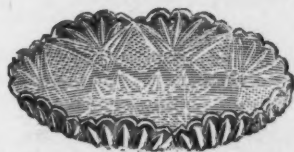
Pretty Little Nappies from \$1.25 up



This very neat and well cut Tumbler \$2.50



A great assortment of small pieces—Bud Vases, Knife Rests, Toothpick Holders, etc., etc.



Dainty Olive and Relish Dishes \$1.10 and upward



Sugar and Cream Sets \$2.50 per pair up



Custard and Sherbert Cups 60c each and upward.

EVERYBODY WHO HAS SEEN THE BARGAINS WE ARE OFFERING IN DINNERWARE HAS BEEN AMAZED

WE HAVE MADE UP MORE SETS FOR THIS WEEK.

Our constantly increasing wholesale trade is proof of our judgment in the selection of the wares we market.



HAVILAND ICE CREAM SETS. Tray and 12 plates. \$4.25



HAVILAND SOUP SETS. Turquoise and 12 dishes. \$5.30

HAVILAND And Other French Sets, \$14.50 \$17.50 \$21.60 \$29.00 \$32.00 \$46.00 \$60.00 to \$200.00 Easily worth double the price asked.



HAVILAND MEAT SETS. Large platter and 12-8-1-2 inch plates. \$6.25

ENGLISH—100 pieces \$5.00

A PLATE SALE FOR THIS WEEK AT ASTONISHING PRICES.

Our travelers have finished their trips for this year and we will now place on sale all remnants of our jobbing stock of FANCY PLATES, CAKE PLATES, SALAD BOWLS and FANCY CHINA pieces of every description. Price no object. We must reduce stock before we move.



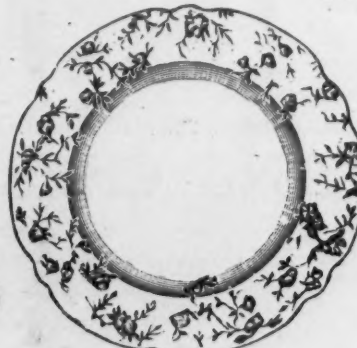
PLATES

19c worth 40c.
23c worth 50c.
32c worth 75c.
48c worth \$1.00



PLATES

60c worth \$1.25.
73c worth \$2.00.
98c worth \$2.50.
Others from \$1.25 to \$25 each.



If you consider that it requires hundreds of pages to illustrate, in our catalogue, all of the goods we carry in stock, you will understand that the items mentioned in this advertisement represented but very few of the numerous bargains to be found at this sale.

THE FACT THAT WE SHALL DISCONTINUE—OUR—RETAIL DEPARTMENT

is sufficient evidence to you of the genuineness of the

BARGAINS

we advertise.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

to convince yourself, as all goods are priced in plain figures.

We Are Cleaning Out All of the

Odds and Ends

before we move, and every table and case is filled with beautiful goods, at prices which keep competitors busy offering explanations. You cannot afford to buy China or Glassware while this sale lasts without visiting our store.

MISSOURI GLASS COMPANY, Twelfth and Olive Sts.

SOUTH EAST COR.
BROADWAY
and LOCUST.

Scarritt-Comstock

SOUTH EAST COR.
BROADWAY
and LOCUST.

WHERE GOOD GIFTS ARE GETABLE,

Sensible Christmas Gifts . . .

Gold Reception Chairs	\$6.00
Fine Costumers	\$7.50
Dressing Tables	\$15.00
Piano Chairs	\$6.00
Duet Stools	\$10.00
Piano Benches	\$10.00
Roman Chairs	\$20.00
Misses' Dresser	\$30.00
Brass Child's Bed	\$25.00
Metal Fold Beds	\$15.00
Gentlemen's Dressers	\$35.00
Teakwood Articles	\$13.00
Fine Curio Tables	\$55.00
Ladies' Desks	\$5.75
Grand Turkish Chairs	\$28.00
Vernis Martin Cabinets	\$50.00
Carved Library Tables	\$35.00
Cheval Mirrors	\$25.00
Empire Easy Chairs	\$45.00
Music Cabinets	\$7.50
New Piano Benches	\$7.50
Cut-Glass Cabinets	\$15.00
English Bedside Tables	\$15.00
Chiffonier Wardrobes	\$65.00
Gold Window Seats	\$15.00
Inlaid Music Cabinet	\$15.00
Colon's Sewing Tables	\$20.00
Pedestals	\$10.00
Hall Racks	\$8.00
Wine Servers	\$10.00

ARTS and CRAFTS GOODS

Double the Assortment
of Others ❖ ❖ ❖



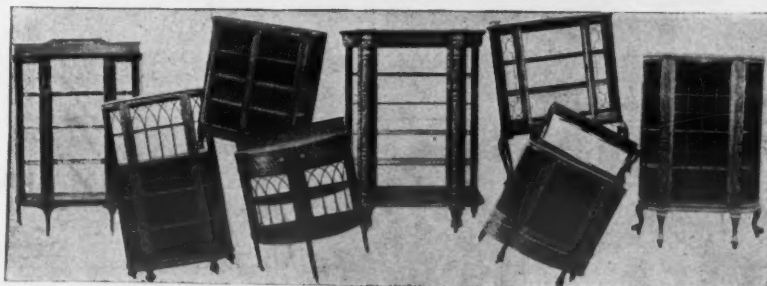
Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.



Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.



Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.



Yuletide Suggestions, Gifts

—HERE IS A—

CHOOSING LIST

Antwerp Hall Clocks	\$29.00
Weathered Library Table	\$12.00
Leather Arm Chairs	\$17.00
8-piece Dining Suit	\$36.50
Morris Chair—exten	\$22.00
Gents' Shaving Stands	\$15.00
Roll-Top Desks	\$19.50
Rotary Chairs—arm	\$5.25
Beautiful Brass Beds	\$30.00
Fine Mirror Wardrobes	\$50.00
Bric-a-Brac Cabinets	\$20.00
Cabinets—new idea	\$20.00
Card Tables	\$5.00 to \$100.00
Gift Mantel Mirrors	\$15.00
Decorated Parlor Chairs	\$10.00
Flemish Hall Chairs	\$5.00
Vernis Martin Cabinet	\$20.00
Inlaid Jewel Tables	\$12.00
Flemish Celerettes	\$15.00
Old Dutch Chairs	\$22.50
Inlaid T Tables	\$20.00
Bachelor's Dresser	\$15.00
Cheval Dressing Table	\$30.00

ART OUR ROOMS

Contain many Suitable
GIFT PIECES.

THE "DRESSING CHEST"

OF UNEQUALED UTILITY

MUST BE SEEN TO BE
APPRECIATED. **\$30.00**

Our DAVENPORT and SOFA BED, Luxurious Upholstery.
Commodious, Comfortable, Nothing Equals it at the Price.

\$35.00 TO \$65.00.

100 IDEAS IN ❖ ❖ ❖

ODD AND Artistic Things.

You cannot keep abreast of the times without
looking at the new things. This is the place to
do it. As fast as new effects are produced we
get them.

They are here now in force—because they make
such acceptable Christmas presents.



The American Brewing Co.



AMERICAN ABSURDITIES

[Continued from page 42]

and it is not thought inconsistent for a college professor to speak ungrammatically if he prefers irregular modes of expression. But in education the most remarkable example of the national characteristic I have pointed out in this article is the elective system. In some of the institutions which have adopted it, it is modified in such a way as to mitigate the dissipation of intellectual energy which is its natural effect, but the elective system pure and simple means the consecration, by high academic authority, of the comfortable theory that there is no such thing as an incongruity. Up-to-date educational opinion will not tolerate the old-fashioned notion that there can be affinities in subjects of study, or that a well-rounded training cannot be secured by picking up a course here and a course there. Are you taking constitutional history as your main dish? Then navigation would be a *sauce piquante*, and for another five cents you may add to it Japanese pottery.

It would be interesting to attempt an analysis of a national tendency which has so many and diverse manifestations. It can be traced back, in part, to an over-anxiety for effect, leading to an excess which defeats the purpose intended. To bring down the national flag on public buildings to half-mast is a simple symbolism for the people's grief at an event which has smitten the whole country with a sense of loss; to run out flags by the hundred from the windows of stores and

offices, whether at half-mast or not, is to transform the whole observance into the appearance of extravagant gayety. In part, as already suggested, the endeavor to combine inharmonious qualities proceeds from an exaggeration of the doctrine of liberty and a failure to realize that a certain degree of restraint is necessary even to the full development of freedom itself. When discipline becomes less abhorrent to the American mind, American life, both social and intellectual, will become less afflicted by the spirit of jerkiness.

If any one should remind me that there are incongruities in English life also I would reply that these are in the main of an entirely different type. They are conscious and deliberate. Superficially, nothing could be more incongruous than the ceremonies at the coronation of a monarch who holds but a shadow of the authority that pertained to early English kings. Englishmen see this as clearly as Americans do, but they see also a certain historical significance in the celebration, which gives it a fitting place in a political order that has broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent. For every quaintness in the costume of officials or in the etiquette of courts, not only in England, but in the Old World in general, there is a reason which does not appeal in vain to the cultivated imagination. The incongruities of America have no such argument in their favor, and those who commit them do so in such utter unconsciousness of anything *outré* that I shall not be surprised if most readers of this paper regard it as an instance of much ado about nothing.—*New York Independent*.

Mrs. H. H. Heller, Importer, 4011 Olive St.

THE GIRL AT THE MATINEE

There is always a girl at the matinee. She is a chattering girl, and she provides entertainment between the acts for the woman in front of her.

The type varies and this time the girl was one who thought herself well read. She posed as a clever girl, and her opinion, once expressed, could not be shaken.

There was a man with her. He seemed afflicted with a desire to spend money. Huckleberry Finn turned cart wheels to impress his lady love. The connection was obvious to the woman in front.

First they discussed the position of the seats. The girl thought they were too near the stage, she didn't like to see the paint and makeup, it left nothing to the imagination.

The man liked to be near the stage. Wouldn't she have a box? Oh, no, she didn't like a box; it makes one so conspicuous.

That subject being at length settled, the girl said: "You always like to come so early; why is it?"

"Oh, I don't know; like to see the whole show."

(He missed a chance for a compliment there, soliloquized the woman in front.)

The girl was silent—she was probably noting his stupidity in not rising to the occasion.

Then the man said: "How did you like Mansfield?"

"I didn't go to see him as I don't care for him at all. I've seen him so often and he's always Mansfield, never the character he represents. Why, even in

Beau Brummel he's just Richard Mansfield as plain as day."

The man replied in a rather deprecatory tone, as if he disliked putting his insignificant opinion in opposition to that of hers. "Oh, I don't know, I enjoyed the play immensely. Really, Mansfield is my favorite actor. He is so strong and impressive without being the least bit of a ranter. He is left almost without criticism by the dramatic reviewers."

"The dramatic reviewers! What do they know about it? Haven't you noticed how they praise every one indiscriminately who stages a play well? I don't take them for a guide; I just form my own opinion and I don't like Mansfield, and nobody can talk me into praising him, and—"

The man broke in with: "Did you see Mrs. Fiske?"

"Yes, but I didn't like her. She represents too much. Repression is all right, but she overdoes it. Now, I like to see a woman let her emotions tear her to pieces. Oh, I'm just wild over Mrs. Carter; she is simply the greatest actress that ever lived! I just can't wait for her to come."

The man said, "Well, now, I went twice to see Mrs. Fiske and I felt just as you did the first time. I wanted her to let herself go. But the second time I enjoyed every minute of the time, and I'm sure you would, too."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't. If I could enjoy the play I would have done so when I saw it, for I went with quite the cleverest man that I know. I don't like her

acting at all and it would not change my idea if I saw her a dozen times."

("A thousand years ago I had unalterable ideas," thought the woman in front.)

The conversation now drifted to books. Said the man: "What have you been reading lately?"

"Oh, I don't know—lots of things. What have you?"

"Well," said the man, "I've just finished 'The Virginian,' and it's a fine book, I can't tell when I've read a book as good as that. The character—"

But the girl broke in: "Why, I didn't care for it at all! How could he kill a man on the same day that he was married? And then all that last part of it would better have been omitted. It is altogether unnecessary."

The man, finding "no thoroughfare" in this direction, turned his attention to mutual friends by asking: "Have you seen Katherine lately?"

"Yes, I saw her on Monday. She's going to be married, as you know. Now, she fooled you. She made you think her clever and well read, when truly, I don't believe she ever read two books in her life, but she had the faculty of bringing the conversation round to those two and discussing them in detail."

Silence for awhile, and the woman in front thought of what her brother had said apropos of women's faithlessness to each other. "Every knock is a boost," was his way of putting it.

Then the man, in an embarrassed tone: "Oh, well, I don't care. Who's she going to marry?"

"Mr. Irvingson."

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"Oh, he's all right, a fine fellow."

"Yes, but what sort is he—a pleasure lover or—"

"Yes, he's a pleasure loving chap, but a good worker, too. It's so funny, all the girls are engaged, all the old crowd, I mean. There's Katherine, and Jane, and Isabel, and Marian—why, when I meet any of them I just ask when it's to be as naturally as if it were a form of salutation, and they're all going to live in different towns, and I can just put in my time visiting them and won't have to get married myself—there goes the curtain."

("My, I wonder if he'd have proposed," thought the woman in front.)—

Christmas Currency.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,
N. W. Cor. Fourth and Pine Streets, has the pleasure of announcing to its depositors and friends that it has received a supply of currency and a quantity of silver for the convenience of those who wish to give new money for Christmas presents.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES, - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.
Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.
Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

3rd. NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND PROFITS.....\$1,300,000.00

OFFICERS.

C. H. HUTTIG, President.
W. B. WELLS, Vice President.

G. W. GALBREATH, Cashier.
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THOS. WRIGHT.

W. B. WELLS.
G. W. BROWN.

Condensed Statement of Condition at Close of Business November 25, 1902.

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Loans and Discounts.....\$12,380,120.77	Capital Stock.....\$ 2,000,000.00
United States Bonds at Par.... 2,096,000.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits.. 1,300,963.29
Other Stocks and Bonds..... 1,081,415.27	Circulation..... 2,000,000.00
Banking House..... 200,000.00	Deposits..... 17,351,214.72
Other Real Estate..... 11,000.00	
Cash and Exchange..... 6,883,641.97	
\$22,652,178.01	\$22,652,178.01

"Mary," he said, as he picked up his knife and fork, "this steak, Mary—this steak is simply—"

"Now, I know you're going to say it's tough, and it's cold, and isn't fit to eat and—boohoo!—you mean old thing"—

"No, Mary. I was going to say that it was the tenderest and most deliciously cooked I have ever tasted; but since you have drawn my attention to the matter, I find that"—

But she had fled.—*Baltimore News.*



\$12.00 Cincinnati and Return.

Via BIG FOUR Dec. 24, 25, 31 and Jan. 1. Four trains daily, leaving St. Louis 8:30 a. m., 12:00 noon, 8:25 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Through coaches; parlor and sleeping cars. Get tickets Broadway and Chestnut street and Union Station.

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PAYS **2%** INTEREST

ON REGULAR CHECK ACCOUNTS.

(Credited Monthly.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....\$3,500,000

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS



A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR to all the
READERS OF THE MIRROR,
AND ALL THE
PATRONS OF CRAWFORD'S

With the hope that ere another year shall have passed,
both the READERS and the PATRONS SHALL
HAVE DOUBLED IN NUMBERS!

CLOAKS.



A select line of $\frac{3}{4}$ Cloaks for street and evening wear, no two alike; Black Zibeline trimmed with ermine and Persian lamb for \$75.00; fine tau broadcloth, handsomely trimmed with panne velvet and applique, blue silk lining, \$67.50; Red Broadcloth trimmed with Persian braid, white satin lining, \$75.00. And others.

Fur and Velour Blouses and Monte Carlos from \$15.00 to \$65.

What could be more appropriate for a Christmas gift than one of our beautiful silk Evening Waists, beautifully trimmed with tucks, insertion of fine lace and steel buckles?—in all colors and sizes at prices ranging from (ea.) \$5.50 to **\$15.00**

Also Monte Carlo Waists in pique and cashmere for \$2.50 and \$3.50; sold exclusively by us.

OUR BLANKET AND COMFORT DEPARTMENT

Is drawing its daily crowd, a good sign that honest and reliable goods are always sought for and it is Crawford's that holds the banner of them all.

- 500 pair 11-4 White Fleeced Shaker Blankets in fancy borders at, per pair **\$1.00**
- 200 pair 11-4 Brown and Gray Mottled Western Blankets, very nicely finished and naped, at, per pair **\$1.49**
- 250 pair 10-4 and 11-4 All-Wool White and Gray Blankets, California and Australian make, steam shrunk and full weight, at, per pair **\$3.48** \$10.00, \$8.50, \$7.50, \$6.50, \$5.00 and
- 5 cases full size Vermont make Down Comforts; some 3 and some 4 pound size; all come in beautiful selected designs, at, per comfort **\$8.48**
- 1,000 full size Bed Comforts, made of the very best material and filled with good white cotton, at, per comfort **\$1.75** \$3.00, \$2.75, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00 and
- 10 cases extra good size comforts, filled with good, heavy cotton; special, at, per comfort **\$1.49**

Boys' and Young Mens' Clothing Department SECOND FLOOR.

Boys' and Mens' Overcoats, we've a great stock of Overcoats at the very lowest prices, showing them black or oxford Overcoatings, kerseys and vicunas. They are cut full back and in medium lengths, have fine velvet collar, side or regular pockets, best Italian and Serge lining.

One lot Young Mens' Overcoats, latest fashionable effects in coloring and style, every garment tailor made, trimmed with finest lining, satin sleeve lining and best silk collar. Worth \$20.00. Special **\$14.75** price for holiday—made

Boys' Overcoats in the popular Oxford gray, cut full box back, very mannish, age 6 to 16. Special price for holiday trade \$7.50, \$5.50 **\$3.50**

Boys' Reefers, age 3 to 8 years, comes in navy blue and Oxfords with nice velvet collar, regular price \$2.50. For holiday trade **\$1.49**

Boys' Double-Breasted Two-Piece Suits, size 6 to 16. In serge, rough worsteds, fancy Scotch mixtures and fancy chevrons in grays and browns. Special for holiday trade **\$2.48**

1,000 Boys' All-wool Trousers, we've just a thousand pair, Boys' all-wool trousers—dark and mixed goods. Special holiday price **48c**



FURS FIRST FLOOR.

At \$1.25—Electric Seal Fur Scarfs, 6 tails, regular value \$2.50.

At \$1.65—Imitation Mink Fur Scarfs, 6 tails, regular value \$2.75.

At \$2.25—Squirrel Fur Scarfs, gray and brown.

At \$4.25—French Coney Fur Scarfs, extra heavy.

At \$5.00 Black and Brown Marten Fur Scarfs, regular value \$7.50.

At \$10.00—Sable Fox Fur Boas, extra long.

Misses' and Childrens' Fur Sets, all styles of fur,

At 75, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00—to **\$15.00**



FUR and SEAL BOAS and JACKETS on SECOND FLOOR in a bewildering variety and at very moderate prices.

D. CRAWFORD & CO., Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

ST LOUIS A NEW TRAIN PAUL VIA LIMITED A NEW ROUTE

THE WABASH LINE

Has inaugurated through daily train service between St. Louis and Minneapolis and St. Paul, in connection with the Iowa Central R'y and the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R.

Trains run through solid without change, consisting of Pullman Buffet Palace Sleeping Cars, Free Reclining Chair and Combination Cars.

LEAVE ST. LOUIS 2.10 P. M. DAILY.

Arrive Minneapolis, . . . 8.15 a. m.
Arrive St. Paul, . . . 8.50 a. m.

TICKET OFFICE:
N. E. COR. EIGHTH AND OLIVE STS.



Texas=Bound

In the Fall and Winter months, as the tide of travel sets Southward, one naturally feels some interest in the selection of a quick and comfortable route. The



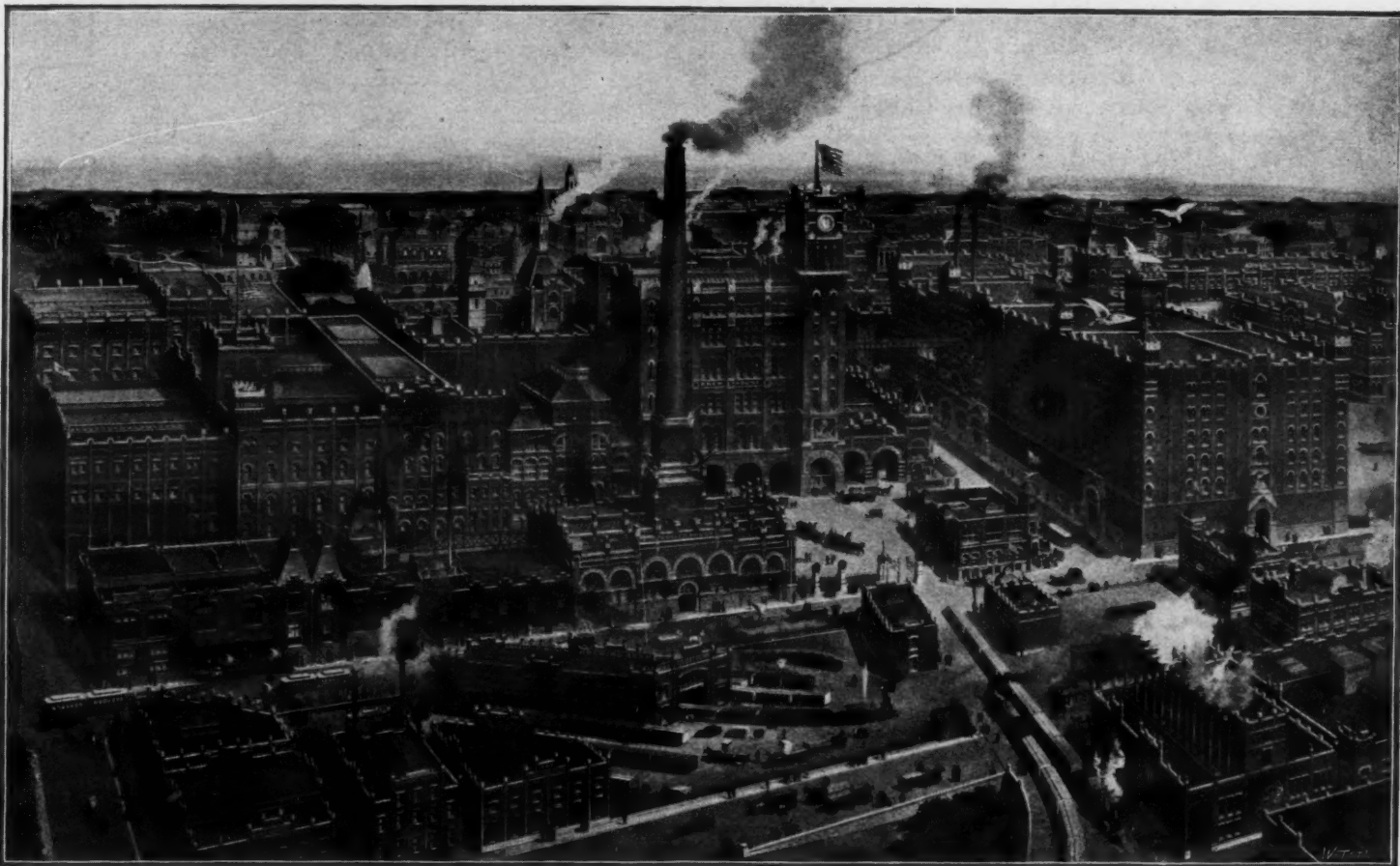
Operates Fast Limited Trains to the prominent business centers of Oklahoma and Texas—trains lighted by electricity, and provided with Cafe Observation Cars, under the management of Fred Harvey.

THERE'S NO BETTER ROUTE.

TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.

The Mirror

The Most Popular Brewery in the World.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N.

Highest Score of Award-World's Fair 1893.



ITS PRODUCTS ARE USED BY
THE CIVILIZED NATIONS AT
ALL POINTS OF THE GLOBE.

The Mirror

HOLIDAY GIFTS

IN OUR

Gas and Electric Fixture Department!

Hall Clocks, Westminster Chimes.

English Tea Carts.

Beautiful Assortment of Lamp Shades.

Candelabras.

Parisian Decorative Lamp Shades.

Tiffany Reading Lamps.

Fire Screens.

Jardinières, Old Copper and Terra Cotta.

Bachelor's Cabinets.

Mahogany Book Slides.

Dining Room and Library Clocks, Inlaid and Plain.

Ladies' Work Tables.

Ancient and Modern Vases, mounted into beautiful Reading Lamps.

Gas Logs.

Gas and Electric Portables.

Ladies' Jewel Cases.

Jardinières in Mahogany.

Brass Lined Andirons in all styles.

Cellerettes in Mahogany, Copper Lined.

Muffin Stands.

Tiffany Decorative Lamps.

French Bronzes.

Marble and Mahogany Pedestals.

Wood Boxes.

Mahogany and Teakwood Tabourettes.

Champagne Buckets.

Fire Sets.

Gentlemen's Shaving Stands.

Banquet Shades.

Cigar Cabinets, all sizes, Mahogany, Plain and Inlaid.

Gas and Electric Fixtures.

Antique Blowers.

EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES.

Couch Covers, Screens, Sofa Pillows, Portieres, Tapestry Panels, Lace Curtains, Home Decorations. Read our list of presents.

XMAS SUGGESTIONS

Rugs are useful and acceptable gifts. Oriental Rugs, Tapestry Rugs, Fur Rugs, Oriental Couch Covers, Rugs of every description. Read our list of presents.

J. KENNARD & SONS, Fourth Street and Washington Ave.

BIG FOUR TRAINS TO CINCINNATI, NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

LOOK AT THE SCHEDULE.

Leave St. Louis	8:30 am	12:00 Noon	8:25 pm	11:30 pm
Arrive Indianapolis	2:50 pm	6:10 pm	4:20 am	7:25 am
" Cincinnati	6:00 pm	9:05 pm	7:30 am	10:55 am
" Cleveland	10:20 pm	1:40 am		2:55 pm
" Buffalo	2:55 am	6:18 am		7:25 pm
" New York	2:55 pm	6:00 pm		7:50 am
" Boston	4:55 pm	9:03 pm		10:10 am

THROUGH SLEEPER AND DINING CARS.

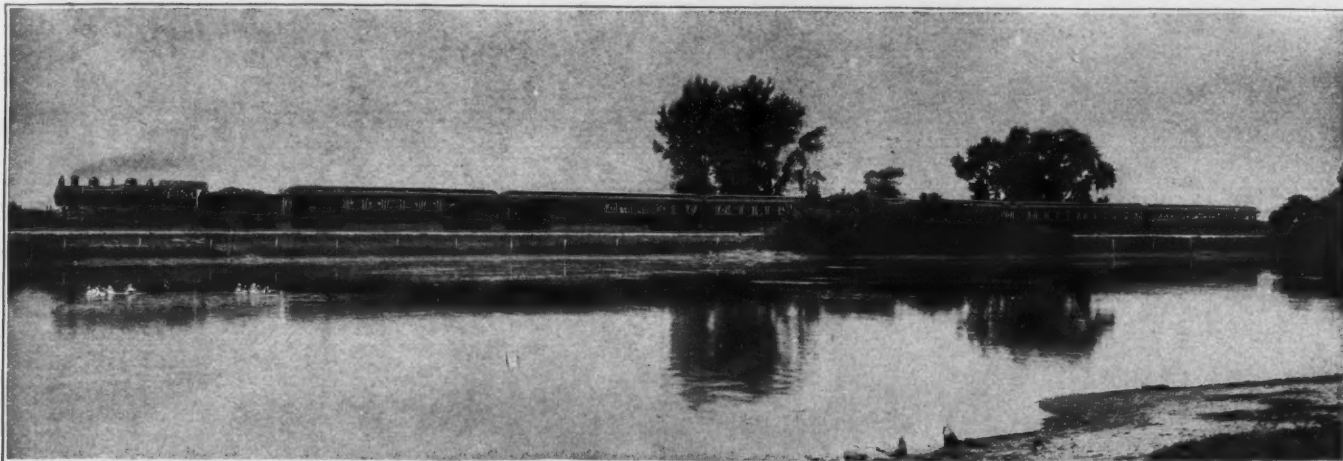
Big Four Ticket Office, Broadway and Chestnut St.

C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

COLUMBIA BREWING CO.



HANDSOMEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD



"The Alton Limited"

RUNS BETWEEN

SAINT LOUIS AND CHICAGO.

Also three other Matchless Trains every day in the year between St. Louis and Chicago, and two Perfect Trains daily between St. Louis and Kansas City

via

CHICAGO & ALTON RY.

"THE ONLY WAY"

THE NEW EQUIPMENT OF THE

Daylight Special

Was Specially Built for Service

FROM ST. LOUIS TO

CHICAGO

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Illinois Central.

"There's No Place Like Home!"

ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS COMFORTABLY HEATED
THROUGHOUT BY THE

Front Rank Steel Furnace Co.

Contractors for and
Manufacturers of Heating Apparatus



Steam and
Hot
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BOILERS

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FURNACES

For
Homes,
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More "Front Ranks" sold in St. Louis than all others combined

